MADAME BOVARY



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MADAME BOVARY

A Study of Provincial Life

BY

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

Edited by

DORA KNOWLTON RANOUS

With a Biographical Introduction

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To

Marie-Antoine-Jules Senard, Member of the Paris Bar, Ex-President of the National Assembly, and Former Minister of the Interior.

Dear and Illustrious Friend:

Permit me to inscribe your name at the opening of this book, and above all to dedicate it to you; for to you I owe its publication. In its treatment by your magnificent plea, my work has acquired even for myself an unexpected authority. Accept, then, the homage of my gratitude, which, great as it is, never can equal the splendour of your eloquence and the sincerity of your devotion.

Gustave Flaubert.

Paris, *April* 12, 1857.

BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

IN the sleepy little French city of Rouen, on the twelfth day of December, 1821, was born to Achille Cléophas Flaubert, head surgeon in the Rouen hospital, and his wife, Anne Justine Caroline (*née* Fleuriot, of Norman ancestry), a son, named Gustave, fourth in a family that later numbered six children. Achille Flaubert was a surgeon of high distinction, his reputation extending far beyond his native province; his son Gustave drew a masterly portrait of him in the character of Dr. Larivière in *Madame Bovary*.

As a child, Gustave was of a quiet, thoughtful nature, imaginative and ingenuous—two characteristics that he retained throughout his life. His constant companion in childhood was his sister Caroline, the youngest child, three years his junior.

The Flaubert family lived (after the father had become surgeon-in-chief of the Hôtel Dieu) in a private wing of the hospital building. The boy's life there was regular and healthful, and his mind developed rapidly in imagination and vigour, although strangely enough he did not learn to read till long past the usual age. The art once acquired, however, he advanced in it with amazing rapidity, and at ten years of age was devouring Victor Hugo's dramas, and himself composed some astonishing tragedies, in which he acted with his boy friends, who comprised a group of which several members became well known in later years: Ernest Chevalier, of the French magis-

tracy; Alfred de Poittevin, the young poet, who met death in early manhood, and whose sister was later the mother of Guy de Maupassant; Louis Bouilhet, the poet-dramatist; Ernest le Marié, and other romantic lads, who encouraged one another in literary enthusiasms and exaltations, which, in the case of some of them, passed the bounds of wisdom, one of the group committing suicide from sheer excess of morbid fancy. From unhealthful morbidities, however, young Flaubert was saved by the sane and normal home life of his family circle. He was sent to a boarding-school in Rouen when he was ten years old, in company with the lads just mentioned, as it was then the custom to send boys to such schools even in the towns where the parents lived, the pupils being allowed to pass Saturdays and Sundays with their families. His taste for literature was not curbed by his parents, who permitted the young people to use the billiard-table as a stage, upon which the aforesaid tragedies were enacted before enthusiastic audiences of friends.

At this period the French people were drifting toward the era of literary revolution and the rise of the Romantic School. In Paris a whole seminary broke out in open mutiny because one of the elderly teachers had severely criticised the works of Victor Hugo, the secret idol of ardent youths who had long been condemned to read only the severest classic works. The revolt indeed was entirely due to long-continued and arbitrary repression of literary choice among young people. The French governing class had for many years exercised a self-assumed right to dictate what should be the mental pabulum of its youth, especially in the field of fiction. This dictatorship was begun by the statesmen of Louis XIV, and was earnestly pro-

mulgated by the Emperor Napoleon, the result being, in Flaubert's time, that, notwithstanding the breaking of many old fetters by the French Revolution, the schools in which the children of the upper class were educated frowned upon freedom of thought and clung to the ancient forms of the French classicists. Victor Hugo, the revolutionary literary giant, was the especial *bête noir* of the scholastic guides, and the most sedulous care was exercised in keeping his illuminating, startling, free-thinking works from the hands of inflammable youths, who were forced instead to accept Racine, Corneille, Fénelon, and, as a *bonne-bouche*, Molière's plays. Against all other imaginative literature for French lads in their 'teens there was a stern taboo.

On a youth of Flaubert's intellect and temperament this narrowness produced a sense of grievance, reflected in his letters of that period (Vol. VIII), which resulted in his setting his instructors at defiance and plunging into all sorts of literature, some of which was hardly suited to his tender age. He read Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Byron, and Victor Hugo before he was eighteen, and sets forth an emphatic conviction that in true literature there is no such thing as indecency. In reading his correspondence with his most intimate friends, one should always bear in mind that none of these letters was written with any idea that even one of them would ever see the light in print, and that therefore their freedom of expression and violent phrases should be regarded and excused as the natural outpourings of a warm and imaginative mind in the confidential privacy of intimate friendship.

Gustave Flaubert attended school in Rouen until 1839, when he went to Paris to study law, in obedience to his father's desire, although the idea of becoming a

lawyer was distasteful to himself. His friend of that period, Maxime Ducamp, in his recollections of Flaubert, thus describes him:

"One day in March, 1843, while Le Marié was pounding out Beethoven's Funeral March on the piano, and I was scribbling rhymes, the bell rung with a loud, imperious peal, and to us entered a tall young fellow, wearing a sweeping blond beard and his hat cocked over one ear. Gustave Flaubert was then twenty-one years old and of a heroic style of beauty. His white skin showed a slight flush on the cheeks; his long hair floated over his shoulders; and with his tall, athletic figure, his thick, golden beard, his large sea-green eyes, with long black lashes, his resonant voice, sweeping gestures, and ringing laugh, he resembled the young Gaelic chiefs that battled with the Roman armies."

For three years he studied law in Paris, horribly bored by it all the time, and finding pleasure only in a free enjoyment of literature and the society of congenial students who met often at the studio of Pradier the sculptor, forming there a sort of Bohemian literary club. It was there that Flaubert first met Madame Louise Colet, the "Madame X——" among his correspondents. She was a literary woman, the wife of Lucien Colet, but separated from her husband, and a friend of Hugo, of the De Goncourt brothers, and of most of the literary lights of that day. She died five years before Flaubert. His passion for this lady was comparatively brief, though friendship existed between them for years. Except for this *affaire*, and an adoration in his early 'teens for a lady who afterward served as his model for Madame Arnoux in *Sentimental Education*, Flaubert's name never was connected with that of any woman, and he died a

bachelor, having resolved long before to devote himself to literary art and to the maintenance of his mother and his little niece, Caroline Hamard, who by that time was all he had left of his idolised sister Caroline. Maxime Ducamp, who was clever and witty, though reckless and inexact in statement, once wrote a fanciful epitaph on Madame Colet. She had had quarrels with Alfred de Musset, and other distinguished men, and had written a spiteful story, in one of her fits of jealousy and wounded vanity, in which Flaubert was made to figure as the villain. Ducamp wrote: "Here lies the woman who compromised Victor Cousin, made Alfred de Musset ridiculous, calumniated Gustave Flaubert, and tried to assassinate Alphonse Karr. *Requiescat in pace.*"

In 1843 the young law student was rejected by the bar examiners of Paris. Notwithstanding his possession of gigantic mnemonic power, his utter distaste for the profession he had studied for three years, and his distrust of himself in the mastery of its details, were so great that he failed miserably in his examinations. He returned to his home in Rouen in the summer of 1843, and gave up all idea of following the law. In October of the same year he was seized by the first attack of a strange nervous malady, of the recurrence of which he lived in fear the remainder of his days, although the disorder was so vigorously treated that in three years he had apparently recovered from it, suffering no further relapse until toward the close of his life. The world was informed, by Maxime Ducamp, one of Flaubert's closest friends, that the malady was epilepsy, but, through Flaubert's correspondence, and the testimony of less jealous writers, we may deduce that the assertions of this so-called friend were prompted by a spirit of envy and

a desire to belittle his almost life-long associate, who was beginning to tower far above Ducamp's literary stature. The distinguished French physician, Félix Dumesnil, has written in recent years an illuminating explanation of Flaubert's nervous malady, utterly disproving the jealous Ducamp's malicious story that he was a victim of epilepsy. Dumesnil points out also that the idea that Flaubert ever was addicted to the use of drugs is ridiculous. The gorgeous visions of *The Temptation of Saint Antony* were the result of tremendous preparatory studies, a marvellous power of fancy, and stupendous concentration. Opium brings visions, but not the power to record them in permanent literary form. George Saintsbury has called *Saint Antony* the most perfect specimen of dream literature in the world, because of its precision in details, its construction, its erudition, its deep-hued waking hallucination—the production of which would be impossible to a victim of opium.

The Flaubert family moved from Rouen to Croisset in 1845, the surgeon having bought a house at the latter place which had formerly been the country abode of the monks of the Abbey of Saint-Ouen, and within the walls of which the Abbé Prevost wrote his immortal romance of *Manon Lescaut.* The village of Croisset is the first town on the Seine as one travels from Rouen to Havre. But the settlement of the family in this historic dwelling was soon followed by disaster. Dr. Flaubert died in January, 1846, and in March the daughter Caroline, who had been married a year to M. Hamard, followed her father, leaving an infant daughter. The remainder of that year was passed in gloom and sadness, and in battling with his nervous trouble. In 1847 he took an extended trip through Brittany with his friend Ducamp, with whom

also he took, from 1849 to 1851, a long journey through Oriental countries, these travels having the happy effect of ridding him of his peculiar nervous attacks.

After his return from the travels in Brittany he wrote a record of his wanderings entitled *Over Strand and Field* (*Par les grèves et les champs*), and in 1851 he began his first great literary work, *The Temptation of Saint Antony,* which represents a vast spectacle of changing tableaux, wherein all the myths, fables, and faiths in religion that have been cherished and followed by mankind assume concrete form and pass before the sorely tried vision of the holy Saint. This great work is the nearest approach in modern literature to Goethe's *Faust* in its heroic power and scope, its sumptuousness and sombre grandeur, its dazzling visions. On this he toiled for years, making three separate rewritings of the whole story before it was published in complete form in 1876. In the early fifties he laid it aside, after its first draughting, to begin his most famous novel, *Madame Bovary,* a story of provincial life, which appeared in periodical parts in the *Revue de Paris* (1856).

The publication of this story aroused the greatest excitement and the most intense feeling, the reading public of France forming itself into two parties regarding the right of the author to publish a work dealing so frankly with human passions and actions. So great was the clamour against it in certain quarters that its author was prosecuted on a charge of offending public morality and insulting the Roman Catholic religion. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this charge, and in the trial that followed (Vol. V), the judges could not be induced to condemn Flaubert. Simply to placate the Imperial

Prosecutor of Napoleon III, the judge criticised the frankness of some parts of the novel, but decided that it was a serious work, written with a high moral purpose, and dismissed the charge.

The sensation created by *Madame Bovary*, and the great success that followed it, caused Flaubert to become one of the most conspicuous literary idols of Paris. His circle of friends widened rapidly, and many celebrated writers became his familiar correspondents. But he did not rest idly on his literary laurels; no sooner was *Madame Bovary* fairly launched than he began the tremendous task of preparing himself, by reading and study, to write *Salammbô*.

This marvellous work was published toward the close of the year 1862, after its author had toiled upon it incessantly for six years. Its strength and its defects are summed up in Flaubert's own reply to a criticism by M. Frœhner, editor of the *Revue Contemporaine* (see *Appendix* to Vol. II). After its appearance the brilliant author was more assiduously courted than when *Madame Bovary* was published. He passed the winter in Paris, fascinating society there by his charming personality, marvellous wit, and amazing erudition, everywhere promulgating his gospel of following art for art's sake. He was invited to the royal palace, became a friend of Daudet, Zola, Tourgénieff, and a frequent visitor behind the scenes of the theatres, where he acquired a knowledge of stage-craft that prompted him later to write his satirical comedy, *The Candidate*, and a fairy play of absolute novelty, *The Castle of Hearts*, which latter production, brilliant as it was, presented such difficulties in mechanical effects that no manager was willing to undertake its representation.

About this time he resumed work on a half-

sketched outline of *Sentimental Education*, which he had laid aside temporarily. On this he worked as long and as arduously as upon *Salammbô*, the result being a picture of daylight clarity of atmosphere, the supreme example of realism in fiction. Its period is that immediately preceding and following the Revolution of 1848. It was published just as the Franco-Prussian war was about to break out, and Flaubert used to say that if the French public had read and understood his book the horrors of that war, and the political chaos that followed, might have been averted; but at that critical epoch men were thinking of other things than the latest novel, even from the master hand of Flaubert. The book is an elaborate analysis of Parisian upper and lower middle-class society in the middle of the nineteenth century; it contains much action relating to the stirring days of 1848, and wonderful delineation of typical characters.

In the previous year (1869) Flaubert lost his dearest and oldest friend, the poet Louis Bouilhet, between whom and himself existed a friendship to which it is not easy to find a parallel. Both had many other friends, but the bond that united them never was strained by jealousy. For this friend, who was of a gentle and retiring nature, Flaubert would do anything in the way of business—see publishers, theatrical managers, booksellers, and take all the labour upon himself when Bouilhet's plays were accepted and staged; he directed rehearsals, superintended the painting of scenery, and drove all before him. His Preface to Bouilhet's posthumous volume of poems shows the novelist's estimate of his poet-friend, who was at one with him in his creed of art for art's sake.

On the day of Bouilhet's funeral, a proposal was made to raise a subscription fund wherewith to erect

in the city of Rouen (which had long been Bouilhet's place of residence) some appropriate monument to the dead poet. More than three thousand dollars was soon raised, and application was made to the Municipal Council at Rouen for permission to erect in some conspicuous place in the city a fountain that should support a bust of the poet. For some unknown reason the council declined the proposed gift, and Flaubert wrote them an open letter that was widely published; this was couched in his most withering style, sweeping away the alleged reasons of the council for their extraordinary behaviour, ridiculing the doggerel verses of one of their number, who was a member of the Rouen Academy, and concluding with a peroration to the commonplace *bourgeois* mind in general (Vol. V).

After the publication of *Sentimental Education* Flaubert found it hard to set to work again; he missed Bouilhet, his literary "guide, philosopher, friend" and critic. In a letter to George Sand he wrote: "I have lost my man-midwife." Soon he resumed work upon *The Temptation of Saint Antony,* but had only fairly begun it when the great war of 1870 was declared. His sentiments with regard to that conflict, and the changed life in France that succeeded it, are found in his letters of that period (Vol. VIII).

During the last decade of his life Flaubert spent his time in devotion to his art. In 1872 his mother died, leaving him alone at Croisset. His niece, Caroline Hamard, who had married M. Commanville in 1864, now went to live with her uncle; she strove to render his home happy and to preserve within it that peaceful atmosphere so necessary to his literary labour.

In 1875 Madame Commanville's husband lost all his property; his wife was unable, because of strict Norman laws regarding dowries, to lend her own money to her husband, so Flaubert unhesitatingly gave all his fortune to the young couple to help them out of their trouble. In return for this King Lear-like generosity, he was to live at Croisset as before and receive a regular income, which arrangement continued until his death.

The literary work of these ten years included the oft-postponed *Saint Antony*, which, after hanging fire for thirty-five years, was published at last in 1874, calling forth the usual storm of mingled admiration and condemnation; the first part of *Bouvard and Pécuchet;* the *Trois Contes* (*Herodias, A Simple Heart, The Legend of Saint Julien the Hospitable*) and *The Candidate*, a play, which was produced at the Vaudeville Théâtre at Paris in 1874.

The "Three Stories" (*Trois Contes*), which the author wrote as a relaxation from the tremendous reading and study necessary to the production of *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, are the epitome of Flaubert's literary work. The first (*The Legend of Saint Julien the Hospitable*) belongs to the epoch of lyricism; it is a sort of prose chant, reproducing the religious atmosphere of the early Middle Ages. The story of *Saint Antony* was suggested to Flaubert by a picture of the Saint by Breughel that Flaubert saw at Genoa in his youth; and a stained-glass window, representing a scene in the life of Saint Julien, in the cathedral at Rouen, formed the foundation of this other remarkable little story.

After writing *Saint Julien*, Flaubert, now enamoured of the short-story mode of expression, produced *A Simple Heart*, which is the life-story of a

good, faithful, narrow-minded and superstitious maid-servant, whose whole existence is sacrificed for others —first for a man, then her mistress and that lady's children, then her nephew and an old man, and finally a parrot, which becomes her idol, her fetish, and which actually dominates over the old woman's latter years. This quaint but pathetic little tale shows the same faithful and exact observation, the same high literary art, that mark *Madame Bovary*.

Following these two tales came *Herodias*, the longest and finest of the group of short stories. This has all the gorgeousness, the barbaric colour, and the strength of *Salammbô* concentrated in its few pages, in which are depicted, as no other hand could portray them, the human passions, the crudity and cruelty, voluptuousness and fanaticism of that remote day, amid which rises the tragic, mystical embodiment of John the Baptist, an unforgettable figure.

Flaubert began *Bouvard and Pécuchet* in August, 1874. In July he wrote to his young friend and literary disciple, Guy de Maupassant: "I shall return to Croisset on Friday, and on Saturday I shall begin *Bouvard and Pécuchet*. I tremble at the idea, as if I were about to undertake a journey round the world." In 1880 he had not quite finished the first part of this work, which does not seem strange when one learns that he had read and annotated fifteen hundred volumes in order to write the four hundred pages which he had almost finished at the time of his death, in May, 1880.

This last production of his gigantic brain and incredible toil is the work that places Flaubert among the immortals. As a distinguished English critic has said: "It is as individual and distinctive as *Faust* is of Goethe, *Frederick the Great* of Carlyle, *Henry IV*

of Shakespeare, *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, *Pantagruel* of Rabelais."

It is by this quality that really great writers make themselves known: they write works that no other person could possibly produce. Generation after generation of literary students, workers, and artists pores over these masterpieces, drawing therefrom knowledge, inspiration, and power.

In *Bouvard and Pécuchet* the innermost mind of the author is opened to us. From our knowledge of his character as revealed in his earlier works, and particularly in his correspondence, we possess the key to this unique production, and know that it is much more than a huge jest—it is the expression of Flaubert's lifelong struggle against the commonplace, against "accepted opinions." Though far from complete, as the author had planned it, it is a masterpiece, and its rich humour is of that high order that appeals to the intellect. It is a prodigious arraignment of all scientific systems, opposing one to another, tearing down both sides of an argument by bringing newer discoveries to bear upon them, contradicting them by the aid of accepted and undisputed laws. Beliefs established for centuries are exposed, developed, and then dismembered in ten lines by placing in opposition later beliefs supported by proofs so deftly as to demolish the theory of the first named. What the author did for religious beliefs and antique philosophy in *The Temptation of Saint Antony* he has here done for superficiality in modern knowledge. It is the Tower-of-Babel of science, wherein all doctrines demonstrate the impotence of human effort and the vanity of human assertion and dogmas.

Flaubert was about to set out for Paris to join his niece on the eighth day of May, 1880, when he was stricken with apoplexy while dressing in the morn-

ing; he fell beside his writing-table, the altar on which he had offered up his life, and in a few minutes he was dead—the last of the little group of literary comrades in the early days at Rouen. That city erected a monument to her distinguished son; but the old house at Croisset was sold, pulled down, and only the study pavilion still stands as a memorial to the great author. In 1901 a distillery was built on the site of the house itself, and later it was turned into a printing establishment.

The real Flaubert has begun to be known to the English-speaking world within only comparatively few years. His correspondence makes us feel almost personally intimate with the old Colossus of Croisset, and in reading his brilliant letters we realise that he is the patron saint of all true literary students. It is strange, in these days, when people take up the business of writing as if it were some mercantile enterprise, to realise the point of view of Flaubert, for whom literary art was as sacred as religion. In a letter to a friend, written before he had published anything, although his days were spent in writing, rewriting, polishing, and toiling with merciless self-criticism over pages for which no prospect of publication was then in sight, he says: "My muse may be somewhat green and awkward, but she never yet has prostituted herself; and when I examine some of the literature that sees the light I am almost tempted to let her die a virgin."

The study of contemporary life in fiction had been inaugurated by Balzac and his fellows, but both he and they portrayed chiefly such phases of it as had dramatic interest susceptible of theatric effect. Such departure from ordinary everyday life was perhaps necessary in order to make a certain concession to

the old classicalism that had reigned long; but from even this concession Flaubert determined to break away still more. His works mark an epoch in French fiction—the blending of Romanticism with the strongest phase of materialistic Realism. To be sure, he grew up in the romantic atmosphere, and in the flush of youth shared its enthusiasms. But, though he never lost sight of his romantic ideals, by the time he arrived at full maturity these ideals had fallen upon unromantic times and mocked him so continually that the hopeless commonplaceness of life at last overwhelmed his spirit, and his contempt for it engendered a resolve to portray it in a form the perfection of which should make it an enduring monument to human pettiness. Thus he may be called a Romantic pessimist, for he was none the less a passionate lover of the beauty of form. That which marked his work from the beginning, making *Madame Bovary* an event of the highest literary importance, was the blending of the two schools in one book, equal in plastic force to the finest pages of his great predecessors, Gautier and Hugo, comparable in analytic clearness to the most masterly chapters of Balzac and Stendhal, but without the over-luxuriant fancy and unreality of the two former or the occasional dryness of the latter.

Among his admirers, disciples, and followers were Emile Zola, Edmond and Jules De Goncourt, and Guy de Maupassant. The De Goncourts show the same delight in minute details as Flaubert, but with them the elaborateness of style becomes painful artificiality, a hopeless effort to translate every human thought and emotion into language.

Zola studied Flaubert with the keen penetration of a master mind; but he was bent upon painting hu-

manity from highest to lowest in its most intimate workings, and to do this he invaded the lowest depths of vice and crime. While his style is free and flowing, it depends for effect more in mass than in detail, with no suggestion of the exquisite polish of Flaubert.

The expression of De Maupassant's pessimism is wholly different from the rapier-like satire of Flaubert, which sought to cut away the evil that offended him. De Maupassant's gloomy view of life was a matter of deadly earnest. He lived and wrote as he believed—as if life were a succession of fatalities caused by imperative desires and ending forever with death. These followers of the great Flaubert may be said to be of the same school but not of the same family.

Many critics have said that one cannot read Flaubert without a sense of mental discomfort, and that the jarring effect of his stern analyses destroys the sense of enjoyment. For some minds the mission of fiction is believed to be simply to amuse and please, not to startle nor to instruct; they consider the mild horrors of impossible detective stories, or thrilling adventures on desert islands and in little kingdoms that never were on land or sea, merely a pleasant fillip to the imagination. But a book that stirs the conscience, that holds up a mirror to the reader wherein he may gaze upon his own sins and weaknesses—such a book is frowned upon by the "unco' guid," and they say that such literature should be legally suppressed. It is impossible, however, to legislate against literature; what we can profitably do is to strive to recognize the form in which true literary art finds expression. The literary master is great in proportion as his works cause reflection aside from the passing emotion of the moment. Evolved from the imagina-

tive writing of the past, in which separate incidents were strung together on a thread of plot, as in *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, or the *Adventures of Faublas*, we have the carefully constructed novel, the minute delineation of character and motive, which, in the hands of a master, is simply philosophy and ethics in lighter form. Thus the novel has long been the chosen instrument of expression of some of the wisest among mankind; and those who cry out against the works of some of these great minds because they dare to deal with stern facts, and declare that their writings should not be read, are simply railing at the prophets in order to be rid of them and the home truths they proclaim so clearly.

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS

PART I

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Bibliographical Preface	vii–xxiii
I	The New Pupil	2
II	An Important Case	11
III	The Disconsolate Widower	19
IV	Bride and Bridegroom	25
V	The Bride's Query	30
VI	Precocious Pupil	34
VII	A Vista Opens	39
VIII	As in a Dream	45
IX	Changes	55

PART II

I	The New Doctor Arrives	66
II	A Poetic Youth	75
III	It Is a Girl	82
IV	Love and Poetry	94
V	Crying for the Moon	98
VI	A Discouraged Lover	109
VII	Enter Monsieur Rodolphe	122
VIII	The Agricultural Fair	131
IX	The Tempter's Voice	155
X	A Tangled Web	166
XI	Experiments in Science	176
XII	Preparations	190
XIII	Rodolphe Rides Away	205
XIV	The Consolations of Religion	217

CONTENTS

PART III

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	A Dream and a Drive	239
II	Discords and Diplomacy	255
III	Another Honeymoon	267
IV	A Visit at Home	269
V	The Edge of a Precipice	273
VI	Delirium and Danger	290
VII	Desperation	309
VIII	The Blue Jar	323
IX	Priest and Philosopher	343
X	The Last Farewell	352
XI	The Fault of Fatality	358

MADAME BOVARY

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE NEW PUPIL

OUR class was in session when the head master entered, followed by a new boy, not wearing the school uniform, and a servant of the school carrying a large desk. Those who had been sleepy roused themselves, and everyone rose as if surprised at his studies.

The head master gave us a sign to sit down. Then, turning to the instructor, he said in a low tone:

"Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he will be in the second form. If his work and behaviour are satisfactory, he will enter one of the upper classes, as is suitable for his age."

The "new boy," standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country youth about fifteen years old, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square across his brow, like a village chorister's; he looked honest, but very uncomfortable. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm, and it showed at the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, appeared below yellow trousers,

drawn tight by suspenders. He wore stout, dusty hob-nailed boots.

We began to recite the lesson. He listened closely, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o'clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.

When we returned to work, we were accustomed to throw our caps on the floor so as to leave our hands free; we used to toss them from the door under the bench, so that they hit against the wall and made a cloud of dust; this was considered "the thing."

But whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the new boy was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. It was one of those head coverings of composite order, in which one can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock, sealskin cap, and cotton nightcap; one of those poor things, in short, the dumb ugliness of which has depths of expression, like the face of an imbecile. It was oval, stiffened with whalebone, and began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin, separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads like a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.

"Rise!" said the master.

The boy stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbour knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.

"Get rid of your helmet," said the master, who was somewhat of a joker.

The boys broke into a burst of laughter, which so

thoroughly discomfited the poor lad that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the floor, or put it on his head. He sat down once more and placed it on his knee.

"Rise," repeated the master, "and tell me your name."

The new boy uttered in stammering tones an unintelligible name.

"Again!"

The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the giggling of the class.

"Louder!" cried the master; "louder!"

The "new boy" then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling the word to some one: "Charbovari!"

A racket broke out, rose in *crescendo* with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked, stamped, repeated "Charbovari! Charbovari!"), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly beginning again along the line of a bench, whence rose a stifled laugh here and there, like the explosion of a damp cracker.

But, amid a rain of impositions, order was gradually reëstablished in the class; and the master having succeeded in catching the name of "Charles Bovary," having had it dictated to him, spelled out, and re-read, ordered the poor devil to go and sit down on the punishment form at the foot of the master's desk. He got up, but hesitated before going.

"What are you looking for?" asked the master.

"My cap," timidly said the new boy, casting troubled looks round him.

"Five hundred verses for the whole class!" shouted in a furious voice, stopped a fresh outburst, like the

Quos ego. "Silence!" continued the master indignantly, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, which he had just taken from his cap. "As to you, new boy, you will conjugate *ridiculus sum* twenty times." Then, in a milder voice, "Come, you'll find your cap again; it hasn't been stolen."

Quiet was restored. Heads bent over desks, and the new boy remained for two hours in an exemplary attitude, although from time to time a paper pellet propelled from the tip of a pen popped into his face. But he wiped his face with one hand and continued motionless, his eyes lowered.

In the evening, at preparation, he pulled out the pens from his desk, arranged his small belongings, and carefully ruled his paper. We saw him working conscientiously, looking out every word in the dictionary, and taking the greatest pains. Thanks, no doubt, to the willingness he showed, he was not obliged to go to the class below. But though he knew his rules passably, he had little finish in composition. The curé of his village had taught him his first Latin; his parents, from motives of economy, having sent him to school as late as possible.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartolomé Bovary, retired assistant-surgeon-major, compromised about 1812 in certain conscription scandals, and forced at that time to leave the service, had then taken advantage of his fine figure to get hold of a dowry of sixty thousand francs that offered in the person of a hosier's daughter who had fallen in love with his good looks. He was a fine man, a great talker, making his spurs ring as he walked, and wearing whiskers that ran into his moustache; his fingers were always garnished with rings and he dressed in loud colours; he had the dash of a military man with the easy bear-

ing of a commercial traveller. Once married, he lived for three or four years on his wife's fortune, dining well, rising late, smoking long porcelain pipes, not coming in at night till after the theatre, and haunting cafés. The father-in-law died, leaving little; he was indignant at this, tried to "manage the business," lost some money in it, and then retired to the country, where he thought he should make money. But, as he knew no more about farming than about calico, as he rode his horses instead of sending them to plough, drank his cider in bottle instead of selling it in cask, ate the finest chickens in the poultry-yard, and greased his hunting-boots with the fat of his pigs, he was not long in finding out that he would do better to give up all speculation.

For two hundred francs a year he managed to live on the border of the provinces of Caux and Picardy, on a kind of place half farm, half mansion; and here, soured, devoured by regrets, cursing his luck, jealous of everyone, he shut himself up at the age of forty-five, sick of mankind, he said.

His wife had adored him once; but she had bored him with a thousand servilities that had only estranged him the more. Lively once, expansive and affectionate, in growing older she had become (after the fashion of wine that turns to vinegar when exposed to air) bad-tempered, grumbling, irritable. She had suffered much without complaint at first, when she had seen him running after all the village girls, and when a score of bad houses sent him back to her at night, weary and beastly drunk. Then her pride revolted. After that she was silent, burying her anger in a dumb stoicism that she maintained till her death. She was continually going about looking after business matters. She called on the lawyers, the president, remembered

when bills fell due, got them renewed, and at home ironed, sewed, washed, looked after the workmen, paid the accounts, while he, troubling himself about nothing, eternally besotted in sleepy sulkiness, whence he roused himself only to say disagreeable things to her, sat smoking by the fire and spitting into the ashes.

When she had a child, it had to be sent out to nurse. When he came home, the lad was spoiled as if he were a prince. His mother stuffed him with jam; his father let him run about barefoot, and, playing the philosopher, even said he might as well go about quite naked like the young of animals. As opposed to the mother's ideas, he had a certain virile ideal of childhood on which he sought to mould his son, wishing him to be brought up hardily, like a Spartan, to give him a strong constitution. He sent him to bed without any fire, taught him to drink deep draughts of liquor and to scoff at religious processions. But, peaceable by nature, the lad answered only poorly to his notions. His mother always kept him near her; she cut out cardboard for him, told him stories, entertained him with endless monologues full of a kind of sad gayety and charming nonsense. In her life's isolation she centred on the child's head all her shattered little vanities. She dreamed of high station; she already saw him, tall, handsome, clever, settled as an engineer or in the law. She taught him to read, and on an old piano she had even taught him two or three little songs. But to all this Monsieur Bovary, caring little for letters, said "It is not worth while. Shall we ever have the means to send him to a public school, to buy him a practice, or set him up in business? Besides, with plenty of assurance a man always gets on in the world."

Madame bit her lips, and the child idled about the village.

He followed the labourers, and drove away with clods of earth the crows that were flying about. He ate blackberries along the hedges, tended the geese with a long switch, went haymaking during harvest, ran in the woods, played games under the church porch on rainy days, and at great fêtes begged the sexton to let him ring the bells, that he might hang all his weight on the long rope and feel himself borne upward by it in its swing. Meanwhile he grew like an oak; he was strong and fresh coloured.

When he was twelve years old his mother had her own way; he began to study. The priest took him in hand; but the lessons were so short and irregular that they could not be of much use. They were given at spare moments in the sacristy, standing up, hurriedly, between a baptism and a burial; or else the priest, if he had not to go out, sent for his pupil after the *Angelus*. They went up to his room and sat there; the flies and moths came in and fluttered round the candle. It was close; the child fell asleep, and the good man, beginning to doze with his hands on his stomach, was soon snoring with his mouth wide open. On other occasions, when Monsieur le curé, on his way back after administering the *viaticum* to some sick person in the neighbourhood, caught sight of Charles playing about the fields, he called him, lectured him for a quarter of an hour, and took advantage of the occasion to make him conjugate a verb at the foot of a tree. The rain interrupted them or an acquaintance passed. But he was always pleased with him, and even said the "young man" had a very good memory.

Charles could not go on like this. Madame Bovary took decisive steps. Ashamed, or rather tired out, Monsieur Bovary yielded without a struggle, and they

waited one year longer, so that the lad should take his first communion.

Six months more passed, and the next year Charles was finally sent to school at Rouen, whither his father took him toward the end of October, at the time of the St. Romain fair.

By hard work he kept always about the middle of the class; once he even got a certificate in natural history. But at the end of his third year his parents withdrew him from the school to make him study medicine, convinced that he could take his degree by himself.

His mother chose a room for him on the fourth floor of the house of a dyer she knew, overlooking the Eau-de-Robec. She made arrangements for his board, bought him furniture, a table and two chairs, sent home for an old cherry-wood bedstead, and bought also a small cast-iron stove with a supply of wood to warm the poor child. At the end of a week she departed, after a thousand injunctions to be good now that he was to be left to himself.

The syllabus that he read on the bulletin-board stunned him: lectures on anatomy, lectures on pathology, lectures on physiology, lectures on pharmacy, lectures on botany, clinical medicine, and therapeutics, without counting hygiene and *materia medica*—names even of whose etymology he was ignorant, and that were to him as so many doors to sanctuaries filled with magnificent darkness.

He understood nothing of it all; it was all very well to listen—he did not follow. Still he worked; he had bound note-books; he attended all the classes, never missing a single lecture.

To spare him expense his mother sent him every week by the carrier a piece of veal baked in the oven,

on which he lunched when he returned from the hospital, while he sat kicking his feet against the wall. After this he had to go to lectures, to the operating room, to the hospital, and return to his home at the other end of the town.

He grew thin, his figure became taller, his face assumed a saddened look that made it almost interesting. Naturally, through indifference, he abandoned all the resolutions he had made. Once he missed a lecture; the next day all the lectures; and, enjoying his idleness, little by little he gave up work altogether. He fell into the habit of going to the public-house, and acquired a passion for dominoes. To shut himself every evening in the dirty public room, to push about on marble tables the small sheep-bones with black dots, seemed to him a fine proof of his freedom, which raised him in his own esteem. This was beginning to see life, to enjoy the sweetness of stolen pleasures; and when he entered he put his hand on the door-knob with a joy almost sensual. Then many things hidden within him came out; he learned couplets by heart and sang them to his boon companions; became enthusiastic about Béranger, learned how to make punch, and, finally, how to make love.

Thanks to these preparatory labours, he failed completely in his examination for an ordinary degree. He was expected home the same night to celebrate his success. He set out on foot, stopped at the beginning of the village, sent for his mother, and told her all. She excused him, threw the blame of his failure on the injustice of the examiners, encouraged him a little, and took upon herself the task of setting matters straight.

So Charles set to work again and crammed for his examination, ceaselessly learning all the old questions

by heart. He passed fairly well. What a happy day for his mother! They gave a grand dinner.

Where should he go to practise? To Tostes, where there was only one old doctor. For a long time Madame Bovary had been waiting for his death, and the old fellow had barely been buried when Charles was installed, opposite his place, as his successor.

But it was not everything to have brought up a son, to have had him taught medicine, and discovered Tostes, where he could practise it; he must have a wife. She found one for him—the widow of a bailiff at Dieppe, who was forty-five and had an income of twelve hundred francs. Though she was ugly, as dry as a bone, and had a face with as many pimples as the spring has buds, Madame Dubuc had no lack of suitors. To attain her ends Madame Bovary had to get rid of them all, and she even succeeded in very cleverly baffling the intrigues of a pork-butcher who was assisted by the priests.

Charles thought he could foresee in marriage the advent of an easier life, that he would be more free to do as he liked with himself and his money. But his wife was master; he had to say this and not say that in company; to fast every Friday; to dress as she liked; to harass at her bidding those patients who did not pay. She opened his letters, watched his comings and goings, and listened at the partition-wall when women came to consult him in his office.

She must have her chocolate every morning, and attentions without end. She complained constantly of ehr nerves, her chest, her liver. The noise of footsteps made her ill; when people left her, solitude became odious to her; if they came back, it was doubtless to see her die. When Charles returned in the evening, she reached forth two long thin arms from under the

sheets, put them round his neck, and having made him sit down on the edge of the bed, began to talk to him of her troubles: he was neglecting her, he loved another. She had been warned that she would be unhappy, she said; and she would end by asking him for a dose of medicine and a little more love.

CHAPTER II

AN IMPORTANT CASE

ABOUT eleven o'clock one night they were awakened by the sound of a horse stopping outside their door. The servant opened the garret-window and parleyed for some time with a man in the street. He had come for the doctor, had a letter for him. Nastasie came downstairs shivering and unfastened the bars and bolts one after another. The man left his horse, and, following the servant, suddenly entered behind her. He pulled from his wool cap with a grey top-knot a letter wrapped in a rag and presented it gingerly to Charles, who rested his elbow on the pillow to read it. Nastasie, standing near the bed, held the light. Madame in modesty had turned to the wall and showed only her back.

This letter, sealed with a small seal in blue wax, begged Monsieur Bovary to come immediately to the farm of the Bertaux to set a broken leg. Now from Tostes to the Bertaux was a good eighteen miles across country by way of Longueville and Saint-Victor. It was a dark night; Madame Bovary junior was afraid of accidents for her husband. So it was decided that the stable-boy should go ahead; Charles would start

three hours later when the moon rose. A boy was to be sent to meet him, to show him the way to the farm and open the gates for him.

Toward four o'clock in the morning, Charles, well wrapped up in his cloak, set out for the Bertaux farm. Still sleepy from the warmth of his bed, he let himself be lulled by the trot of his horse. As he passed Vassonville he came upon a boy sitting on the grass at the edge of a ditch.

"Are you the doctor?" asked the child.

At Charles's answer he took his wooden shoes in his hands and ran on in front of him.

The general practitioner, riding along, gathered from his guide's talk that Monsieur Rouault must be one of the wealthy farmers. He had broken his leg the evening before on his way home from a Twelfth-night feast at a neighbour's. His wife had been dead two years, and he had only his daughter, who helped him to keep house.

The ruts were becoming deeper; they were approaching the Bertaux farm. The little lad, slipping through a hole in the hedge, disappeared; then he came back to the end of a courtyard to open the gate.

A young woman in a blue merino gown with three flounces came to the threshold of the door to receive Monsieur Bovary, whom she led to the kitchen, where a large fire was blazing.

Charles went up to the first floor to see the patient. He found him in bed, sweating under the bed-clothes, having thrown off his cotton nightcap. He was a fat man of fifty, with white skin and blue eyes, the front part of his head being bald, and he wore earrings. Beside him on a chair stood a large decanter of brandy, from which he poured himself a little from time to time to keep up his spirits; but as soon as he caught sight

of the physician his elation subsided, and instead of swearing, as he had been doing for the last twelve hours, he began to groan feebly.

The fracture was simple, without any kind of complication. Charles could not have hoped for an easier case. Remembering the devices of his masters at the bedside of patients, he comforted the sufferer with all sorts of kindly remarks, those caresses of the surgeon that are like the oil they put on incisions. In order to make some splints a bundle of laths was brought up from the carthouse. Charles selected one, cut it in two pieces and planed it with a fragment of window-pane, while the servant tore up sheets to make bandages, and Mademoiselle Emma tried to sew some pads. As it was a long time before she found her workcase, her father grew impatient; she did not answer, but as she sewed she pricked her fingers, and quickly put them to her mouth to suck them. Charles was surprised at the whiteness of her nails. They were glossy, delicate at the tips, more polished than the ivory of Dieppe, and almond-shaped. Yet her hand was not beautiful, perhaps not white enough, and a little hard at the knuckles; besides, it was too long, with no soft inflections in the outlines. Her real beauty was in her eyes. Although brown, they seemed black because of the long dark lashes, and her glance met one frankly, with a candid boldness.

The bandaging over, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault himself to "pick a bit" before he left.

Charles went down into the room on the ground-floor. Knives and forks and silver goblets were laid for two on a little table at the foot of a huge bed that had a canopy of printed cotton with figures representing Turks.

First they spoke of the patient, then of the weather,

of the great cold, of the wolves that infested the fields at night. Mademoiselle Rouault did not at all like the country, especially now that she had to look after the farm almost alone. As the room was chilly, she shivered as she ate. This showed something of her full lips, which she had a habit of biting when silent.

Her neck rose from a white turned-down collar. Her hair, the two black folds of which seemed each of a single piece, so smooth were they, was parted in the middle by a delicate line that curved slightly with the curve of the head; and, just showing the tip of the ear, it was joined behind in a thick coil, with a little wave at the temples that the country doctor saw now for the first time in his life. The upper part of her cheek was rose-coloured. Like a man, she had thrust in between two buttons of her bodice a shell eyeglass.

When Charles, after bidding farewell to old Rouault, returned to the room before leaving, he found her standing, with her forehead against the window, looking into the garden, where the bean-poles had been blown down by the wind. She turned.

"Are you looking for anything?" she asked.

"My whip, if you please," he answered.

He began rummaging on the bed, behind the doors, under the chairs. It had fallen to the ground, between the sacks and the wall. Mademoiselle Emma saw it, and bent over the flour sacks. Charles from politeness made a dash also, and as he extended his arm, at the same moment he felt his breast brush against the back of the young girl bending beneath him. She drew herself up, blushing scarlet, and looked at him over her shoulder as she handed him his whip.

Instead of returning to the Bertaux farm in three days as he had promised, he called again the very next

day, then regularly twice a week, without counting the visits he paid now and then as if by accident.

Everything, moreover, went well; the patient progressed favourably; and when, at the end of forty-six days, old Rouault was seen trying to walk alone in his den, Monsieur Bovary began to be looked upon as a man of great skill. Old Rouault said that he could not have been cured better by the first doctor of Yvetot, or even of Rouen.

Charles did not ask himself why it was a pleasure to him to go to Bertaux. Had he done so, no doubt he would have attributed his zeal to the importance of the case, or perhaps to the money he hoped to make by it. But was it for this that his visits to the farm formed a delightful exception to the meagre occupations of his life? On these days he rose early, set off at a gallop, urging on his horse, then dismounted to wipe his boots in the grass and put on black gloves before entering. He liked going into the courtyard, and noticing the gate turn against his shoulder, to hear the cock crow on the wall, to see the lads run to meet him. He liked the granary and the stables; he liked old Rouault, who pressed his hand and called him his saviour; he liked the small wooden sabots of Mademoiselle Emma on the scoured flags of the kitchen—her high heels made her a little taller; and when she walked in front of him the wooden soles springing up quickly struck against the leather of her boots with a sharp sound.

She always reconducted him to the first step of the stairs. When his horse had not yet been brought round she stayed there. They had said "Good-by"; there was no more talking. The air enwrapped her, playing with the soft down on the back of her neck, or blew to and fro on her hips her apron-strings, that

fluttered like streamers. Once, during a thaw, the bark of the trees in the yard was oozing, the snow on the roofs of the out-buildings was melting; she stood on the threshold, then went to fetch her parasol and opened it. The parasol, of silk the colour of pigeons' breasts, through which the sun shone, tinted with shifting hues the white skin of her face. She smiled under the tender warmth, and drops of water could be heard falling one by one on the stretched silk.

During the first period of Charles's visits to the Bertaux farm, Madame Bovary, junior, never failed to inquire after the invalid, and she had even chosen in the book that she kept on a system of double entry a clean blank page for Monsieur Rouault. But when she heard he had a daughter she began to make inquiries, and she learned that Mademoiselle Rouault, brought up at the Ursuline Convent, had received what is called "a good education," and so knew dancing, geography, drawing, how to embroider and play the piano. That was the last straw.

"So it is for this," she said to herself, "that his face beams when he goes to see her, and that he puts on his new waistcoat at the risk of spoiling it with the rain. Ah, that woman! that woman!"

And she detested her instinctively. At first she solaced herself by allusions that Charles did not understand, then by casual observations that he let pass for fear of a storm, finally by open apostrophes to which he knew not what reply to make. "Why do you go back to the Bertaux, now that Monsieur Rouault is cured and hasn't paid yet? Ah! it is because a young lady is there, some one who knows how to talk, to embroider, to be witty. That is what you care about; you want town demoiselles." And she went on:—

"The daughter of old Rouault a town demoiselle!

Nonsense! Their grandfather was a shepherd, and they have a cousin who was almost brought before the court for a nasty blow in a quarrel. It is not worth while making such a fuss, or showing herself at church on Sundays in a silk gown like a countess. Besides, if it hadn't been for the colza last year, the poor old man would have had much trouble to pay up his arrears."

For very weariness Charles left off going to the Bertaux farm. Héloïse made him swear, his hand on the prayer-book, that he would go there no more, after much sobbing and many kisses, in a great outburst of love. He obeyed, but the strength of his desire protested against the servility of his conduct; and he thought, with a kind of naïve hypocrisy, that this interdict to see Emma gave him a sort of right to love her. And then his wife was thin; he had long teeth; she wore in all weathers a little black shawl, the point of which hung down between her shoulder-blades; her bony figure was sheathed in her clothes as if they were a scabbard; the skirts were too short, and displayed her ankles with the laces of her large boots crossed over grey stockings.

Charles's mother came to see them occasionally, but after a few days the daughter-in-law seemed to put her own edge on her, and then, like two knives, they scarified him with their reflections and remarks. It was wrong of him to eat so much. Why did he always offer a glass of something to everyone that came? What obstinacy not to wear flannels!

In the spring it happened that a notary at Ingouville, the trustee of the Widow Dubuc's property, one fine day went off, taking with him all the money in his office. Héloïse, it is true, still possessed, besides a share in a boat valued at six thousand francs, her house in the Rue St. François; and yet, of this fortune that

had been so trumpeted abroad, nothing had appeared in Charles's home, except perhaps a little furniture and a few clothes. The matter had to be investigated. The house at Dieppe was found to be eaten up with mortgages to its foundations; what she had placed with the notary God only knew, and her share in the boat did not exceed one thousand crowns. She had lied, the good lady! In his exasperation, Monsieur Bovary the elder, smashing a chair on the floor, accused his wife of having caused the misfortune of their son by harnessing him to such a harridan, whose harness wasn't worth her hide. They came to Tostes. Explanations followed. There were scenes. Héloïse in tears, throwing her arms about her husband, conjured him to defend her from his parents. Charles tried to speak up for her. The old people grew angry and left the house.

But the blow had struck home. A week later, as she was hanging some clothes in the yard, she had a hemorrhage, and the next day, while Charles had his back turned to her, drawing the window-curtain, she said "O God!" gave a sigh and fell. She was dead!

When all was over at the cemetery, Charles went home. He found no one downstairs; he went up to the first floor to their room; saw her gown still hanging at the foot of the alcove; then, leaning against the writing table, he remained there until evening, wrapped in a sorrowful reverie. She had loved him, after all!

CHAPTER III

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOWER

OLD Ronault one day brought Charles the money for setting his leg—seventy-five francs in forty-sou pieces, also a turkey. He had heard of his bereavement, and consoled him as well as he could.

"I know what it is," said he, slapping him on the shoulder; "I've been through it. When I lost my dear departed, I went into the fields to be quite alone. I fell at the foot of a tree; I cried; I called on God; I talked nonsense to Him. I wanted to be like the moles that I saw on the ground, their insides swarming with worms, dead, and an end of it. And when I thought that there were other men at that very moment with their nice little wives holding them in their embrace, I struck great blows on the earth with my stick. I was almost crazy from not eating; the very idea of going to a café disgusted me—you wouldn't believe it. Well, by degrees, one day following another, a spring after a winter, and an autumn after a summer, this wore away, piece by piece, crumb by crumb; it passed away, it is gone, I should say it has sunk; for something always remains at the bottom, as one may say—a weight here, at one's heart. But since it is the lot of all of us, one must not give way altogether, and, because others have died, want to die too. You must pull yourself together, Monsieur Bovary. Your grief will pass away. Come to see us; my daughter thinks of you now and again, you know, and she says you are forgetting her. Spring will soon be here. We'll have some rabbit-shooting to enliven you a bit."

Charles followed his advice. He went back to the Bertaux farm. He found all as he had left it—that is to say, as it was five months earlier. The pear trees were already in blossom, and Farmer Rouault, on his legs again, came and went, making the farm livelier.

Thinking it his duty to press the greatest attention upon the doctor because of his sadness, he begged him not to remove his hat, spoke to him in an undertone as if he had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing daintier had been prepared for him than for the others, such as clotted cream or stewed pears. He told stories. Charles found himself laughing, but the sudden remembrance of his wife quieted him. Coffee was brought; he thought no more about her.

He thought less of her as he grew accustomed to living alone. The new delight of independence soon made his loneliness bearable. He could now change his meal-times, go in or out without explanation, and when he was very tired lie down at full length on his bed. So he nursed and coddled himself and accepted the consolations offered him. The death of his wife had not served him ill in his business, since for a month people had been saying, "The poor young man! what a loss!" His name had been talked about, his practice had increased; and, moreover, he could go to the Bertaux farm when he liked. He had an aimless hope, and was vaguely happy; he thought himself better looking as he brushed his beard before the mirror.

One day he arrived at the farm about three o'clock. Everybody was in the fields. He went into the kitchen, but did not at once perceive Emma; the outside shutters were closed. Through the chinks of the wood the sun sent across the floor long slender rays that were broken at the corners of the furniture and trembled along the ceiling. Some flies on the table were crawl-

ing up the glasses that had been used, and buzzing as they drowned themselves in the dregs of cider. The daylight that came in by the chimney made velvet of the soot at the back of the fireplace, and touched the cold cinders with a blue tint. Between the window and the hearth Emma was sewing; she wore no fichu; he saw beads of perspiration on her bare shoulders.

After the fashion of country folks, she asked him to have something to drink. He declined; she insisted, and at last laughingly offered to have a glass of liqueur with him. So she went to fetch a bottle of curaçoa from the cupboard, reached down two small glasses, filled one to the brim, poured hardly anything into the other, and, after clinking glasses, carried hers to her lips. As it was almost empty she bent back to drink, her chin thrown up, her lips pouting, her neck strained. She laughed at getting none of it, while with the tip of her tongue passing between her small teeth she lapped the bottom of her glass, drop by drop.

She sat down again and took up her work, a white cotton stocking she was darning. She worked with her head bent down; she did not speak, nor did Charles. The air coming in under the door blew a little dust over the flagged floor; he watched it drift along, and heard nothing but the throbbing in his head and the faint clucking of a hen that had laid an egg in the yard.

She complained of suffering from giddiness since the beginning of the season; she asked whether sea baths would do her any good; she began talking of her convent, Charles of his school; words gradually came to them. They went up into her bedroom. She showed him her old music books, the little prizes she had won, and the oak-leaf crowns, left at the bottom of a wardrobe. She spoke to him, too, of her mother, of the country, and even showed him the bed in the

garden where, on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on her mother's grave. But the gardener they had understood nothing about it; servants were so careless. She would have dearly liked, if only for the winter, to live in town, although the length of the fine days made the country perhaps even more wearisome in the summer.

While going home at night, Charles went over her words one by one, trying to recall them, to fill out their sense, that he might piece out the life she had lived before he knew her. But he never saw her in his thoughts other than as he had seen her the first time, or as he had just left her. Then he asked himself what would become of her—if she would be married, and to whom? Alas! old Rouault was rich, and she!—so beautiful! But Emma's face always rose before his eyes, and a monotone, like the humming of a top, sounded in his ears: "If you should marry, after all! if you should marry!" At night he could not sleep; his throat was parched; he was thirsty. He rose to drink from the carafe, and opened the window. The sky was covered with stars, a warm wind was blowing; dogs were barking. He turned his head toward the Bertaux farm.

Thinking that, after all, he should lose nothing, Charles promised himself to ask her in marriage as soon as occasion should offer, but every time such occasion did offer the fear of not finding the right words sealed his lips.

Old Rouault would not have been sorry to be rid of his daughter, who was of no use to him in the house. In his heart he excused her, thinking her too clever for farming, a calling under the curse of Heaven, since one never saw a millionaire in it. Far from having made a fortune by it, the good man was losing every

year; for if he was good in bargaining, in which he enjoyed the tricks of the trade, on the other hand, agriculture properly so called, and the executive management of the farm, suited him less than most people. He did not willingly take his hands out of his pockets, but did not spare expense in all that concerned himself, liking to eat well, to have good fires, and to sleep comfortably. He liked old cider, underdone legs of mutton, well beaten *glorias*, made of coffee and spirits. He took his meals in the kitchen alone, opposite the fire, on a little table brought ready laid, as on the stage.

So, when he perceived that Charles's cheeks grew red when near his daughter, which meant that he would propose for her some day, he chewed the cud of the matter beforehand. He certainly thought him a little meagre, and not exactly the son-in-law he would have liked; but it was said he was well connected, economical, very learned, and no doubt would not make too many difficulties about the dowry. Now, as old Rouault would soon be forced to sell twenty-two acres of his property, as he owed a good deal to the mason and the harness-maker, and as the shaft of the cider press wanted renewing, he said to himself, "If he asks for her I'll give her to him."

At Michaelmas Charles went to spend three days at the Bertaux farm. The last passed like the others, in procrastinating from hour to hour. Old Rouault was seeing him off; they were walking along the road full of ruts and were about to part. This was the time. Charles gave himself as far as the corner of the hedge, and at last, when past it he murmured—

"Monsieur Ronault, I should like to say something."

They stopped. Charles was silent.

"Well, tell me your story. Don't I know all about it?" said old Rouault, laughing softly.

"Monsieur Rouault—Monsieur Rouault," stammered Charles.

"I ask nothing better," the farmer went on. "Although no doubt the little one is of my mind, still we must ask her opinion. So you get off—I'll go back home. If it is 'yes,' you needn't return because of all the people about, and besides it would upset her too much. But, so that you mayn't be eating your heart, I'll open wide the outer shutter of the window against the wall; you can see it by leaning over the hedge."

And he went home.

Charles fastened his horse to a tree; he ran into the road and waited. Half an hour passed, then he counted nineten minutes by his watch. Suddenly a noise was heard against the wall; the shutter had been thrown back; the hook was still swinging.

The next day by nine o'clock he was at the farm. Emma blushed at he entered, and she gave a little affected laugh to keep herself in countenance. Old Rouault embraced his future son-in-law. The discussion of money matters was put off; moreover, there was plenty of time, as the marriage could not decently take place till Charles was out of mourning—that is to say, about the spring of the following year.

The winter was passed in waiting for this. Mademoiselle Rouault was busy with her trousseau. Part of it was ordered at Rouen, and she made herself chemises and nightcaps after fashion-plates that she borrowed. When Charles visited the farmer, the preparations for the wedding were talked over; they held discussions as to which room they should have the dinner in! they dreamed of the number of dishes that would be wanted, and what should be the entrées.

Emma, on the contrary, would have preferred to have a midnight wedding with torches, but old Rouault

could not understand such an idea. So there was a home wedding at which forty-three persons were present, at which they remained sixteen hours at table.

CHAPTER IV

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

MOST of the guests arrived early in carriages, in one-horse chaises, two-wheeled carts, old open gigs, waggonettes with leather hoods, and the young people from the nearer villages in larger carts, in which they stood up in rows, holding to the sides so as not to fall, going at a trot and being well jolted. Some came from a distance of thirty miles, from Goderville, from Normanville, and from Cany.

From time to time the crack of a whip was heard behind the hedge; then the gates opened, a chaise entered. Galloping up to the foot of the steps, it stopped short and its load alighted. They descended from all sides, rubbing knees and stretching arms. The ladies, wearing bonnets, wore gowns in the town fashion, gold watch-chains, pelerines with the ends tucked into belts, or little coloured fichus fastened down behind with a pin, leaving the back of the neck bare. The lads, dressed like their fathers, seemed uncomfortable in their new clothes (many that day had received the handsel of their first pair of boots); and beside them, speaking not a word, wearing the white gown of their first communion lengthened for the occasion, were some big girls of fourteen or sixteen, cousins or elder sisters, no doubt, rubicund, bewildered, their hair

greasy with rose-pomade, and very much afraid of soiling their gloves.

The Mayor's office was a mile and a half from the farm, and they went thither on foot, returning in the same way after the ceremony in the church. The procession, first united like one long coloured scarf that undulated across the fields, along the narrow path winding amid the green corn, soon lengthened out, and broke up into different groups that loitered to talk. The fiddler walked in front with his violin, gay with ribbons at its pegs. Then came the married pair, the relatives, the friends, all following pell-mell; the children stayed behind amusing themselves plucking the bell-flowers from oat-ears, or playing among themselves unseen. Emma's dress, which was too long, trailed a little on the ground; from time to time she stopped to pull it up, and then delicately, with her gloved hands, she picked off the coarse grass and the thistledowns, while Charles, empty-handed, waited till she had finished. Old Rouault, with a new silk hat and the cuffs of his black coat covering his hands up to the nails, gave his arm to Madame Bovary, senior. As to Monsieur Bovary, senior, who, heartily despising all these folk, had come simply in a frock-coat of military cut with one row of buttons—he passed the compliments of the bar to a fair young peasant. She bowed, blushed, and did not know what to say. The other wedding guests talked of their business or played tricks behind one another's backs, urging one another on in advance to be merry. Those who listened could always catch the squeaking of the fiddler, who went playing across the fields.

The table was laid under the cart-shed. On it were four sirloins, six chicken fricassées, stewed veal, three legs of mutton, and in the middle a fine roast sucking-

pig, flanked by four chitterlings with sorrel. At the corners were decanters of brandy. Sweet bottled cider frothed round the corks, and all the glasses had beforehand been filled to the brim with wine. Large dishes of yellow cream, that trembled with the least shake of the table, had designed on their smooth surface in nonpareil arabesques the initials of the newly-wedded pair. A confectioner of Yvetot had been entrusted with the tarts and sweets. As he had only just set up in the place, he had taken much trouble, and at dessert he himself brought in a set dish that evoked loud cries of wonder. At its base was a square of blue cardboard, representing a temple, with porticoes, colonnades, and stucco statuettes surrounding it, and in the niches were constellations of gilt paper stars; on the second stage was a dungeon of Savoy cake, surrounded by many fortifications in candied angelica, almonds, raisins, and quarters of oranges; finally, on the upper platform was a green field with rocks set in lakes of jam, nutshell boats, and a small Cupid balancing himself in a chocolate swing, the two uprights of which ended in real roses for balls at the top.

They ate until night. When they were tired of sitting, they went out for a stroll in the yard, or for a game with cocks in the granary, and then returned to table. Towards the finish some went to sleep and snored. But with the coffee everyone woke up. Then they began songs, showed off tricks, raised heavy weights, performed feats with their fingers, then tried lifting carts on their shoulders, made broad jokes, kissed the women. At night when they left, the horses, stuffed up to the nostrils with oats, could hardly be got into the shafts; they kicked and reared; the harness broke, their masters laughed or swore; and all night in the light of the moon along country roads were runa-

way carts at full gallop plunging into the ditches, jumping over stone fences, clambering up the hills, with women leaning out to seize the reins.

Those who stayed at the Bertaux farm spent the night drinking in the kitchen. The children had fallen asleep under the seats.

The bride had begged her father that she might be spared the usual marriage pleasantries. But a fishmonger, one of their cousins (who had even brought a pair of soles for his wedding present), had begun to squirt water from his mouth through the keyhole when old Rouault came up just in time to stop him and explain to him that the distinguished station of his son-in-law would not allow of such liberties. But the cousin did not yield readily to these reasons. In his heart he accused old Rouault of being proud, and he joined four or five other guests in a corner, who having, through mere chance, been served several times in succession with the inferior cuts of meat, were also of opinion they had been badly used, and were whispering about their host, hoping with veiled hints that he would ruin himself.

Madame Bovary, senior, had not opened her lips all day. She had been consulted neither as to the dress of her daughter-in-law nor as to the arrangement of the feast; she went to bed early. Her husband, instead of following her, sent to Saint-Victor for some cigars and smoked till daybreak, drinking kirsch-punch, a mixture unknown to the company. This added greatly to the consideration in which he was held.

Charles, who was not of a facetious turn, did not shine at the wedding. He answered feebly to the puns, *doubles entendres*, compliments, and chaff that it was felt a duty to fire at him as soon as the soup appeared.

The next day, on the other hand, he seemed another

man. It was he who might rather have been taken for the virgin of the evening before, while the bride gave no sign that revealed anything. The shrewdest did not know what to make of it, and they looked at her when she passed near them with unbounded concentration of mind. But Charles concealed nothing. He called her "my wife," *tutoyéd* her, asked for her of everyone, looked for her everywhere, and often he drew her into the orchard, where he could be seen from afar between the trees, putting his arm round her waist, and walking half-bending over her, ruffling the chemisette of her bodice with his head.

Two days after the wedding the married pair departed. Because of his patients, Charles could not be away longer. Old Rouault had them driven back in his cart, and himself accompanied them as far as Vassonville. Here he embraced his daughter for the last time, got down, and went his way. When he had gone about a hundred paces he stopped, and as he saw the cart disappearing, its wheels turning in the dust, he heaved a deep sigh. Then he remembered his own wedding, the old times, the first pregnancy of his wife; he, too, had been very happy the day when he had taken her from her father to his home, and had carried her off on a pillion, trotting through the snow, for it was near Christmas-time, and the country was all white. She held him by one arm, her basket hanging from the other; the wind blew the long lace of her Cauchois head-dress so that it sometimes flapped across his mouth, and when he turned his head he saw near him, on his shoulder, her little rosy face, smiling silently under the gold bands of her cap. To warm her hands she put them from time to time in his breast. How long ago it all was! Their son would have been thirty by now. Then he looked back and saw nothing

on the road. He felt as dreary as an empty house; and with tender memories mingling with the sad thoughts in his brain, addled by the fumes of the feast, he felt inclined for a moment to take a turn toward the church. As he was afraid, however, that this sight would make him still more sad, he went directly home.

Monsieur and Madame Charles arrived at Tostes about six o'clock. The neighbours came to the windows to see their physician's new wife.

The old servant presented herself, curtsied to her, apologized for not having dinner ready, and suggested that Madame, in the mean time, should look over her new abode.

CHAPTER V

THE BRIDE'S QUERY

BOVARY'S house with its brick front was in line with the street, or rather the road. Behind the door hung a cloak with a small collar, a bridle, and a black leather cap, and on the floor, in a corner, was a pair of leggings, still covered with dried mud. On the right was the one apartment that was both dining and sitting-room. A canary-yellow paper, relieved at the top by a garland of pale flowers, was puckered everywhere over the badly-stretched cloth under it; white calico curtains with a red border hung crosswise the length of the window; and on the narrow mantelpiece a clock with a head of Hippocrates shone resplendent between two plate condlesticks under oval shades. On the other side of the passage was Charles's consulting-office, a little room about six paces wide,

with a table, three chairs, and an office-chair. Volumes of the *Dictionary of Medical Science*, uncut, but the binding rather the worse for the successive sales through which they had gone, occupied almost alone the six shelves of a deal bookcase. The smell of melted butter penetrated through the walls when he saw patients, just as in the kitchen one could hear people in the consulting-room coughing and recounting their whole histories.

The garden, longer than it was wide, ran between two mud walls, against which grew espaliered apricots, to a hawthorn hedge that separated it from the field. In the middle was a slate sundial on a brick pedestal; four flower-beds with eglantines surrounded symmetrically the more useful kitchen-garden. At the bottom, under the spruce bushes, was a plaster figure of a priest reading his breviary.

Emma went upstairs. The first room was not furnished, but in the second, which was their bedroom, was a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red drapery. A shell-box adorned the chest of drawers, and on the secretary near the window a bouquet of dried orange blossoms, tied with white satin ribbons, stood in a bottle. It was a bride's bouquet; it was the other one's! Emma looked at it. Charles noticed it; he took it and carried it up to the attic, while Emma, seated in an armchair (they were putting her things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered, dreamily, what would be done with them if she were to die.

During the first days she occupied herself in thinking about changes in the house. She took the shades off the candlesticks, had new wall-paper put up, the staircase repainted, and seats made in the garden round the sundial; she even inquired how she could get a

basin with a jet fountain and goldfish. Finally, her husband, knowing that she liked to drive out, picked up a second-hand dogcart, which, with new lamps and a dash-board in striped leather, looked almost like a tilbury.

He was happy then, and without a care in the world. A meal together, a walk in the evening on the high-road, a gesture of Emma's hands over her hair, the sight of her straw hat hanging from the window-fastener, and many another thing in which Charles had never dreamed of taking pleasure, now made up an endless round of happiness for him. In bed, in the morning, on the pillow by her side, he watched the sunlight touching the down on her fair cheek, half hidden by the lappets of her nightcap. Seen thus closely, her eyes looked to him enlarged, especially when, on waking up, she opened and shut them rapidly many times. Black in the shade, dark blue in broad daylight, they had, as it were, depths of different colours, which, darker in the centre, grew paler toward the surface of the eye. His own eyes lost themselves in those depths; he saw himself in miniature down to the shoulders, with his handkerchief round his head and the top of his shirt open. He rose. She came to the window to see him off, and stayed leaning on the sill between two pots of geranium, clad in her dressing gown hanging loosely about her. Charles in the street buckled his spurs, his foot on the mounting-stone, while she talked to him from above, picking with her mouth some scrap of flower or leaf which she blew out at him. Whirling and floating, it described semicircles in the air like a bird, and was caught before it reached the ground in the ill-groomed mane of the old white mare standing motionless at the door. Charles from horseback threw her a kiss; she answered with a nod; she closed the

window, and he set off. Along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the deep lanes that the trees bent over as in an arbour, along paths where the corn reached to the knees, with the sun on his back and the morning air in his nostrils, his heart full of the joys of the past night, his mind at rest, his flesh at ease, he went on, meditating on his happiness, as an epicure after dinner tastes again the truffles he is digesting.

Until now when had he had any pleasure in life? Was it during his time at school, when he remained shut up within the high walls, alone, in the midst of companions richer than he or cleverer at their work, who laughed at his accent, who jeered at his clothes, and whose mothers came to the school with cakes in their muffs? Was it later when he studied medicine, and never had his purse full enough to treat some little work-girl who might have become his mistress? Afterward he had lived fourteen months with the widow, whose feet in bed were cold as icicles. But now he had for life this beautiful woman whom he adored! For him the universe did not extend beyond the circumference of her petticoat, and he reproached himself with not loving her enough. He wanted to see her again; he turned back quickly, ran up the stairs with a beating heart. Emma, in her room, was dressing; he came up on tiptoe and kissed her back; she gave a cry.

He could not keep from constantly touching her comb, her rings, her fichu; sometimes he gave her great sounding kisses on her cheeks, or else little kisses in a row all along her bare arm from the tips of her fingers up to her shoulder, and she put him away half-smiling, half-vexed, as one does to a child that hangs about him.

Before marriage she thought herself in love; but the happiness that should have followed this love not hav-

ing come, she thought she must have been mistaken. And Emma tried to find out exactly what one meant in life by the words *felicity, passion, rapture,* that had seemed to her so beautiful in books.

CHAPTER VI

A PRECOCIOUS PUPIL

EMMA had read *Paul and Virginia,* and she had dreamed of the little bamboo house, the negro Domingo, the dog Fidèle, but above all of the sweet friendship of some dear little brother, who seeks red fruit for you on trees taller than steeples, or who runs over the sand, bringing you a bird's nest.

When she was thirteen, her father himself took her to town to place her in the convent school. They stopped at an inn in the St. Gervais quarter, where, at their supper, they used painted plates that set forth the story of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. The explanatory legends, chipped here and there by the scratching of knives, all glorified religion, the tendernesses of the heart, and the pomps of court life.

Far from being bored at first at the convent, she took pleasure in the society of the good sisters, who, to amuse her, took her to the chapel, which one entered from the refectory by a long corridor. She played very little during recreation hours, knew her catechism well, and it was she who always answered Monsieur le Vicaire's difficult questions. Living thus, without ever leaving the warm atmosphere of the class-rooms, and amid these pale-faced women wearing rosaries with brass crosses, she was softly lulled by the mystic lan-

guor exhaled in the perfumes of the altar, the freshness of the holy water, and the lights of the candles. Instead of attending to mass, she looked at the pious vignettes with their azure borders in her book, and she loved the sick lamb, the sacred heart pierced with sharp arrows, or the poor Jesus sinking beneath the cross he carries. She tried, by way of mortification, to eat nothing a whole day. She puzzled her head to find some vow to fulfil.

When she went to confession, she invented little sins in order that she might stay there longer, kneeling in the shadow, her hands joined, her face against the grating beneath the whispering of the priest. The comparisons of betrothed, husband, celestial lover, and eternal marriage, that recur in sermons, stirred within her soul depths of sweetness never touched before.

In the evening, before prayers, there was religious reading in the study. On week-nights it was some abstract of sacred history or the *Lectures* of the Abbé Frayssinous, and on Sundays passages from the *Génie du Christianisme,* as a recreation. How she listened at first to the sonorous lamentations of its romantic melancholies reëchoing through the world and eternity! If her childhood had been spent in the shop-parlour of some business quarter, she might perhaps have opened her heart to those lyrical invasions of nature, which usually come to us only through translation in books. But she knew the country too well; she knew the lowing of cattle, the milking, the ploughs. Accustomed to calm aspects of life, she turned, on the contrary, to those of excitement. She loved the sea only for the sake of its storms, and the green fields only when broken up by ruins.

At the convent an old maid came for a week every month to mend the linen. Patronized by the clergy,

because she belonged to an ancient family of noblemen ruined by the Revolution, she dined in the refectory at the table of the good sisters, and after the meal had a little talk with them before returning to her work. The girls often slipped out of the study to see her. She knew by heart the love-songs of the last century, and sang them in a low voice as she stitched. She told stories, gave them news, went on errands in the town, and slyly lent the larger girls some novel, that she always carried in the pockets of her apron, and of which the good lady herself swallowed long chapters in the intervals of her work. They were all about love, lovers, sweethearts, persecuted ladies fainting in lonely pavilions, postilions killed at every stage, horses ridden to death on every page, sombre forests, heart-aches, vows, sobs, tears and kisses, little skiffs by moonlight, nightingales in shady groves, "gentlemen" brave as lions, gentle as lambs, virtuous as no one ever was, always well dressed, and weeping like fountains. For six months, then, Emma, at fifteen years of age, soiled her hands with books from old lending-libraries. With Walter Scott, later, she fell in love with historical events, dreamed of old chests, guard-rooms, and minstrels. She would have liked to live in some old manor-house, like those long-waisted *châtelaines* who, in the shade of pointed arches, spent their days leaning on the stone balcony, chin in hand, watching a cavalier with white plume galloping on his black horse from the distant fields. At this time she had a cult for Mary Stuart and enthusiastic veneration for illustrious or unhappy women. Joan of Arc, Héloïse, Agnes Sorel, the beautiful Ferronnière, and Clémence Isaure stood out to her like comets in the dark immensity of heaven, where also were seen, lost in shadow, and all unconnected, St. Louis with his oak, the dying Bayard, some

cruelties of Louis XI, a little of St. Bartholomew's, the plume of the Béarnais, and always the remembrance of those plates painted in honour of Louis XIV!

In the music-class, in the ballads she sang, nothing was heard but little angels with golden wings, madonnas, lagunes, gondoliers—mild compositions that allowed her to catch a glimpse, athwart the obscurity of style and the weakness of the music, of the attractive phantasmagoria of sentimental realities. Some of her companions brought "keepsakes" given them as New Year's gifts to the convent. These had to be hidden; it was quite an undertaking; they were read in the dormitory. Delicately handling the beautiful satin bindings, Emma looked with dazzled eyes at the names of the unknown authors, who had signed their verses for the most part as counts or viscounts.

She trembled as she blew back the tissue paper over the engraving and saw it fold in two and fall gently against the page. Here behind the balustrade of a balcony was a young man in a short cloak, holding in his arms a young girl in a white gown wearing an almsbag at her belt; or there were nameless portraits of English ladies with fair curls, who looked at you from under their round straw hats with their large clear eyes. Some were lounging in carriages, gliding through parks, a greyhound bounding along in front of the equipage, driven at a trot by two small postilions in white breeches. Others, dreaming on sofas and holding an open letter, gazed at the moon through a slightly open window half draped by a black curtain.

When her mother died she wept much the first few days. She had a funeral picture made with the hair of the deceased, and, in a letter sent home full of sad reflections on life, she asked to be buried later in the same grave. The goodman thought she must be ill,

and came to see her. Emma was secretly pleased that she had reached at a first attempt the rare ideal of pale lives, never attained by mediocre hearts. She let herself glide along with Lamartine meanderings, listened to harps on lakes, to all the songs of dying swans, to the falling of the leaves, to the words of the pure virgins ascending to heaven, and the voice of the Eternal discoursing down the valleys. Finally she wearied of it, but would not confess it; she continued from habit, and at last was surprised to feel herself soothed, and with no more sadness at heart than wrinkles on her brow.

The good nuns, who had been so sure of her vocation, perceived with great astonishment that Mademoiselle Rouault seemed to be slipping from them. They had indeed been so lavish to her of prayers, retreats, novenas, and sermons, they had so often preached the respect due to saints and martyrs, and given so much good advice as to the modesty of the body and the salvation of her soul, that she did as do tightly reined horses; she pulled up short and the bit slipped from her teeth. This nature, positive in the midst of its enthusiasms, that had loved the Church for the sake of the flowers, and music for the words of the songs, and literature for its passional stimulus, rebelled against the mysteries of faith as it grew irritated by discipline—a thing antipathetic to her constitution. When her father took her from school, no one was sorry to see her go. The Lady Superior even thought that she had latterly been somewhat irreverent.

Once more at home, Emma first took pleasure in looking after the servants, then grew disgusted with the country and missed her convent. When Charles came to the Bertaux farm for the first time, she thought herself quite disillusioned, with nothing more to learn.

But the uneasiness of her new position, or perhaps the disturbance caused by the presence of this man, had sufficed to make her believe that at last she felt that wondrous passion which, till then, like a great bird with rose-coloured wings, hung in the splendour of the skies of poesy; and now she could not believe that the calm in which she lived was the happiness of which she had dreamed.

CHAPTER VII

A VISTA OPENS

EMMA thought sometimes that, after all, this was the happiest time of her life—the honeymoon, as people called it. To taste the full sweetness of it, it would have been necessary doubtless to fly to those lands with sonorous names where the days after marriage are full of delicious laziness. In post-chaises, behind blue silken curtains, to ride slowly up steep roads, listening to the song of the postilion reëchoed by the mountains, along with the bells of goats and the muffled sound of a waterfall; at sunset on the shores of gulfs to breathe in the perfume of lemon-trees; then in the evening on the villa-terraces above, hand in hand to look at the stars, making plans for the future.

Perhaps she would have liked to confide all these things to some one. But how describe an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the clouds, unstable as the winds? Words failed—the opportunity, the courage.

If Charles had but wished it, if he had guessed it, if his look had but once met her thought, it seemed to her that a sudden fruition of love would have come from

her heart, as fruit falls from a tree when shaken by a hand. But as the intimacy of their life became deeper, the greater became the gulf that separated them.

Charles's conversation was as commonplace as a street pavement, and everyone's ideas trooped through it in every-day garb, without exciting emotion, laughter, or thought. He never had had the curiosity, he said, while he lived at Rouen, to go to the theatre to see the actors from Paris. He could neither swim, nor fence, nor shoot, and one day he could not explain some term of horsemanship that she had found in a book.

Should not a man know everything, should he not excel in manifold activities, initiate one into the energies of passion, the refinements of life, all mysteries? But this one taught nothing, knew nothing, wished nothing. He thought her happy; and she resented this easy calm, this serene heaviness, the very happiness she gave him.

Sometimes she would draw; and it was great amusement to Charles to stand bolt upright and watch her bend over her cardboard, with eyes half-closed the better to see her work, or rolling little bread-pellets between her fingers. As to the piano, the more quickly her fingers glided over it the more he wondered. She struck the notes with dashing vigour, and ran from top to bottom of the keyboard without a break.

On the other hand, Emma knew how to look after her house. She sent the patients' accounts in well-phrased letters that had no suggestion of a bill. When they had a neighbour to dinner on Sundays, she managed to have some tasty dish—piled-up pyramids of green-gages on vine leaves; she served preserves in separate plates, and even spoke of buying finger-glasses for dessert. Because of all this much consideration was extended to Bovary.

Charles finished by rising in his own esteem for possessing such a wife. He showed with pride in the sitting-room two of her small pencil sketches that he had had framed in very large frames, and hung up against the wall-paper by long green cords. People returning from mass saw him in his embroidered slippers.

He came home late—at ten o'clock, at midnight sometimes. Then he asked for something to eat, and as the servant had gone to bed, Emma waited on him. He took off his coat to dine more at his ease. He told her, one after another, of the people he had met, the villages where he had been, the prescriptions he had written, and, well pleased with himself, he finished the remainder of the boiled beef and onions, picked pieces off the cheese, munched an apple, emptied his water-bottle, then went to bed and lay on his back and snored.

As he had been accustomed for a time to wear night-caps, his handkerchief would not stay down over his ears, so that his hair in the morning was tumbled pell-mell about his face and whitened with the feathers of the pillow, the strings of which came untied during the night. He always wore thick boots that had two long creases over the instep running obliquely toward the ankle, while the rest of the upper continued in a straight line as if stretched on a wooden foot. He said that was "quite good enough for the country."

His mother approved of his economy, for she came to see him as formerly, when there had been some violent row at her place; and yet the elder Madame Bovary seemed prejudiced against her daughter-in-law. She thought "her ways too fine for their position"; the wood, the sugar, and the candles disappeared as "at a grand establishment," and the amount of fuel used in the kitchen would have been enough for twenty-

five courses. She put Emma's linen in order for her in the closets, and taught her to keep an eye on the butcher when he brought the meat. Emma put up with these lessons. Madame Bovary was lavish of them; and the words "daughter" and "mother" were exchanged all day long, accompanied by little tremblings of the lips, each uttering gentle words in a voice shaken with anger.

In Madame Dubuc's time the old woman felt that she was still the favourite; but now Charles's love for Emma seemed to her a desertion from her own tenderness, an encroachment upon what was hers, and she observed her son's happiness in sad silence, as a ruined man looks through the windows at people dining in his old house. She recalled to him as remembrances her troubles and her sacrifices, and, comparing these with Emma's negligence, came to the conclusion that it was not reasonable to adore her so exclusively.

Charles knew not what to reply; he respected his mother, and he loved his wife infinitely; he considered the judgment of the one infallible, yet he thought the conduct of the other irreproachable. When Madame Bovary had gone, he tried timidly and in the same phrases to hazard one or two of the more pointed observations he had heard from his mamma. Emma proved to him with a word that he was mistaken, and sent him off to his patients.

And yet, in accord with theories she believed right, she wished to make herself in love with him. By moonlight in the garden she recited all the passionate rhymes she knew by heart, and sighing, sang to him many melancholy adagios; but she found herself as calm after this as before, and Charles seemed no more amorous and no more moved.

After she had thus for a while struck the flint on

her heart without drawing a spark; as incapable, moreover, of understanding what she did not experience as of believing anything that did not present itself in conventional form, she persuaded herself without difficulty that Charles's passion was nothing very exorbitant. His demonstrations became regular; he embraced her at certain fixed times. It was one habit among other habits, and, like a dessert, was looked forward to after the monotony of dinner.

A gamekeeper, cured by the doctor of pneumonia, had given Madame a little Italian greyhound; she took her out walking, for she went out sometimes in order to be alone for a moment, and not to see before her eyes the eternal garden and the dusty road.

She began by looking around to see whether nothing had changed since last she had been there. She found in the same places the foxgloves and wallflowers, the beds of nettles growing round the big stones, and the patches of lichen along the three windows, the shutters of which, always closed, were rotting on their rusty iron bars. Her thoughts, aimless at first, wandered at random, like her greyhound, which ran round and round in the fields, barking after the yellow butterflies, chasing the field-mice, or nibbling the poppies on the edge of a cornfield. Gradually her ideas took definite shape, and sitting on the grass that she had dug up with little prods of her parasol, Emma murmured to herself, "Oh, heavens! why did I marry?"

She asked herself whether, by some other chance combination, it would not have been possible to meet another man; and she tried to imagine what would have been these unrealised events, this different life, this unknown husband. All men, surely, could not be like this one. He might have been handsome, witty,

distinguished, attractive, such as, no doubt, her old companions of the convent had married. What were they doing now? In town, with the noise of the streets, the buzz of the theatres, and the lights of the ballroom, they were living lives where the heart expands, the senses bourgeon. But she—her life was as cold as a garret the dormer-window of which looks on the north, and boredom, the silent spider, was weaving its web in the darkness in every corner of her heart.

But toward the end of September something extraordinary came into her life; she was invited by the Marquis d'Andervilliers to Vaubyessard.

The Marquis was Secretary of State under the Restoration; he was anxious to reënter political life, and set about preparing for his candidacy to the Chamber of Deputies long before the election. In the winter he distributed a great deal of wood, and in the General Council always enthusiastically demanded new roads for his *arrondissement*. During the dog-days he had suffered from an abscess, which Charles had cured as if by a miracle by giving it a timely little touch with a lancet. The steward sent to Tostes to pay for the operation reported in the evening that he had seen some superb cherries in the doctor's little garden. Now cherry-trees did not thrive at Vaubyessard; the Marquis asked Bovary for some slips, and made it his business to go to thank him personally; he saw Emma; thought she had a pretty figure, and noted that she did not bow like a peasant; so that he did not think he was going beyond the bounds of condescension, nor, on the other hand, making a mistake, in inviting the young couple.

One Wednesday at three o'clock, Monsieur and Madame Bovary, seated in their dog-cart, set out for Vaubyessard, with a great trunk strapped on behind

and a bonnet-box in front on the apron. Besides these, Charles held a bandbox between his knees.

They arrived at dusk, just as the lamps in the park were being lighted to show the way for the carriages.

CHAPTER VIII

AS IN A DREAM

THE château, a modern building in Italian style, with two projecting wings and three flights of steps, lay at the foot of a vast green-sward, on which some cows were grazing among groups of large trees set out at regular intervals, while large beds of arbutus, rhododendron, syringas, and guelder roses bulged out their irregular clusters of green along the curve of the gravel path.

Charles's dog-cart pulled up before the middle flight of steps; servants appeared; the Marquis came forward, and offering his arm to the doctor's wife conducted her to the vestibule.

It was paved with marble slabs, very lofty, and the sounds of footsteps and voices reverberated through it as in a church. Opposite rose a straight staircase, and on the left a gallery overlooking the garden led to the billiard-room, through the door of which one could hear the click of the ivory balls. As Emma crossed it to go to the drawing-room, she saw standing round the table men with grave faces, their chins resting on high cravats. They all wore orders, and smiled silently as they made their strokes. Against the dark wainscoting of the walls large gold frames bore at the bottom names written in black letters. She read: "Jean-

Antoine d'Andervilliers d'Yverbonville, Count de la Vaubyessard and Baron de la Fresnaye, killed at the battle of Coutras on the 20th of October, 1587." And on another: "Jean-Antoine-Henry-Guy d'Andervilliers de la Vaubyessard, Admiral of France and Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael, wounded at the battle of the Hougue-Saint-Vaast on the 29th of May, 1692; died at Vaubyessard on the 23rd of January, 1693."

The Marquis opened the drawing-room door; one of the ladies (the Marquise herself) came to meet Emma. She made her sit down by her on an ottoman, and began talking to her as amicably as if she had known her a long time. She was a woman of about forty,. with fine shoulders, a hook nose, a drawling voice, and on this evening she wore over her brown hair a simple guipure scarf that fell in a point at the back. A fair young woman was by her side in a high-backed chair, and gentlemen with flowers in their button-holes were talking to ladies round the fire.

Dinner was served at seven o'clock. The men, who were in the majority, sat down at the first table in the vestibule; the ladies at the second, in the dining-room with the Marquis and Marquise.

On entering that room, Emma felt herself wrapped round by the warm air, a blending of the perfume of flowers and fine linen, of the fumes of the viands, and the odour of truffles. The silver dish-covers reflected the lighted wax candles in the candelabra, the cut crystal, covered with light steam, reflected pale rays from one to the other; bouquets were placed in a row the whole length of the table; and in the deep-bordered plates each napkin, arranged in the shape of a bishop's mitre, held between its two gaping folds a small roll.

Madame Bovary noticed that many ladies had not put their gloves in their glasses.

But at the upper end of the table, alone among all those women, leaning over his full plate, with a napkin tied round his neck like a child, an old man sat eating, letting drops of gravy drip from his mouth. His eyes were bloodshot, and he wore a little queue tied with a black ribbon. He was the Marquis's father-in-law, the old Duc de Laverdière, once a favourite of the Count d'Artois, in the days of the Vaudreuil hunting-parties at the Marquis de Conflans', and, it was said, the lover of Marie Antoinette, between Monsieur de Coigny and Monsieur de Lauzun. He had lived a life of noisy debauch, full of duels, bets, elopements; he had squandered his fortune and frightened all his family. A servant behind his chair named aloud to him in his ear the dishes at which he pointed, stammering, and continually Emma's eyes turned involuntarily to that old man with hanging lips, as to something extraordinary. He had lived at court and slept in the bed of queens!

Iced champagne was poured out. Emma shivered all over as she felt it cold in her mouth. She never had seen pomegranates nor tasted pineapples. The powdered sugar even seemed to her whiter and finer than elsewhere.

After dinner the ladies went to their rooms to prepare for the ball.

Emma made her toilet with the fastidious care of an actress at her début. She arranged her hair according to the directions of the hairdresser, and put on the barège costume spread on the bed. Charles's trousers were tight across the belly.

"My trouser-straps will be rather awkward for dancing," he said.

"Dancing?" repeated Emma.

"Yes!"

"Why, you must be mad! They would make fun of you; keep your place. Besides, it is more becoming for a doctor," she added.

Charles was silent. He walked up and down waiting for Emma to finish dressing.

He saw her from behind the glass between two lights. Her black eyes seemed blacker than ever. Her hair, undulating toward the ears, shone with a blue lustre; a rose in her hair trembled on its mobile stalk, with artificial dewdrops on the tips of the leaves. She wore a gown of pale saffron trimmed with three bouquets of pompon roses mingled with green.

Charles stole up and kissed her on her shoulder.

"Let me alone!" she said; "you are rumpling me."

The flourish of the violin and the notes of a horn were audible. She went downstairs restraining herself from running.

Dancing had begun. Guests were arriving. There was some crushing. Emma sat near the door.

The quadrille over, the floor was occupied by groups of men standing and talking and servants in livery bearing large trays. Along the line of seated women painted fans were fluttering, bouquets half hid smiling faces, and gold-stoppered scent-bottles were turned in partly-closed hands, whose white gloves outlined the nails and tightened on the flesh at the wrists. Laces, diamond brooches, medallion bracelets trembled on bodices, gleamed on breasts, clinked on bare arms.

Emma's heart beat rather faster when, her partner holding her by the tips of the fingers, she took her place in a line with the dancers, and waited for the first note. But her emotion soon vanished, and swaying to the rhythm of the orchestra, she glided forward with slight movements of the neck. A smile rose to her lips at certain delicate phrases of the violin, that

sometimes played alone while the other instruments were silent; one could hear the clink of the louis-d'or thrown upon the card-tables in the next room; then all struck in again, the cornet-à-piston uttered its sonorous note, feet marked time, skirts swelled and rustled, hands touched and parted; the same eyes falling before you met yours again.

A few men (fifteen or so), of twenty-five to forty, scattered here and there among the dancers or talking at the doorways, were distinguished from the crowd by a certain air of breeding, whatever their differences in age, dress, or face.

Their clothes, better made, seemed of finer cloth, and their hair, brought forward in curls toward the temples, glossy with more delicate pomades. They had the complexion of wealth—that clear complexion heightened by the pallor of porcelain, the shimmer of satin, the veneer of old furniture, which an ordered regimen of exquisite nurture maintains at its best. Their necks moved easily in their low cravats, their long whiskers fell over their turned-down collars, they wiped their lips upon handkerchiefs with embroidered initials that gave forth a subtle perfume. Those who were beginning to grow old had still an air of youth, while there was something mature in the faces of the young. In their unconcerned looks was a calm expression, the result of passions satiated daily, and through all their gentleness of manner pierced that peculiar brutality, the result of a command of half-easy things, in which force is exercised and vanity amused—the management of thoroughbred horses and the socety of loose women.

The atmosphere of the ballroom was heavy; the lamps were growing dim. Guests were flocking to the billiard-room. A servant got upon a chair and

broke two window-panes. At the crash of the glass Madame Bovary turned her head and saw in the garden the faces of peasants pressed against the window looking in at them. Then the memory of the Bertaux farm came back to her. She saw the farm again, the muddy pond, her father in a blouse under the apple-trees, and she saw herself again as formerly, skimming with her finger the cream off the milk-pans in the dairy. But in the refulgence of the present hour her past life, so distinct until then, faded away completely, and she almost doubted having lived it. She was there; beyond the ball was only shadow overspreading all the rest. She was eating a maraschino ice which she held with her left hand in a silver-gilt cup, with her eyes half-closed, and the spoon lingering between her lips.

A lady near her dropped her fan. A gentleman was passing.

"Would you have the kindness," said the lady, "to pick up my fan that has fallen behind the sofa?"

The gentleman bowed, and as he moved to stretch out his arm, Emma saw the hand of the young woman throw something white, folded in a triangle, into his hat. The gentleman, picking up the fan, offered it to the lady respectfully; she thanked him with an inclination of the head, and began to inhale the fragrance of her bouquet.

After supper, where were plenty of Spanish and Rhine wines, soups *à la bisque* and *au lait d'amandes*, puddings *à la Trafalgar*, and all sorts of cold meats with jellies that trembled in the dishes, the carriages one after the other began to drive away.

At three o'clock the cotillon began. Emma did not know how to waltz. Everyone was waltzing, Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers herself and the Marquise; only

the guests staying at the castle were there, about a dozen persons.

One of the waltzers, however, who was familiarly called Viscount, and whose low-cut waistcoat seemed moulded to his chest, came a second time to ask Madame Bovary to dance, assuring her that he would guide her, and that she would get through it very well.

They began slowly, then went more rapidly. They turned; all around them was turning—the lamps, the furniture, the wainscoting, the floor, like a disc on a pivot. On passing near the doors the train of Emma's skirt was swept around his trousers. Their limbs were drawn together; he looked down at her; she raised her eyes to his. A torpor seized her; she stopped. They set off again, and with a more rapid movement; the Viscount, dragging her along, disappeared with her to the end of the gallery, where, panting, she almost fell, and for a moment rested her head upon his breast. And then, still turning, but more slowly, he guided her back to her seat. She leaned back against the wall and covered her eyes with her hands.

When she opened them again, in the middle of the drawing-room, three waltzers were kneeling before a lady sitting on a stool. She chose the Viscount, and the violin struck up once more.

Everyone looked at them. They passed and repassed, she with rigid body, her chin bent down, and he always in the same pose, his figure curved, his elbow rounded, his chin thrown forward. That woman knew how to waltz! They kept it up a long time, and tired out all the others.

Then they talked a few moments longer, and after the good-nights, or rather good-mornings, the guests of the château retired to bed.

Charles dragged himself up by the balusters. He

said that his knees were going up into his body. He had spent five consecutive hours standing bolt upright at the card-tables, watching them play whist, without understanding anything about it, and it was with a deep sigh of relief that he pulled off his boots.

Emma threw a shawl over her shoulders, opened the window, and leaned out.

The night was dark; some drops of rain were falling. She inhaled the damp wind, which refreshed her eyelids. The music of the ball was still murmuring in her ears, and she tried to keep herself awake in order to prolong the illusion of this luxurious life that she would soon have to give up.

Day began to break. She looked long at the windows of the château, trying to guess which were the rooms of all those she had noticed the evening before. She would fain have known their lives, have penetrated, blended with them. But she was shivering with cold. She undressed, and cowered down between the sheets against Charles, who was asleep.

A great many people came to luncheon that day. The repast lasted ten minutes; no liqueurs were served, which astonished the doctor. Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers collected some pieces of roll in a small basket to take them to the swans on the artificial lake, and they went to walk in the hot-houses, where strange plants, bristling with hairs, rose in pyramids under hanging vases, whence, as from overfilled nests of serpents, fell long green cords interlacing.

Charles, meanwhile, went to ask a groom to harness his horse. The dog-cart was brought to the foot of the steps, and, all the parcels being crammed in, the Bovarys paid their respects to the Marquis and Marquise and set out again for Tostes.

Emma watched the turning wheels in silence.

Charles, on the extreme edge of the seat, held the reins with his arms wide apart, and the little horse ambled along in the shafts that were too big for him. The loose reins hanging over his crupper were wet with foam, and the box fastened behind the chaise gave regular bumps against it.

They were on the heights of Thibourville when suddenly some horsemen passed, with cigars between their lips, laughing. Emma thought she recognized the Viscount, turned back, and caught on the horizon only the movement of heads rising or falling with the unequal cadence of trot or gallop.

A mile farther on they had to stop to mend a broken trace with some string. Charles, giving a last look at the harness, saw something on the ground between his horse's legs, and picked up a cigar-case with a green silk border and blazoned in the centre like the door of a carriage.

"There are even two cigars in it," said he; "they'll do for this evening after dinner."

"Why, do you smoke?" she asked.

"Sometimes, when I get a chance."

He put it in his pocket and whipped up the nag.

When they reached home the dinner was not ready. Madame lost her temper. Nastasie answered rudely.

"Leave the room!" said Emma. "You are forgetting yourself. I give you warning."

For dinner there was onion soup and a piece of veal with sorrel. Charles, seated opposite Emma, rubbed his hands gleefully.

"How good it is to be at home again!"

Nastasie could be heard crying. Charles was fond of the poor girl. During the wearisome time of his widowerhood she had kept him company many an

evening. She had been his first patient, his oldest acquaintance in the place.

"Have you given her warning for good?" he asked.

"Yes. Who is to prevent me?" she replied.

Then they warmed themselves in the kitchen while their room was being made ready. Charles began to smoke. He smoked with lips protruded, spitting every moment, shuddering at every puff.

"You'll make yourself ill," Emma said scornfully.

He put down his cigar and ran to swallow a glass of cold water at the pump. Emma, seizing the cigar-case, threw it quickly to the back of the cupboard.

The next day seemed long to her. She walked about her little garden, up and down the same walks, stopping before the beds, before the fruit-wall, before the plaster curate, looking with amazement at all these things of once-on-a-time that she knew so well. How far away the ball seemed already!

The memory of that ball became an occupation for Emma. Whenever Wednesday came round she said to herself as she woke, "Ah! I was there a week—a fortnight—three weeks ago." And little by little the faces grew confused in her remembrance. She forgot the tune of the quadrilles; she no longer saw the liveries and appointments so distinctly; some details escaped her, but the regret remained with her.

CHAPTER IX

CHANGES

WHEN Charles was out Emma often took from the cupboard, between the folds of linen where she had put it, the green silk cigar-case. She looked at it, opened it, and even inhaled the odour of the lining—a mixture of verbena and tobacco. Whose was it? The Viscount's? Perhaps it was a present from his mistress. It had been embroidered on some rosewood frame, a pretty little thing, hidden from all eyes, which had occupied many hours, and over which had fallen the soft curls of the dreamy worker. A breath of love had passed over the stitches on the canvas; each prick of the needle had fixed there a hope or a memory, and all those interwoven threads of silk were but the continuation of the same silent passion. Then one morning the Viscount had taken it away with him. Of what had they spoken when it lay upon the wide-manteled chimney between flower-vases and Pompadour clocks? She was at Tostes; he was at Paris now, far away! What was this Paris like? What a vague name! She repeated it in a low tone, for the mere pleasure of it; it rang in her ears like a great cathedral bell; it shone before her eyes, even on the labels of her pomade-pots.

She bought a map of Paris, and with the tip of her finger on it she walked about the capital. She went up the boulevards, stopping at every turning, between the lines of the streets, in front of the white squares that represented the houses. At last she would close the lids of her weary eyes, and see in the darkness the gas jets flaring in the wind and the steps of carriages

lowered with much noise before the peristyles of theatres.

She took in *La Corbeille*, a ladies' journal, and the *Sylphe des Salons*. She devoured, without missing a word, all the accounts of first nights, races, and soirées, took an interest in the début of a singer, in the opening of a new shop. She knew the latest fashions, the addresses of the best tailors, the days of the Bois and the opera. In Eugène Sue she studied descriptions of furniture; she read Balzac and George Sand, seeking in them imaginary satisfaction for her own desires. Even at table she had a book by her, and turned over the pages while Charles ate and talked to her.

Paris, more vague than the ocean, glimmered before Emma's eyes in a rose-coloured atmosphere, but the many lives that stirred amid this tumult were divided into parts, classed as distinct pictures. Emma perceived only two or three that hid from her all the rest, and in themselves represented all humanity. The world of ambassadors moved over polished floors in drawing-rooms lined with mirrors, round oval tables covered with velvet and gold-fringed cloths. There were gowns with trains, deep mysteries, anguish hidden beneath smiles. Then came the society of duchesses; all were pale; all rose at four o'clock in the afternoon; the women, poor angels, wore English point on their petticoats; and the men, unappreciated geniuses under a frivolous outward seeming, rode horses to death at pleasure parties, spent the summer season at Baden, and toward their fortieth year married heiresses. In the private rooms of restaurants, where one sups after midnight by the light of wax candles, laughed the motley crowd of men of letters and actresses. They were prodigal as kings, full of ideal, ambitious, fantastic frenzy. This was an existence outside that of

all others, between heaven and earth, in the midst of storms, having in it something of the sublime. For the rest of the world it was lost, with no particular place, and as if non-existent. The nearer things were, moreover, the more her thoughts turned away from them. All her immediate surroundings, the wearisome country, the middle-class imbeciles, the mediocrity of existence, seemed to her exceptional, a peculiar chance that had entrapped her, while beyond, as far as eye could see, spread an immense land of joys and passions. She confused in her desire the sensualities of luxury with the delights of the heart, elegance of manners with delicacy of sentiment.

The lad from the posting-house who came to groom the mare every morning tramped through the passage with his heavy wooden shoes; there were holes in his blouse; his bare feet were in list slippers. And this was the groom in knee-breeches with whom she had to be content! His work done, he did not come back again all day, for Charles on his return put up his horse himself, unsaddled him and put on the halter, while the servant-maid brought a bundle of straw and threw it into the manger as best she could.

To replace Nastasie (who left Tostes shedding torrents of tears) Emma took into her service a young girl of fourteen, an orphan with a sweet face. She forbade her to wear cotton caps, taught her to address her in the third person, to bring a glass of water on a plate, to knock before entering a room, to iron, starch, and to dress her—trying to make a lady's-maid of her. The new servant obeyed without a murmur, so as not to be sent away; and, as Madame usually left the key in the sideboard, Félicité every evening took a small supply of sugar, which she ate alone in her bed after she had said her prayers.

Sometimes in the afternoon the girl went to chat with the postilions. Madame was in her room upstairs. She wore an open dressing-gown, which showed between the turned-back facings of her bodice a pleated chemisette with three gold buttons. Her belt was a corded girdle with great tassels, and her small garnet-coloured slippers had large knots of ribbon that fell over her instep. She had bought a blotting-book, writing-case, pen-holder, and envelopes, although she had no one to write to; she dusted her bookcase, looked at herself in the glass, took up a book, and then, dreaming between the lines, let it fall on her lap. She longed to travel or to go back to her convent. She wished at the same time to die and to live in Paris.

In snow and in rain Charles trotted across country. He ate omelettes on farmhouse tables, thrust his hand into damp beds, received the tepid spurt of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over quantities of soiled linen; but every evening he found a blazing fire, his dinner ready, easy-chairs, and a well-dressed woman, charming with an aroma of freshness, though no one could say whence the odour came, or whether it were not her skin that perfumed her apparel.

She charmed him by numerous attentions; now it was some new way of arranging paper sconces for the candles, then a flounce that she had altered on her gown, or an extraordinary name for some very simple dish which the servant had spoiled, but which Charles swallowed with pleasure to the last bit. At Rouen she saw some ladies who wore a bunch of charms on their watch-chains; she bought some charms. She wanted for her mantelpiece two large blue glass vases, and some time later an ivory *nécessaire* with a silver-gilt thimble. The less Charles understood these re-

finements the more they seduced him. They added something to the pleasure of the senses and to the comfort of his fireside. It was like a golden dust scattered along the narrow pathway of his life.

He was well, and he looked well; his reputation was firmly established. The country-folk loved him because he was not proud. He petted the children, never went to the public-house, and, moreover, his morals inspired confidence. He was specially successful with colds and chest complaints. As a matter of fact, being much afraid of killing his patients, Charles only prescribed sedatives, occasionally an emetic, a footbath, or leeches. It was not that he was afraid of surgery; he bled people copiously like horses, and for the extracting of teeth he had the devil's own wrist.

Finally, to keep up with the times, he took in *La Ruche Médicale*, a new journal whose prospectus had been sent him. He read it a little after dinner, but in about five minutes the warmth of the room, added to the effect of his dinner, sent him to sleep; and there he sat, his chin on his hands and his hair spreading like a mane to the standard of the lamp. Emma looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. Why, at least, was not her husband one of those men of taciturn passions, who work at their books all night, and at last, when about sixty, have rheumatism set in, though they wear a string of orders on an ill-fitting black coat? She could have wished this name of Bovary, which was hers, had been illustrious, to see it displayed at the booksellers', repeated in the newspapers, known to all France. But Charles had no ambition. A doctor from Yvetot, whom he had lately met in consultation, had somewhat humiliated him at the very bedside of the patient, before the assembled relatives. When Charles told her this anecdote in the evening, Emma

inveighed loudly against his colleague. Charles was much touched. He kissed her forehead with a tear in his eyes. But she was angered with shame; she felt a wild desire to strike him; she went to open the window and inhaled the fresh air to calm herself.

"What a man! what a man!" she muttered, biting her lips.

Besides, she was becoming more irritated with him. As he grew older his movements grew heavier; at dessert he cut the corks of the empty bottles; after eating he cleaned his teeth with his tongue; in taking soup he made a gurgling noise with every spoonful; and, as he was growing fatter, his puffed-out cheeks seemed to push his eyes, always small, up in his head.

Sometimes Emma tucked the red borders of his undervest into his waistcoat, rearranged his cravat, and threw away the soiled gloves he was about to put on; and this was not done, as he fancied, for his sake; it was for herself, by a diffusion of egotism, of nervous irritation. Sometimes, too, she told him of what she had read, such as a passage in a novel, a new play, or an anecdote of fashionable society that she had seen in a *feuilleton;* for, after all, Charles was something, a receptive ear, an always ready approbation. She confided many a thing to her greyhound. She would have done so to the logs in the fireplace or to the pendulum of the clock.

In the depths of her heart, however, she was waiting for something to happen. Like shipwrecked sailors, she turned despairing eyes upon the solitude of her life, seeking afar off some white sail in the mists of the horizon. She did not know what this chance would be, what wind would bring it to her, toward what shore it would drive her, whether it would be a shallop or a three-decker, laden with anguish or full of bliss to

the port-holes. But every morning, as she awoke, she hoped it would come that day; she listened to every sound, sprang up with a start, wondered that it did not come; then at sunset, always more saddened, she longed for the morrow.

Spring came at last. With the first warm weather, when the pear-trees began to blossom, she suffered from a tendency to asthma.

From the beginning of July she counted the weeks until October, thinking that perhaps the Marquis d'Andervilliers would give another ball at Vaubyessard. But September passed without letters or visits.

After the sadness of this disappointment her heart once more remained empty, and then the same series of days began again. So they would thus follow one another, the same, immovable, bringing nothing.

She gave up music. What was the use of playing? Who would hear her? Since she could never, in a velvet gown with short sleeves, striking with light fingers the ivory keys of an Erard at a concert, feel the murmur of ecstasy envelop her like a breeze, it was not worth while boring herself with practising. Her drawing cardboard and her embroidery she left in the cupboard. What was the use? what was the use? Sewing irritated her. "I have read everything," she said to herself. And she sat before the fire making the tongs red-hot, or looking at the falling rain.

The winter was severe. Every morning the windows were covered with rime, and the light shining through them, dim as if coming through ground-glass, sometimes did not change the whole day long. At four o'clock the lamp had to be lighted.

On fine days Emma went down into the garden. The dew left on the cabbages a silver lace with long transparent threads spreading from one to the other.

No birds were to be heard; everything seemed asleep, the fruit-wall was covered with straw, and the vine, like a great sick serpent, trailed under the coping of the wall, along which, on drawing near, one saw the many-footed woodlice crawling. Under the spruce by the hedgerow, the priest in the three-cornered hat reading his breviary had lost his right foot, and the plaster, scaling off, had left white scabs on his face.

Then she went upstairs again, shut her door, put on coals, and fainting with the heat of the hearth, felt her boredom weigh more heavily than ever. She would have liked to go down and talk to the little maid, but a sense of shame restrained her.

But it was above all the meal-times that were unbearable to her, in the small room on the ground-floor, with its smoking stove, its creaking door, the walls that sweated, the damp flags; all the bitterness of life seemed served up on her plate, and with the steam of the boiled beef rose from her secret soul whiffs of sickliness. Charles was a slow eater; she played with a few nuts, or, leaning on her elbow, amused herself with drawing lines along the oil-cloth table-cover with the point of her knife.

She now let everything in her household take care of itself, and Madame Bovary, senior, when she came to spend part of Lent at Tostes, was much surprised at the change. She who was formerly so careful, so dainty, now passed whole days without dressing, wore grey cotton stockings, and burned tallow candles. She insisted that they must be economical since they were not rich, adding that she was very contented, very happy, that Tostes pleased her very much, with other speeches that closed the mouth of her mother-in-law. Besides, Emma no longer seemed inclined to follow her advice; once even, Madame Bovary having thought fit

to maintain that mistresses ought to look after the religion of their servants, she had answered with so angry a look and so cold a smile that the good woman did not speak of it again.

Emma was growing difficult and capricious. She ordered dishes for herself, then she did not touch them; one day she drank only pure milk, and the next cups of tea by the dozen. Often she persisted in not going out, then, stifling, threw open the windows and put on thin gowns. After she had scolded her servant severely she gave her presents or sent her out to see the neighbours, just as she sometimes threw to beggars all the silver in her purse, although she was by no means tender-hearted or easily accessible to the feelings of others, like most country-bred people, who always retain in their souls something of the horny hardness of the paternal hands.

Toward the end of February old Rouault, in memory of his cure, himself brought his son-in-law a superb turkey, and stayed three days at Tostes. Charles being with his patients, Emma kept him company. He smoked in his room, spat on the fire-dogs, talked farming, calves, cows, poultry, and municipal council, so that when he left she closed the door on him with a feeling of satisfaction that surprised even herself. Moreover, she no longer concealed her contempt for anything or anybody, and at times she expressed singular opinions, finding fault with that which others approved, and approving things perverse and immoral, all of which made her husband open his eyes wide.

Would this misery last for ever? Would she never issue from it? Yet she was as good as all the women who were living happily. She had seen duchesses at Vaubyessard with clumsier waists and commoner ways, and she execrated the injustice of God. She leaned her

head against the walls to weep; she envied lives of excitement, longed for masked balls, for violent pleasures, with all the wildness of which she knew nothing, but which these must surely yield.

She grew pale and suffered from palpitations of the heart. Charles prescribed valerian and camphor baths. Everything that was tried only seemed to irritate her the more.

At times she chattered with feverish rapidity, and this over-excitement was suddenly followed by a state of torpor, in which she remained without speaking, without moving. What then revived her was pouring a bottle of eau-de-cologne over her arms.

As she was constantly complaining about Tostes, Charles fancied that her illness was no doubt due to some local cause, and fixing on this idea, began to think seriously of moving elsewhere.

From that moment she drank vinegar, contracted a sharp little cough, and completely lost her appetite.

It cost Charles much to give up Tostes after living there four years and when he was beginning to "get on" there. Yet if it must be! He took her to Rouen to see his old master. It was a nervous complaint: change of air was needed.

After looking about him on this side and on that, Charles learned that in the Neufchâtel *arrondissement* there was a considerable market-town called Yonville-l'Abbaye, whose doctor, a Polish refugee, had decamped a week before. Then he wrote to the chemist of the place to ask the number of the population, the distance from the nearest physician, what his predecessor had made a year, and so forth; and, the answer being satisfactory, he made up his mind to move toward the spring, if Emma's health did not improve.

One day when, in view of her departure, she was

tidying a drawer, something pricked her finger. It was a wire of her wedding-bouquet. The orange-blossoms were yellow with dust and the silver-bordered satin ribbons frayed at the edges. She threw it into the fire. It flared up more quickly than dry straw. Then it was like a red bush in the cinders, slowly devoured. She watched it burn. The little pasteboard berries burst, the wire twisted, the gold lace melted; and the shrivelled paper corollas, fluttering like black butterflies, at last flew up the chimney.

When they left Tostes, in March, Madame Bovary was *enceinte*.

PART II

CHAPTER I

THE NEW DOCTOR ARRIVES

YONVILLE-L'ABBAYE (so called from an old Capuchin abbey of which not even the ruins remain) is a market-town twenty-four miles from Rouen, between the Abbeville and Beauvais roads, at the foot of a valley watered by the Rieule, a little river that runs into the Andelle after turning three water-mills near its source, where there are a few trout which the boys amuse themselves by fishing for on Sundays.

Until 1835 there was no practicable road to Yonville, but about this time a cross-road was made which joins that of Abbeville to that of Amiens, and is occasionally used by the Rouen waggoners on their way to Flanders.

Beyond the bridge at the foot of the hill begins a roadway, planted with young aspens, which leads in a straight line to the first houses in the place. These, fenced in by hedges, are in the middle of courtyards full of straggling buildings, wine-presses, cart-sheds, and distilleries scattered under thick trees, with ladders, poles, or scythes hung on the branches. The thatched roofs, like fur caps drawn over eyes, descend over almost a third of the low windows, the coarse convex glasses of which have knots in the middle as in the bottoms of bottles. Against the plaster wall, diagonally crossed by black joists, a meagre pear tree

sometimes leans, and the ground-floors have at the door a small swing-gate, to keep out the chickens that come pilfering crumbs of bread steeped in cider on the threshold. But the courtyards grow narrower, the houses are closer together, and the fences disappear; a bundle of ferns swings under a window from the end of a broomstick; there is a blacksmith's forge and then a wheelwright's shop, with two or three new carts outside that partly block up the way. Across an open space appears a white house beyond a grass mound ornamented by a Cupid, his finger on his lips; two brass vases are at each side of a flight of steps; scutcheons blaze upon the door. It is the notary's house, and the finest in the town.

The church is on the other side of the street, twenty paces farther down, at the entrance of the square. The little cemetery that surrounds it, closed in by a wall breast-high, is so full of graves that the old stones, level with the ground, form a continuous pavement, on which the grass of itself has marked out regular green squares. The church was rebuilt during the last years of the reign of Charles X. The wooden roof is beginning to rot from the top, and here and there has black hollows in its blue colour. Over the door, where the organ should be, is a loft for the men, with a spiral staircase that reverberates under their wooden sabots.

But that which most attracts the eye, opposite the Lion d'Or inn, is the chemist's shop of Monsieur Homais. In the evening especially its argand lamp is lighted, and the red and green jars that embellish his shop-front throw far across the street their two streams of colour; across them, as if in Bengal lights, is seen the shadow of the chemist leaning over his desk. His house from top to bottom is placarded with inscriptions written in large, round hand, printed:

"Vichy, Seltzer, Barège waters, blood purifiers, Raspail patent medicine, Arabian racahout, Darcet lozenges, Regnault paste, trusses, baths, hygienic chocolate," &c. And the signboard, which takes up all the breadth of the shop, bears in gold letters, the words, "Homais, Chemist." At the back of the shop, behind the great scales fixed to the counter, the word "Laboratory" appears on a scroll above a glass door, which about half-way up once more repeats "Homais" in gold letters on a black ground.

Beyond this there is nothing to see at Yonville. The street (the only one), a gunshot in length, and flanked by a few shops on either side, stops short at the turn of the highroad. If it is left on the right hand and the foot of the Saint-Jean hills is followed, the cemetery is soon reached.

At the time of the cholera, in order to enlarge this, a piece of wall was pulled down, and three acres of land by its side were purchased; but all the new portion is almost tenantless; the graves, as heretofore, continue to crowd together toward the gate. The keeper, who is at once gravedigger and church beadle (thus making a double profit out of the parish corpses), has taken advantage of the unused plot of ground to plant potatoes there. From year to year, however, his small field grows smaller, and when there is an epidemic he does not know whether to rejoice at the deaths or regret the burials.

"You live on the dead, Lestiboudois!" the priest at last said to him one day. This grim remark made him reflect; it checked him for some time; but to this day he carries on the cultivation of his little tubers, and even maintains stoutly that they grow naturally.

Since the events about to be narrated, nothing has changed at Yonville. The tin tricolour flag still swings

at the top of the church-steeple; the two chintz streamers still flutter in the wind from the linendraper's; the chemist's fœtuses, like lumps of white amadou, rot more and more in their turbid alcohol, and above the big door of the inn the old golden lion, faded by rain, still shows passers-by its poodle-dog mane.

On the evening when the Bovarys were to arrive at Yonville, Widow Lefrançois, the landlady of this inn, was so very busy that she perspired great drops as she moved her saucepans. To-morrow would be market-day. The meat had to be cut beforehand, the fowls drawn, the soup and coffee made. Moreover, she had the boarders' meal to see to, and that of the doctor, his wife, and their servant; the billiard-room was echoing with bursts of laughter; three millers in the small parlour were calling for brandy; the wood was blazing, the brazen pan was hissing, and on the long kitchen-table, amid the quarters of raw mutton, rose piles of plates that rattled with the shaking of the block on which spinach was being chopped. From the poultry-yard was heard the squawking of the fowls which the servant was chasing in order to wring their necks.

A man slightly marked with smallpox, in green leather slippers, and wearing a velvet cap with a gold tassel, was warming his back at the chimney. His face expressed nothing but self-satisfaction, and he appeared to take life as calmly as the goldfinch suspended over his head in its wicker cage: this was the chemist.

"Artémise!" shouted the landlady, "chop some wood, fill the water-bottles, bring some brandy, look sharp! If only I knew what dessert to offer the guests you are expecting! Good heavens! Those furniture-movers are beginning their racket in the billiard-room again; and their van has been left before the front door! The 'Hirondelle' might run into it when it

draws up. Call Polyte and tell him to put it up. Only to think, Monsieur Homais, that since morning they have had about fifteen games, and drunk eight jars of cider! Why, they'll tear my cloth," she went on, looking at them from a distance, a strainer in her hand.

"That wouldn't be much of a loss," replied Monsieur Homais. "You would buy another."

"Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow.

"Since that one is coming to pieces, Madame Lefrançois. I tell you again you are doing yourself harm, much harm! And besides, players now want narrow pockets and heavy cues. Hazards aren't played now; everything is changed! One must keep pace with the times! Just look at Tellier!"

The hostess flushed with vexation. The chemist continued:

"You may say what you like; his table is better than yours; and if one were to think, for example, of getting up a patriotic pool for Poland or the sufferers from the Lyons floods——"

"It isn't beggars like him that'll frighten us," interrupted the landlady, shrugging her fat shoulders. "Come, come, Monsieur Homais; as long as the Lion d'Or exists people will come to it. We've feathered our nest; while one of these days you'll find the 'Café Français' closed, with a big placard on the shutters. Change my billiard-table!" she went on, speaking to herself, "the table that comes in so handy for folding the washing, and on which, in the hunting season, I have slept six guests! But that dawdler, Hivert, doesn't come!"

"Are you waiting for him for your gentlemen's dinner?"

'Wait for him! And what about Monsieur Binet? As the clock strikes six you'll see him come in, for he

hasn't his equal under the sun for punctuality. He must always have his seat in the small parlour. He'd rather die than dine anywhere else. And so squeamish as he is, and so particular about the cider! Not like Monsieur Léon; he sometimes comes at seven, or even half-past, and he doesn't so much as look at what he eats. Such a nice man! Never speaks a rough word!"

"Well, you see, there's a great difference between an educated man and an old carabineer who is now a tax-collector."

Six o'clock struck. Binet came in.

He wore a blue frock-coat falling in a straight line round his thin body, and his leather cap, with its lappets knotted over the top of his head with string, showed under the turned-up peak a bald forehead, flattened by the constant wearing of a helmet. He wore a black cloth waistcoat, a fur collar, grey trousers, and, all the year round, well-blacked boots, that had two parallel swellings due to the swelling of his big toes. Not a hair stood out from the regular line of fair whiskers, which, encircling his jaws, framed, after the fashion of a garden border, his long, wan face, with small eyes and hooked nose. He was clever at all games of cards, a good hunter, and wrote a fine hand; he had a lathe at home, and amused himself by turning napkin-rings, with which he filled up his house, with the jealousy of an artist and the egotism of a *bourgeois*.

He went to the small parlour, but the three millers had to be got out first, and during the whole time necessary for laying the cloth Binet remained silent in his place near the stove. Then he shut the door and took off his cap in his usual way.

"He won't wear out his tongue in saying civil things," said the chemist, as soon as he was alone with the landlady.

"He never talks more," she replied. "Last week two travellers in the cloth line were here—such clever chaps, who told such jokes in the evening that I fairly cried with laughing; and he stood there like a dab-fish and never said a word."

"Yes," observed the chemist; "no imagination, no sallies, nothing that makes the society man."

"Yet they say he has parts," objected the landlady.

"Parts!" replied Monsieur Homais; "he, parts! In his own line it is possible," he added in a calmer tone. And he continued:

"Ah! that a merchant, who has large connections, a juris-consult, a doctor, a chemist, should be thus absent-minded, that they should become whimsical or even peevish, I can understand; such cases are cited in history. But at least it is because they are thinking of something. Now I, for example, how often has it happened to me to look on the bureau for my pen to write a label, and to find, after all, that I had put it behind my ear?"

Madame Lefrançois just then went to the door to see if the "Hirondelle" were not coming. She started. A man dressed in black suddenly entered the kitchen. By the last gleam of the twilight one could see that his face was rubicund and his form athletic.

"What can I do for you, Monsieur le curé?" asked the landlady, as she reached down from the chimney one of the copper candlesticks placed with their candles in a row. "Will you take something? A thimbleful of *cassis?* A glass of wine?"

The priest declined very politely. He had come for his umbrella, which he had forgotten the other day at the Ernemont convent, and after asking Madame Lefrançois to have it sent to him at the presbytery in the

evening, he left for the church, from which the Angelus was ringing.

When the chemist no longer heard the noise of his boots along the square, he thought that the priest's behaviour had been very unbecoming. This refusal to take any refreshment seemed to him the most odious hypocrisy; all priests tippled on the sly, and were trying to bring back the days of the tithe.

The landlady took up the defence of her pastor.

"Besides, he could double up four men like you over his knee. Last year he helped our people to bring in the straw; he carried as many as six trusses at once, he is so strong."

"Bravo!" said the chemist. "Now just send your daughters to confess to fellows with such a temperament! I, if I were the Government, I'd have the priests bled once a month. Yes, Madame Lefrançois, every month—a good phlebotomy, in the interests of the police and of public morals."

"Be quiet, Monsieur Homais! You are an infidel; you've no religion."

The chemist answered: "I have a religion, my religion, and I even have more than all these others with their mummeries and their juggling. I adore God, on the contrary. I believe in the Supreme Being, in a Creator, whatever he may be. I care little who has placed us here below to fulfil our duties as citizens and fathers of families; but I don't need to go to church to kiss silver plates, and fatten, out of my pocket, a lot of good-for-nothings who live better than we do. For one can know Him as well in a wood, in a field, or even contemplating the eternal vault like the ancients. My God! mine is the God of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire, and of Béranger! I am for the profession of faith of the 'Savoyard Vicar,' and the immortal prin-

ciples of 'eighty-nine! And I can't believe in an old boy of a God who takes walks in his garden with a cane in his hand, who puts his friends in the belly of whales, dies uttering a cry, and rises again at the end of three days; things absurd in themselves, and completely opposed, moreover, to all physical laws, which proves to us, by the way, that priests have always wallowed in ignorance, in which they would be glad to engulf the people with them."

He ceased, looking round for an audience, for in his ebullition the chemist had for a moment fancied himself in the midst of the town council. But the landlady no longer heeded him; she was listening to a distant rolling. One could distinguish the noise of a carriage, mingled with the clattering of loose horseshoes that beat against the ground, and at last the "Hirondelle" stopped at the door.

It was a yellow box on two large wheels, which, reaching to the tilt, prevented travellers from seeing the road and muddied their shoulders. The small panes of the narrow windows rattled in their sashes when the coach was closed, and retained here and there patches of mud amid old layers of dust, which not even the rain had altogether washed away. It was drawn by three horses, the first a leader, and when it came down-hill its bottom jolted against the ground.

Some of the inhabitants of Yonville came out into the square; they all spoke at once, asking for news, for explanations, for parcels. Hivert did not know whom to answer first. It was he who did the errands of the place in town. He went to the shops and brought back rolls of leather for the shoemaker, old iron for the farrier, a barrel of herrings for his mistress, caps from the milliner's, false hair from the hairdresser's; and all along the road on his return journey

He distributed his parcels, which he threw, standing upright on his seat and shouting at the top of his voice, over the fences and hedges.

An accident had delayed him. Madame Bovary's greyhound had run across the field. They had whistled for her a quarter of an hour; Hivert had even gone back a mile and a half expecting every moment to catch sight of her; but it had been necessary to go on. Emma had wept and grown angry; she had accused Charles of being the cause of this misfortune. Monsieur Lheureux, a draper, who happened to be in the coach with her, had tried to console her by a number of examples of lost dogs recognizing their masters at the end of long years.

CHAPTER II

A POETIC YOUTH

EMMA alighted first, then Félicité, Monsieur Lheureux, and a nurse, and they had to rouse Charles in his corner, where he had been fast asleep since night set in.

Homais introduced himself; he offered his homage to Madame and his respects to Monsieur; said he was delighted to have been able to render them some slight service, and added with a cordial air that he had ventured to invite himself, his wife being away.

After Madame Bovary entered the kitchen she drew near to the fire. With the tips of her fingers she lifted her skirt at the knee, and having pulled it up to her ankle, she held out her foot in its black shoe to the fire above the revolving leg of mutton. The flame

illumined her whole figure, penetrating with a crude light the material of her gown, the fine pores of her fair skin, and even her eyelids, which drooped now and then. A great red glow passed over her face as a gust of wind through the half-open door fanned the flames. On the other side of the chimney a young man with blond hair watched her silently.

As he was somewhat bored at Yonville, where he was clerk to a notary, Monsieur Guillaumin, Monsieur Léon Dupuis (it was he who was the second *habitué* of the Lion d'Or) frequently delayed his dinner-hour in the hope that some traveller might come to the inn, with whom he could talk in the evening. On the days when his work was finished early, he had to arrive punctually, for want of something else to do, and to endure from soup to cheese a *tête-à-tête* with Binet. So he was delighted to accept the landlady's suggestion that he should dine with the newcomers, and they passed into the large parlour, where Madame Lefrançois, to show off, had had the table laid for four.

Homais asked to be allowed to keep on his skull-cap, for fear of taking cold; then, turning to his neighbour, he said:

"Madame is no doubt somewhat tired; one gets jolted so abominably in our 'Hirondelle.'"

"That is true," replied Emma; "but moving about always amuses me. I like change of scene."

"It is so tiresome," sighed the clerk, "to be always riveted to the same place."

"If you were like me," said Charles, "continually obliged to be in the saddle——"

'But," Léon continued, addressing Madame Bovary, "nothing, it seems to me, is more pleasant—when one can," he added.

"Moreover," said the druggist, "the practice of

medicine is not very hard work in our part of the world, for the state of our roads allows us the use of gigs, and generally, as the farmers are well off, they pay pretty well. We have, medically speaking, besides ordinary cases of enteritis, bronchitis, bilious affections, and so forth, now and then a few intermittent fevers at harvest-time; but on the whole, little of a serious nature, nothing special to note, unless it be a great deal of scrofula, due, no doubt, to the deplorable hygienic conditions of our peasant dwellings. Ah, you will find many prejudices to combat, Monsieur Bovary, much obstinacy in routine, with which all the efforts of your science will daily come into collision; for the people still have recourse to *novenas,* to relics, to the priest, rather than to go straight to the doctor or the chemist. The climate, however, is not bad, and we even have a few nonogenarians in our parish. The thermometer (I have made some observations) falls in winter to four degrees, and in the hottest season rises to twenty-five or thirty degrees Centigrade at the outside, which gives us twenty-four degrees Réaumur as the maximum, or otherwise fifty-four degrees of Fahrenheit (English scale), not more. And, as a matter of fact, we are sheltered from the north winds by the forest of Argueil on the one side, from the west winds by the St. Jean range on the other; and this heat, moreover, which, on account of the aqueous vapours given off by the river and the considerable number of cattle in the fields—which, as you know, exhale much ammonia, that is to say, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen (no, nitrogen and hydrogen alone), and which, sucking up into itself the humus from the ground, mixing together all those different emanations, unites them into a stack, so to say, and combining with the electricity diffused through the atmosphere, when there is any,

might in the long run, as in tropical countries, engender insalubrious miasmata—this heat, I say, finds itself perfectly tempered on the side whence it comes, or rather whence it should come—that is to say, the southern side—by the southeastern winds, which, having cooled themselves, passing over the Seine, reach us sometimes all at once like breezes from Russia."

"At any rate, you have some walks in the neighbourhood?" continued Madame Bovary, speaking to the young man.

"Oh, very few," he answered. "There is a place they call La Pâture, at the top of the hill, on the edge of the forest. Sometimes on Sundays I go and sit there with a book, watching the sunset."

"I think there is nothing so admirable as sunsets," she resumed; "and especially beside the sea."

"Oh, I adore the sea!" said Monsieur Léon.

"Does it not seem to you," continued Madame Bovary, "that the mind travels more freely over this limitless expanse, the contemplation of which elevates the soul, gives ideas of the infinite, the ideal?"

"It is the same with mountain scenery," continued Léon. "A cousin of mine who travelled in Switzerland last year told me that one could not picture to oneself the poetry of the lakes, the charm of the waterfalls, the gigantic effect of the glaciers. One sees pines of incredible size across torrents, cottages suspended over precipices, and, a thousand feet below one, whole valleys when the clouds open. Such spectacles must awaken enthusiasm, incline to prayer, to ecstasy; and I no longer marvel at that celebrated musician who, the better to inspire his imagination, was in the habit of playing the piano before some imposing view."

"Do you play?" she asked.

"No, but I am very fond of music," he replied.

"Ah, don't you believe him, Madame Bovary," interrupted Homais, bending over his plate. "That's sheer modesty. Why, my dear fellow, the other day in your room you were singing L'Ange Gardien ravishingly. I heard you from the laboratory. You rendered it like an actor."

Léon, in fact, lodged at the chemist's, where he had a small room on the second floor, overlooking the Place. He blushed at the compliment of his landlord, who had already turned to the doctor, and was enumerating to him, one after another, all the principal inhabitants of Yonville. He told anecdotes and gave information; the fortune of the notary was not known exactly, and "there was the Tuvache household," who made a good deal of show.

"What music do you prefer?" Emma continued.

"Oh, German music; that which makes you dream."

"Have you been to the opera?"

"Not yet; but I shall go next year, when I shall be living in Paris to finish reading for the bar."

"As I had the honour of saying to your husband," said the chemist, "with regard to this poor Yanoda who has run away, you will find yourself, thanks to his extravagance, in possession of one of the most comfortable houses of Yonville. Its greatest convenience for a doctor is a door giving on the Walk, where one can go in and out unseen. Moreover, it contains everything that is agreeable in a household—a laundry, kitchen with offices, sitting-room, fruit-room, and so on. He was a gay dog, who didn't care what he spent. At the end of the garden, by the side of the water, he had an arbour built just for the purpose of drinking beer in summer; and if Madame is fond of gardening she will be able——"

"My wife doesn't care about it," said Charles; "al-

though she has been advised to take exercise, she prefers always sitting in her room reading."

"Like me," replied Léon. "And indeed, what is better than to sit by one's fireside in the evening with a book, while the wind beats against the window and the lamp is burning?"

"What, indeed?" she said, fixing her large black eyes wide open upon him.

"One thinks of nothing," he continued; "the hours slip by. Without moving we traverse countries we fancy we see, and thought, blending with the fiction, playing with the details, follows the outline of the adventures. It mingles with the characters, and it seems as if it were yourself palpitating in their costumes."

"That is true! that is true!" she said.

"Has it ever happened to you," Léon went on, "to come across some vague idea of your own in a book, some dim image that comes back to you from afar, as the completest expression of your own slightest sentiment?"

"I have experienced it," she replied.

"That is why," he said, "I especially love the poets. I think verse more tender than prose, and that it moves far more easily to tears."

"Still in the long run it is tiring," continued Emma. "Now I, on the contrary, adore stories that rush breathlessly along, that frighten one. I detest commonplace heroes and moderate sentiments, such as there are in nature."

"In fact," observed the clerk, "it seems to me that these works, not touching the heart, miss the true end of art. It is so sweet, amid all the disenchantments of life, to be able to dwell in thought upon noble characters, pure affections, and pictures of happiness. For

myself, living here far from the world, this is my one distinction; but Yonville affords so few resources."

"Like Tostes, no doubt," replied Emma; "and so I always subscribed to a lending library."

"If Madame will do me the honour of making use of it," said the chemist, who had just caught the last words, "I have at her disposal a library composed of the best authors, Voltaire, Rousseau, Delille, Walter Scott, the *Echo des Feuilletons;* and in addition I receive various periodicals, among them the *Fanal de Rouen* daily, having the advantage to be its correspondent for the districts of Buchy, Forges, Neufchâtel, Yonville, and vicinity."

For two hours and a half they had been at table; for the servant Artémise, carelessly dragging her old list slippers over the flags, brought one plate after the other, forgot everything, and constantly left the door of the billiard-room half open, so that its hooks beat against the wall.

Unconsciously, Léon, while talking, had placed his foot on one of the bars of the chair on which Madame Bovary was sitting. She wore a small blue silk necktie, that kept up like a ruff a starched cambric collar, and with the movements of her head the lower part of her face sunk into the linen or emerged from it.

When coffee was served Félicité went away to make ready the rooms in the new house, and the guests soon raised the siege. Madame Lefrançois was asleep near the cinders, while the stable-boy, lantern in hand, was waiting to show Monsieur and Madame Bovary the way home. Bits of straw stuck in his red hair, and he limped with his left leg. When he had taken in his other hand the curé's umbrella, they set forth.

As soon as she entered the passage, Emma felt the chill of the plaster walls settle on her shoulders like

damp linen. The walls were new and the wooden stairs creaked. In their bedroom, on the first floor, a whitish light passed through the curtainless windows. She could catch glimpses of tree-tops, and beyond, the fields, half-drowned in the fog that lay reeking in the moonlight along the course of the river.

This was the fourth time that she had slept in a strange place. The first was the day of her going to the convent; the second, of her arrival at Tostes; the third, at Vaubyessard; and this was the fourth. And each one had marked, as it were, the inauguration of a new phrase in her life. She thought that things could not present themselves in the same way in different places, and since the portion of her life already lived had been bad no doubt that which remained to be lived would be better.

CHAPTER III

"IT IS A GIRL!"

WHEN she was getting up the next day she saw the clerk in the Square. She had on a dressing-gown. He looked up and bowed. She nodded quickly and closed the window.

Léon waited all day for six o'clock in the evening to come, but on going to the inn he found no one but Monsieur Binet, already at a table. The dinner of the evening before had been a considerable event for him; he had never till then talked for two hours consecutively to a "lady." How, then, had he been able to explain, and in such language, so many things that he could not have said so well before? He was usu-

ally shy, and maintained that reserve which partakes at once of modesty and dissimulation. At Yonville he was considered "well-bred." He listened to the arguments of his elders, and did not excite himself about politics—a remarkable thing for a young man. Then he had some accomplishments: he painted in water-colours, could read music in the key of *G*, and readily talked literature after dinner when he did not play cards. Monsieur Homais respected him for his education; Madame Homais liked him for his good-nature, for he often took the little Homais into the garden—little imps who were always dirty, very much spoiled, and somewhat lymphatic, like their mother. Besides the servant to look after them, they had Justin, the chemist's apprentice, a second cousin of Monsieur Homais, who had been taken into the family from charity, and who was useful at the same time as a domestic.

The druggist proved the best of neighbours. He gave Madame Bovary information as to the tradespeople, sent expressly for his own cider merchant, tasted the drink himself, and saw that the casks were properly placed in the cellar; he explained how to obtain a supply of butter cheap, and made an arrangement with Lestiboudois, the sacristan, who, besides his sacerdotal and funereal functions, looked after the principal gardens at Yonville by the hour or the year, according to the preference of customers.

The need of looking after others was not the only thing that urged the chemist to such obsequious cordiality; there was a plan under it all.

He had infringed the law of the 19th Ventôse, year xi., article 1, which forbade all persons not having a diploma to practise medicine; so that, after certain anonymous denunciations, Homais had been summoned

to Rouen to see the procureur of the King in his own private room; the magistrate received him standing, ermine on shoulder and cap on head. It was in the morning, before the court had opened. In the corridors one heard the heavy boots of the gendarmes walking past, and in the distance the sound of heavy keys turned in their locks, and then closed. The druggist's ear tingled as if he were about to have an apoplectic stroke; he saw the depths of dungeons, his family in tears, his shop sold, all the jars dispersed; and he was obliged to enter a café and take a glass of rum and seltzer to recover his spirits.

Little by little the memory of this reprimand grew fainter, and he continued, as heretofore, to give medical consultations in his back room. But the mayor resented it, his colleagues were jealous, everything was to be feared; to win Monsieur Bovary by his attentions was to earn his gratitude, and prevent his speaking out later, should he notice anything. So every morning Homais brought him the newspaper, and often in the afternoon left his shop for a few moments to have a chat with the doctor.

Charles was dull: patients did not come. He remained seated for hours without speaking, went into his consulting-room to sleep, or watched his wife sewing. Then to pass the time he employed himself at home as a workman; he even tried to paint the attic with some paint that had been left behind by the workman. But money matters worried him. He had spent so much for repairs at Tostes, for Madame's toilette, and for the moving, that the whole dowry, more than three thousand crowns, had slipped away in two years. Then how many things had been spoiled or lost during their carriage from Tostes to Yonville, without counting the plaster curé, who, falling out of the coach at

a great jolt, had been dashed into a thousand bits on the pavement of Quincampoix!

A pleasanter trouble came to distract him, namely, the state of his wife's health. As the time of her confinement approached he cherished her the more. It was another bond of the flesh establishing itself, and, as it were, a continued sentiment of a more complex union. When from afar he saw her languid walk, and her uncorseted figure turning slowly on her hips; when opposite one another he looked at her at his ease, while she took tired poses in her armchair, his happiness knew no bounds; he would rise, embrace her, pass his hands over her face, call her little mamma, try to make her dance, and, half-laughing, half-crying, utter all kinds of caressing nonsense that came into his head. The idea of having begotten a child delighted him. Now he wanted nothing. He knew human life from end to end, and he sat down to it with serenity.

Emma at first felt a great astonishment; then was anxious to be delivered that she might know what it was to be a mother. But not being able to spend as much as she would have liked, to have a swing-bassinette with rose silk curtains, and embroidered caps, in a fit of bitterness she gave up looking after the *layette*, and ordered the whole of it from a village needlewoman, without choosing or discussing anything. So she did not amuse herself with those preparations that stimulate the tenderness of mothers, and so her affection was attenuated from the very outset, perhaps, to some extent.

But as Charles spoke of "the boy" at every meal, she soon began to think of him more distinctly.

She hoped for a son; he would be strong and dark; she would call him George; and this idea of having a male child was like an expected revenge for all her

impotence in the past. A man, at least, is free; he may travel over passions and over countries, overcome obstacles, taste of the most far-away pleasures. But a woman is always hampered. At once inert and flexible, she has against her the weakness of the flesh and legal dependence. Her will, like the veil of her bonnet, held by a string, flutters in every wind; there is always some desire that draws her, some conventionality that restrains.

She was confined on a Sunday at about six o'clock, as the sun was rising.

"It is a girl!" said Charles.

She turned her head away and fainted.

Madame Homais, as well as Madame Lefrançois of the Lion d'Or, almost immediately came running in to embrace her. The chemist, as a man of discretion, only offered a few provisional felicitations through the half-open door. He wished to see the child, and thought it well made.

While she was recovering she occupied herself much in seeking a name for her daughter. First she went over all those that have Italian endings, such as Clara, Louisa, Amanda, Atala; she liked Galsuinde pretty well, and Yseult or Léocadie still better. Charles wanted the child to be called after its mother; Emma opposed this. They ran over the calendar from end to end, and then consulted the neighbours.

"Monsieur Léon," said the chemist, "with whom I was talking about it the other day, wonders you do not choose Madeleine. It is very much in fashion just now."

But Madame Bovary, senior, protested loudly against this name of a sinner. As to Monsieur Homais, he had a preference for all those that recalled some great man, an illustrious fact, or a generous idea, and it was

on this system that he had baptized his four children. Thus Napoleon represented glory and Franklin liberty; Irma was perhaps a concession to romanticism, but Athalie was a homage to the greatest masterpiece of the French stage.

At last Emma remembered that at the château of Vaubyessard she had heard the Marquis call a young lady Berthe; from that moment this name was chosen; and as old Rouault could not come, Monsieur Homais was requested to stand godfather. His gifts were all products from his establishment, to wit: six boxes of jujubes, a whole jar of racahout, three cakes of mash-mallow paste, and six sticks of sugar-candy into the bargain, which he had found in a cupboard. On the evening of the ceremony there was a grand dinner; the curé was present; there was much excitement. Toward liqueur-time Monsieur Homais began singing *Le Dieu des bonnes gens.* Monsieur Léon sang a barcarolle, and Madame Bovary, senior, who was godmother, a romance of the time of the Empire; finally, M. Bovary, senior, insisted on having the child brought down, and began baptizing it with a glass of champagne that he poured over its head. This mockery of the first of the sacraments made the Abbé Bournisien angry; old Bovary replied by a quotation from *La Guerre des Dieux;* the curé wished to go; the ladies implored, Homais interfered; and they succeeded in making the priest sit down again, and he went on quietly with the half-finished coffee in his saucer.

Monsieur Bovary, senior, stayed at Yonville a month, dazzling the natives with a superb policeman's cap with silver tassels that he wore in the morning when he smoked his pipe in the square. Being also in the habit of drinking considerable brandy, he often sent the servant to the Lion d'Or to buy him a bottle, which was

put down to his son's account; and to perfume his handkerchiefs he used his daughter-in-law's whole supply of eau-de-cologne.

Emma did not at all dislike his company. He had knocked about the world; he talked about Berlin, Vienna, and Strasbourg, of his soldier times, of the sweethearts he had had, the grand luncheons of which he had partaken; then he was amiable, and sometimes, either on the stairs or in the garden, would seize hold of her waist, crying, "Charles, look out for yourself!"

Then Madame Bovary, senior, became alarmed for her son's happiness, and fearing that her husband might in the long run have an immoral influence upon the ideas of the young woman, she took care to hurry their departure. Perhaps she had more serious reasons for uneasiness. Monsieur Bovary was not the man to respect anything.

One day Emma was suddenly seized with a desire to see her little girl, who had been put to nurse with the carpenter's wife; and, without looking at the almanac to see whether the six weeks of the Virgin were yet passed, she set out for the Rollets's house, situated at the extreme end of the village, between the high-road and the fields.

It was mid-day, the shutters of the houses were closed, and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of their gables. A high wind was blowing; Emma felt weak as she walked; the stones of the pavement hurt her feet; she was doubtful whether she would not go home again, or go in somewhere to rest.

At this moment Monsieur Léon came out from a neighbouring door with a bundle of papers under his arm. He came to greet her, and stood in the shade in

front of Lheureux's shop under the projecting grey awning.

Madame Bovary said she was going to see her baby, but that she was beginning to feel tired.

"If——" Léon began, not daring to say more.

"Have you any business to attend to?" she asked.

At the clerk's negative answer, she begged him to accompany her. That same evening this was known throughout Yonville, and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's wife, declared in the presence of her servant that "Madame Bovary was compromising herself."

To get to the Rollet house it was necessary to turn to the left on leaving the street, as if going toward the cemetery, and to follow between little houses and yards a small path bordered with privet hedges. They were in bloom, and so were the speedwells, eglantines, thistles, and the sweetbrier that sprang up from the thickets. Through openings in the hedges one could see into the huts, some pigs on a dung-heap, or tethered cows rubbing their horns against the trunks of trees. The two, side by side, walked slowly, she leaning upon him and he moderating his pace, which he regulated by hers; in front of them a swarm of midges fluttered, buzzing in the warm air.

They recognized the house by an old walnut-tree which shaded it. It was low and covered with brown tiles, and outside it, beneath the dormer-window of the garret, hung a string of onions. Faggots upright against a thorn fence surrounded a bed of lettuces, a few square feet of lavender, and sweet peas strung on sticks. Dirty water was running through the grass, and several indefinite rags, knitted stockings, a red calico jacket, and a large sheet of coarse linen were spread over the hedge. At the noise of the gate the

nurse appeared with a baby she was suckling on one arm. With her other hand she dragged a poor puny little fellow, his face covered with scrofula, the son of a Rouen hosier, whom his parents, too taken up with their business, left in the country.

"Go in," she said; "your little one is there asleep."

The room on the ground floor, the only one in the dwelling, had at its farther end, against the wall, a large bed without curtains, while a kneading-trough took up the side by the window, one pane of which was mended with a piece of blue paper.

Emma's child was asleep in a wicker-cradle. She took it up in the wrapping that enveloped it and began singing softly as she rocked herself to and fro.

Léon walked up and down the room; it seemed strange to him to see this beautiful woman in her nankeen gown in the midst of all this poverty. Madame Bovary blushed; he turned away, thinking that perhaps there had been an impertinent look in his eyes. Then she put back the little one, who had just vomited over her bib. The nurse at once came to dry her, protesting that it wouldn't show.

"She gives me other doses," she said; "I am always a-washing of her. If you would have the goodness to order Camus, the grocer, to send me a little soap; it would really be more convenient for you, as I needn't trouble you then."

"Very well, very well!" said Emma. "Good morning, Madame Rollet," and she went out, wiping her shoes at the door.

The good woman accompanied her to the end of the garden, talking all the time of the trouble she had getting up at night.

"I'm that worn out sometimes as I drop asleep on my chair. I'm sure you might at least give me just

a pound of ground coffee; that would last me a month, and I'd take it of a morning with some milk."

After submitting to her thanks, Madame Bovary left. She had gone a little way down the path when, at the sound of sabots, she turned round. It was the nurse again.

"What is it?"

Then the peasant woman, taking her aside behind an elm tree, began talking to her of her husband, who with his trade and sixty francs a year that the captain——

"Oh, be quick!" said Emma.

"Well," the nurse went on, heaving sighs between each word, "I'm afraid he'll be vexed at seeing me have coffee alone; you know men——"

"But you are to have some," Emma repeated; "I will give you some. You annoy me!"

"Oh, dear! my poor, dear lady! you see, in consequence of his wounds he has terrible cramps in the chest. He even says that cider weakens him."

"Do make haste, Mère Rollet!"

"Well," the latter continued, making a curtsey, "if it weren't asking too much," and she curtsied once more, "if you would"—and her eyes implored—"a bottle of brandy," she said at last, "and I'd rub your little one's feet with it; they're as tender as one's tongue."

Once rid of the nurse, Emma again took Monsieur Léon's arm. She walked rapidly for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her. Presently her eyes rested on the shoulder of the young man, whose frock-coat had a black-velvet collar. His brown hair fell over it, straight and carefully arranged. She noticed his nails, which were longer than those usually worn in Yonville. It was one of the clerk's

chief occupations to trim them, and for this purpose he kept a special knife in his writing-desk.

They returned to Yonville by the water-side. In the warm season the river-bed, wider than at other times, showed the foot of the garden walls whence a few steps led to the river. It flowed noiselessly, swiftly, and looked cold; long, thin grasses huddled together in it as the current drove them, and spread themselves upon the limpid water like streaming hair; sometimes at the top of the reeds or on the leaf of a water-lily an insect with slender legs crawled or rested.

They spoke of a company of Spanish dancers who were expected to appear soon at the Rouen theatre.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"If I can," he answered.

Had they nothing else to say to each other? Their eyes were full of more serious things, and while they forced themselves to find trivial phrases, the same languor stole over both of them. It was the whisper of the soul, deep, continuous, dominating that of their voices. Surprised at feeling this strange sweetness, they did not think of speaking of the sensation or of seeking its cause. Coming joys, like tropical shores, throw over the immensity before them their innate softness in odorous breaths, and we are lulled by this intoxication without a thought of the horizon that we do not even know.

When they arrived in front of her garden, Madame Bovary opened the little gate, ran up the steps and disappeared.

Léon returned to his office. His chief was away; he merely glanced at the briefs, then cut himself a pen, and at last took up his hat and went out.

He went to La Pâture at the top of the Argueil hills

at the entrance to the forest; he threw himself on the ground under the pines and gazed at the sky.

"How bored I am!" he said to himself, "how bored I am!"

He thought he was to be pitied for living in this village, with Homais for a friend and Monsieur Guillaumin for master. The latter, entirely absorbed by his business, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and a red beard over a white cravat, understood nothing of mental refinements, although he affected a stiff, English manner, which once had impressed the clerk.

As to Madame Homais, she was the best wife in Normandy, gentle as a sheep, loving her children, her father, her mother, her cousins, weeping for the troubles of others, letting everything slip along easily in her household, and detesting corsets; but so slow of movement, such a bore to listen to, so vulgar in appearance, and of such narrow ideas and conversation, that although she was thirty and he only twenty, although they slept in rooms next each other and he spoke to her daily, he never thought that she might be a woman for another man, or that she possessed anything more of her sex than her gown.

And who else was there? Binet, a few shopkeepers, two or three publicans, the priest, and, finally, Monsieur Tuvache, the mayor, with his two sons, rich, crabbed, obtuse persons, who worked their own farms and had feasts among themselves, very bigoted, and quite unbearable as companions.

But from the general background of all these human faces Emma's stood out isolated and yet farthest off; for between her and himself seemed to be a gulf.

Soon after her arrival he called on her several times in company with the chemist. Charles had not appeared particularly desirous to see him again, and Léon

did not know what to do, between his fear of being indiscreet and the desire for an intimacy that seemed almost impossible.

CHAPTER IV

LOVE AND POETRY

AT the beginning of cold weather Emma left her bedroom for the sitting-room, a long apartment with a low ceiling, in which on the mantelpiece a large bunch of coral was spread out against the looking-glass. From her armchair near the window she could see the villagers pass along the street.

Twice a day Léon went from his office to the Lion d'Or. Emma could hear him coming from a distance; she leaned forward listening, and the young man glided past the curtained window, always dressed in the same way and without turning his head. But in the twilight, when, her chin resting on her left hand, she let the embroidery she had begun fall on her lap, she often trembled at the apparition of this shadow suddenly moving past. She would rise and order the table to be laid.

Monsieur Homais often called at dinner-time. With his skull-cap in hand, he entered on tiptoe, in order to disturb no one, always repeating the same phrase, "Good evening, everybody." When he had taken his seat at table between the pair, he asked the doctor about his patients, and the latter consulted him as to the probability of their payment. Next they talked of what was in the newspaper. Homais by the evening hour knew it almost by heart, and he repeated it from end

to end, with the reflections of the penny-a-liners, and all the stories of individual catastrophes that had occurred in France or abroad. When the subject was exhausted, he was not slow in making remarks on the dishes before him. Sometimes even, half-rising, he delicately pointed out to Madame the tenderest morsel, or, turning to the servant, gave her some advice on the preparation of stews and the hygiene of seasoning.

At eight o'clock Justin came to fetch him to shut up the shop. Then Monsieur Homais would give him a sly look, especially if Félicité was there, for he had noticed that his apprentice was fond of going to the doctor's house.

"The young rascal," he said, "is beginning to have ideas, and the devil take me if I don't believe he's in love with your maid!"

But a more serious fault with which he reproached Justin was his constantly listening to conversation. On Sunday, for example, one could not get him out of the drawing-room, whither Madame Homais had called him to fetch the children, who were falling asleep in the armchairs, and dragging down with their backs the calico chair-covers which were too large.

Not many people came to these soirées at the chemist's, his scandal-mongering and political opinions having successively alienated various respectable persons from him. But Léon never failed to be there. As soon as he heard the bell he ran to meet Madame Bovary, took her shawl, and put away under the shop-counter the thick boots she wore when there was snow.

One night they played several games of *trente-et-un*; next Monsieur Homais played *écarté* with Emma; Léon, standing behind her, gave her advice. Standing with his hands on the back of her chair, he noted the teeth of her comb that bit into the coils of her hair.

With every movement she made to throw her cards the right side of her bodice was drawn up. From the piled-up mass of her hair a shadow fell over her back, and growing gradually paler, lost itself little by little. The swelling folds of her skirt fell on both sides of her chair and trailed on the ground. When Léon occasionally felt the sole of his boot resting on it, he drew back as if he had trodden upon some person.

When the game of cards was over, the chemist and the doctor played dominoes, and Emma, changing her place, leaned her elbow on the table, turning over the leaves of *L'Illustration*. She had brought her ladies' journal with her. Léon sat down near her; they looked at the engravings together, and waited for one another at the foot of the pages. She begged him to read her the verses; Léon declaimed them in a languid voice, to which he carefully gave a dying fall in the love passages. But the noise of the dominoes annoyed him. Monsieur Homais was strong at the game; he could beat Charles and give him a double-six. When the three hundred was finished, both men stretched themselves out in front of the fire, and were soon dozing. The fire was dying out; the teapot was empty, Léon was still reading. Emma listened to him, mechanically turning round the lamp-shade, on the gauze of which were painted clowns in carriages, and tight-rope dancers with their balancing-poles. Léon stopped, pointing with a gesture to his sleeping audience; then they talked in low tones, and their conversation seemed the more sweet to them because it was unheard.

Thus a kind of bond was established between them, a constant interchange of the ideas in books and romances. Monsieur Bovary, little given to jealousy, did not trouble himself about it.

On his birthday he received from Léon a beautiful

phrenological head, all marked with figures and painted blue. Léon showed him many other attentions, even to doing errands for him at Rouen; and, as a novelist had made the mania for cacti fashionable, Léon bought some for Madame Bovary, bringing them back on his knees in the "Hirondelle," pricking his fingers with their stiff hairs.

Emma had a board with a railing fixed against her window to hold the pots. The clerk, too, had his small hanging garden; they saw each other tending these flowers at the windows.

Among the village windows there was one still more often occupied; for on Sundays from morning to night, and every morning when the weather was bright, one could see at the dormer-window of a garret the profile of Monsieur Binet bending over his lathe, the monotonous humming of which could be heard at the Lion d'Or.

One evening on coming home Léon found in his room a rug in velvet and wool with green leaves on a pale ground. He called Madame Homais, Monsieur Homais, Justin, the children, the cook; he spoke of it to his chief; everyone wished to see this rug. Why did the doctor's wife give presents to the clerk? It looked queer. They decided that she must be his sweetheart.

He made this seem likely, so ceaselessly did he talk of her charms and of her wit; so much that Binet once roughly answered him:

"What does it matter to me since I don't belong in her class?"

He tortured himself to find out how he could make a declaration to her, and, always halting between the fear of displeasing her and the shame of being a coward, he wept with discouragement and desire. Then he took energetic resolutions, wrote letters that he tore

up, put off his avowal to times that he again deferred. Often he set out with the determination to dare all; but this resolution soon deserted him in Emma's presence, and when Charles, dropping in, invited him to jump into his carriage to go with him to see some patient in the neighbourhood, he at once accepted, bowed to Madame, and went out. Was not her husband something belonging to her?

Emma did not ask herself whether she loved. Love, she thought, must come suddenly, with great outbursts and lightnings—like a hurricane from the skies, falling upon life, revolutionizing it, rooting up the will like a leaf, and sweeping the whole heart into the abyss. She did not know that on the roofs of houses the floods make lakes when the pipes are choked, and she would thus have remained in her security when she suddenly discovered a rent in its wall.

CHAPTER V

CRYING FOR THE MOON

ONE Sunday afternoon in February the snow was falling fast.

Monsieur and Madame Bovary, Homais, and Monsieur Léon had gone to see a yarn-mill that was building in the valley a mile and a half from Yonville. The chemist had taken Napoléon and Athalie to give them some exercise, and Justin accompanied them, carrying the umbrellas on his shoulder.

Nothing, however, could be less curious than this curiosity. All they saw was a great piece of waste ground, on which pell-mell, amid a mass of sand and

stones, were a few brake-wheels, already rusted, surrounded by a quadrangular building pierced by a number of little windows. The building was unfinished; the sky could be seen through the joists of the roof. Attached to the stop-plank of the gable, a bunch of straw and ears of corn fluttered a knot of tricoloured ribbons in the wind.

Homais explained to the company the future importance of this establishment, computed the strength of the floorings, the thickness of the walls, and regretted extremely not having a yard-stick such as Monsieur Binet possessed for his own special use.

Emma, who had taken his arm, leaned lightly against his shoulder, and looked at the sun's disc shedding its pale splendour through the mist. She turned. Charles was near her. His cap was drawn down over his eyebrows, and his thick lips were trembling, which added a look of stupidity to his face; even his back, his placid back, was irritating to behold, and she saw written upon his coat all the platitude of the wearer.

While she was considering him thus, tasting a sort of depraved pleasure in her irritation, Léon made a step forward. The cold air that made him pale seemed to add a more gentle languor to his face; between his cravat and his neck the somewhat loose collar of his shirt showed the firm white skin; the lobe of his ear peeped from beneath a lock of hair, and his large blue eyes, raised toward the sky, seemed to Emma more limpid and beautiful than those mountain lakes wherein the heavens are mirrored.

"Wretched boy!" the chemist cried suddenly.

He ran to his son, who had just precipitated himself into a heap of lime in order to whiten his boots. At the reproaches with which he was being overwhelmed Napoléon began to roar, while Justin dried his shoes

with a wisp of straw. But a knife was wanted; Charles offered his.

"Ah!" said Emma to herself, "he carries a knife in his pocket like a peasant!"

The hoar frost was falling, and they turned back.

In the evening Madame Bovary did not go to her neighbour's, and when Charles had left her and she felt herself alone, the comparison began again with a clearness of sensation almost physical, and with that lengthening of perspective which memory gives to things. Looking from her bed at the clear fire, she still saw, as she had seen down there, Léon standing with one hand bending his cane, and with the other holding Athalie, who was quietly sucking a piece of ice. She thought him charming; she could not tear herself away from him; she recalled his other attitudes on other days, the words he had spoken, the sound of his voice, his whole person; and she repeated, pouting out her lips as if for a kiss:

"Yes, charming! charming! Is he not in love? But with whom? With me?"

Proofs of this arose before her at once; her heart throbbed. The flame of the fire threw a joyous light upon the ceiling; she turned on her back, stretching out her arms.

Then began the eternal lamentation: "Oh, if Heaven had but willed it! Why not? What prevented it?"

When Charles came home at midnight, she seemed to have just awakened, and as he made a noise undressing she complained of a headache, then asked carelessly what had happened that evening.

"Monsieur Léon," he said, "went to his room early."

She could not help smiling, and fell asleep, her soul filled with a new delight.

The next day, at dusk, she received a visit from

Monsieur Lheureux, the draper. He was a man of ability, was this shopkeeper. Born a Gascon but bred a Norman, he grafted upon his southern volubility the cunning of the Cauchois. His fat, puffy, beardless face seemed dyed by a decoction of liquorice, and his white hair made even more vivid the keen brilliance of his small black eyes. No one knew what he had been formerly; a peddler, said some, a banker at Routot, according to others. What was certain was that he could make complex calculations in his head that would have frightened Binet himself. Polite to obsequiousness, he always held himself with his back inclined in the position of one who bows or invites.

After leaving at the door, his hat surrounded with crape, he put a green bandbox on the table, and began by complaining to Madame, with many compliments, that he should have remained till that day without gaining her confidence. A poor shop like his was not made to attract a "fashionable lady" (he emphasized the words); yet she had only to command, and he would undertake to provide her with anything she might wish, either in haberdashery or linen, millinery or fancy goods, for he went to town regularly four times a month. He was connected with the best houses. You could speak of him at the "Trois Frères," at the "Barbe d'Or," or at the "Grand Sauvage"; the proprietors of these places knew him as well as the insides of their pockets. To-day, then, he had come to show Madame, in passing, various articles he happened to have, thanks to the most rare opportunity. And he drew forth half-a-dozen embroidered collars from the box.

Madame Bovary examined them. "I do not require anything," she said.

Then Monsieur Lheureux delicately exhibited three

Algerian scarves, several packets of English needles, a pair of straw slippers, and, finally, four eggcups in cocoa-nut wood, carved in openwork by convicts. With both hands on the table, his neck stretched out, his figure bent forward, open-mouthed, he watched Emma's look, as she walked to and fro, undecided amid these goods. From time to time, as if to remove some dust, he filliped with his nail the silk of the scarves spread out at full length, and they rustled with a little noise, making the gold spangles of their tissue scintillate like little stars in the green twilight.

"How much are they?"

"A mere nothing," he replied, "a mere nothing. But there's no hurry; pay me whenever it's convenient. We are not Jews."

She reflected for a few moments, and ended by again declining Monsieur Lheureux's offer. He replied quite unconcernedly:

"Very well. We shall understand one another by and by. I have always succeeded with ladies—if I didn't with my own!"

Emma smiled.

"I wanted to tell you," he went on good-naturedly, after his joke, "that it isn't the money I should trouble about. Why, I could let you have some, if need be."

She made a gesture of surprise.

"Ah!" said he quickly and in a low voice, "I shouldn't have to go far to find you some."

And he began asking after Père Tellier, the proprietor of the Café Français, whom Monsieur Bovary was then attending.

"What's the matter with Père Tellier? He coughs so that he shakes his whole house, and I'm afraid he'll soon want a deal covering rather than a flannel vest. He was such a rake as a young man! That sort of

people, Madame, have not the least regularity; he's burned up with brandy. Still it's sad, all the same, to see an acquaintance go off."

And while he fastened up his box he discoursed about the doctor's patients.

"It's the weather, no doubt," he said, looking frowningly at the floor, "that causes these illnesses. I, too, don't feel quite well. One of these days even I shall have to consult the doctor for a pain I have in my back. Well, good-by, Madame Bovary. At your service; your very humble servant." And he closed the door gently.

Emma had her dinner served in her bedroom on a tray by the fireside; she was a long time over it; everything seemed well with her.

"How good I was!" she said to herself, thinking of the scarves.

She heard steps on the stairs. It was Léon. She rose and took from the chest of drawers the first of a pile of dusters to be hemmed. When he came in she seemed very busy.

The conversation languished; Madame Bovary let it drop often, while Léon seemed quite embarrassed. Seated on a low chair near the fire, he turned the ivory thimble-case round in his fingers. Emma stitched on, or from time to time turned down the hem of the cloth with her nail. She did not speak; he was silent, captivated by her silence, as he would have been by her speech.

"Poor fellow!" she thought.

"How have I displeased her?" he asked himself.

At last, however, Léon said that one of these days he must go to Rouen on some office business.

"Your music subscription is out," he added; "am I to renew it?"

"No," she replied.

"Why?"

"Because——"

And pursing her lips she slowly drew a long stitch of grey thread.

This work irritated Léon. It seemed to roughen the ends of her fingers. A gallant phrase came into his head, but he did not risk uttering it.

"Then you are giving it up?" he went on.

"What?" she asked hurriedly. "Music? Ah, yes! Have I not my house to look after, my husband to attend to, a thousand things, in fact—many duties that must be considered first?"

She looked at the clock. Charles was late. Then she affected anxiety. Two or three times she even repeated, "He is so good!"

The clerk was fond of Monsieur Bovary, but this tenderness in his behalf astonished him unpleasantly; nevertheless, he took up his praises, which he said everyone was singing, especially the chemist.

"Ah, he is a good fellow," continued Emma.

"Certainly," replied the clerk.

And he began talking of Madame Homais, whose generally untidy appearance made them laugh.

"What does it matter?" interrupted Emma. "A good housewife does not trouble about her looks."

Then she relapsed again into silence.

It was the same on the following days; her talk, her manners, everything changed. She took interest in the housework, went to church regularly, and looked after her servant with more severity.

She took Berthe from nurse. When visitors called, Félicité brought her in, and Madame Bovary undressed her to show off her limbs. She declared she adored children; this was her consolation, her joy, her

passion, and she accompanied her caresses with lyrical outbursts that would have reminded anyone but the Yonville people of Sachette in *Notre Dame de Paris*.

When Charles came home he found his slippers put to warm near the fire. His waistcoat now never wanted lining, nor his shirt its buttons, and it was quite a pleasure to see in the cupboard the night-caps arranged in piles of the same height. She no longer grumbled as formerly at taking a turn in the garden; what he proposed was always done, although she did not understand the wishes to which she submitted without a murmur; and when Léon saw him by his fireside after dinner, his hands folded on his stomach, his feet on the fender, his cheeks red with feeding, his eyes moist with happiness, the child crawling along the carpet, and this woman with the slender waist who came behind his armchair to kiss his forehead, he said to himself:

"What madness! And how can I reach her!"

She seemed so virtuous and inaccessible to him that he lost all hope, even the faintest. But by this renunciation he placed her on an extraordinary pinnacle. To him she stood outside those fleshly attributes from which he had nothing to obtain, and in his heart she rose ever, and became farther removed from him, after the magnificent manner of an apotheosis that is taking flight. It was one of those pure feelings that do not interfere with life, that are cultivated because they are rare, the loss of which would afflict more than their passion rejoices.

Emma grew thinner, her cheeks paler, her face longer. With her black hair, her large eyes, her aquiline nose, her birdlike walk, and her prolonged silence, did she not seem to be passing through life barely touching it, and to bear on her brow the vague impress

of some divine destiny? She was so sad and so calm, at once so gentle and so reserved, that near her one felt oneself seized by an icy charm, as we shudder in churches at the perfume of the flowers mingling with the chill of the marble. Others, even, did not escape from this seduction. The chemist said:

"She is a woman of great parts, who wouldn't be misplaced in a sub-prefecture."

The housewives admired her economy, the patients her politeness, the poor her charity.

But all this time she was devoured with desires, with rage, with hate. That dress with the narrow folds concealed a distracted heart, of whose torment those chaste lips said nothing. She was in love with Léon, and sought solitude that she might with the more ease delight in his image. The actual sight of his form troubled the voluptuousness of this meditation. Emma thrilled at the sound of his step, but in his presence the emotion subsided; and afterward she felt only an immense astonishment that ended in sorrow.

Léon did not know that when he left her in despair she rose after he had gone to look after him in the street. She concerned herself about his comings and goings; she watched his face; she invented quite a history to find an excuse for going to his room. The chemist's wife seemed to her fortunate in sleeping under the same roof, and her thoughts constantly centred upon that house, like the Lion d'Or pigeons, which came there to dip their red feet and white wings in its gutters. But the more Emma recognized her love, the more she crushed it down, that it might not be evident, that she might make it less. She would have liked Léon to guess it, and she imagined chances, catastrophes that should facilitate this. What restrained her was, no doubt, idleness and fear, and a

sense of shame also. She thought she had repulsed him too much, that the right time was past, that all was lost. Then pride, the joy of being able to say to herself, "I am virtuous," and to look at herself in the glass taking resigned poses, consoled her a little for the sacrifice she believed she was making.

Then the lusts of the flesh, the longing for money, and the melancholy of passion all blended into one suffering, and instead of turning her thoughts from it, she clung to it the more, urging herself to pain, and seeking everywhere occasions for it. She was irritated by an ill-served dish or by a half-open door; bewailed the velvets she had not, the happiness she had missed, her too exalted dreams, her narrow home.

What exasperated her was that Charles did not seem to notice her sadness. His conviction that he was making her happy seemed to her an imbecile insult, and his sureness on this point, ingratitude. For whose sake, then, was she virtuous? Was it not for him, the obstacle to all felicity, the cause of all misery, and, as it were, the sharp clasp of that complex strap that buckled her in on all sides?

On him alone, then, she concentrated the various hatreds that resulted from her boredom, and every effort to diminish it only augmented it; for this useless trouble was added to the other reasons for despair and contributed still more to the separation between them. Her own gentleness to herself made her rebel against him. Humdrum domestic mediocrity drove her to lewd fancies, marriage tenderness to adulterous desires. She would have liked Charles to beat her, that she might have a better right to hate him, to revenge herself upon him. She was surprised sometimes at the atrocious fancies that came into her mind, and she had to go on smiling, to hear repeated to her at

all hours that she was happy, to pretend to be happy, to let it be believed.

Yet she loathed this hypocrisy. She was seized with the temptation to flee somewhere with Léon to try a new life; but at once a vague chasm full of darkness opened within her soul.

"Besides, he no longer loves me," she thought. "What is to become of me? What help is to be hoped for, what consolation, what solace?"

She was left broken, breathless, inert, sobbing softly with flowing tears.

"Why don't you tell master?" the servant asked her when she came in during these crises.

"It is my nerves," said Emma. "Do not speak to him of it; it would worry him."

"Ah, yes," Félicité said, "you are just like La Guérine, Père Guérine's daughter, the fisherman at Pollet, that I used to know at Dieppe before I came to you. She was so sad, so sad, that to see her at the threshold of her house, she seemed like a winding-sheet standing upright before the door. Her illness, it appears, was a kind of fog that she had in her head, and the doctors could not do anything, nor the priest either. When she was taken too bad she went off quite alone to the sea-shore, so that the customs officer, going his rounds, often found her lying flat on her face, crying on the shingle. Then, after her marriage, it went off, they say."

"But with me," replied Emma, "it was after marriage that it began."

CHAPTER VI

A DISCOURAGED LOVER

WHEN the window was open one evening, and Emma, sitting by it, had been watching Lestiboudois, the beadle, trimming the box, she suddenly heard the Angelus ringing.

It was the beginning of April, when the primroses are in bloom, a warm wind blows over the newly turned flower-beds, and the gardens, like women, seem to be preparing for the summer fêtes. In the distance cattle moved about; neither their steps nor their lowing could be heard, but the bell, still ringing through the air, kept up its peaceful lamentation.

With this repeated tinkling the thoughts of the young woman lost themselves in old memories of her youth and school-days. She remembered the great candlesticks that rose above the vases full of flowers on the altar, and the tabernacle with its small columns. She would have liked to be once more lost in the long line of white veils, marked here and there by the stiff black hoods of the good sisters bending over their *prie-Dieu*. At mass on Sundays, when she looked up, she saw the gentle face of the Virgin amid the blue smoke of the rising incense. Then she was moved; she felt herself weak and quite deserted, like the down of a bird whirled by the tempest, and unconsciously she walked toward the church, inclined to no matter what devotions, so that her soul was absorbed and all existence lost in it.

In the Place she met Lestiboudois on his way back, for, in order not to shorten his day's labour, he pre-

ferred interrupting his work, then beginning it again, so that he rang the Angelus to suit his own convenience. Besides, to have the ringing over a little earlier warned the lads of catechism hour.

Already a few who had arrived were playing marbles on the stones of the cemetery. Others, astride the wall, swung their legs, kicking with their clogs the large nettles growing between the little enclosure and the newer graves. This was the only green spot. All the rest was but stones, always covered with a fine powder, despite the vestry-broom.

Children in list shoes ran about there as if it were an enclosure made for them. The shouts of their voices could be heard through the tinkling of the bell.

"Where is Monsieur le curé?" asked Madame Bovary of one of the lads, who was amusing himself by shaking a swivel in a hole too large for it.

"He is just coming," he answered.

In fact the door of the presbytery grated; Abbé Bournisien appeared; the children fled, pell-mell, into the church.

"These young scamps!" murmured the priest, "always the same!" Then, picking up a tattered catechism that he had struck with his foot, "They respect nothing!" But as soon as he caught sight of Madame Bovary, "Excuse me," he said; "I did not recognise you."

He thrust the catechism into his pocket, and stopped short, balancing the vestry key between his fingers.

The light of the setting sun that fell full upon his face paled the lasting of his cassock, shiny at the elbows, ravelled at the hem. Grease and tobacco-stains followed along his broad chest the lines of the buttons, and grew more numerous the farther they were from

his neckcloth, in which the massive folds of his red chin rested; this was dotted with yellow spots, that disappeared beneath the coarse hair of his greyish beard. He had just dined, and was breathing noisily.

"How are you?" he added.

"Not well," replied Emma; "I am ill."

"Well, and so am I," the priest answered. "These first warm days weaken one most remarkably, don't they? But, after all, we are born to suffer, as St. Paul says. But what does Monsieur Bovary think of it?"

"He!" she said with a gesture of contempt.

"What!" replied the good fellow, quite astonished, "doesn't he prescribe something for you?"

"Ah!" said Emma, "it is no earthly remedy I need."

The curé from time to time looked into the church, where the kneeling boys were shouldering one another, and tumbling over like packs of cards.

"I should like to know——" she went on.

"Take care, Riboudet," cried the priest in an angry voice; "I'll warm your ears, you imp!" Then turning to Emma: "He's Boudet the carpenter's son; his parents are well off, and let him do just as he pleases. Yet he could learn quickly if he would, for he is very bright. And so sometimes for a joke I call him *Ri*boudet (like the road one takes to go to Maromme), and I even say '*Mon* Riboudet.' Ha! ha! '*Mont* Riboudet.' The other day I repeated that jest to Monsignor, and he laughed at it; he condescended to laugh at it. And how is Monsieur Bovary?"

She appeared not to hear him. And he continued:

"Always very busy, no doubt; for he and I are certainly the busiest people in the parish. But he is doctor of the body," he added with a thick laugh, "and I of the soul."

She fixed her pleading eyes upon the priest. "Yes," she said, "you solace all sorrows."

"Ah, don't talk to me of it, Madame Bovary! This morning I had to go to Bas-Diauville for a cow that was ill; they thought it was under a spell. All their cows, I don't know how it is——But pardon me! Donguemarre and Boudet! Bless me! will you leave off?"

And with a bound he ran into the church.

The boys were clustering round the large desk, climbing over the precentor's footstool, opening the missal; and others on tiptoe were just about to venture into the confessional. But the priest suddenly distributed a shower of cuffs among them. Seizing them by the collars of their coats, he lifted them from the ground, and deposited them on their knees on the stones, firmly, as if he meant to plant them there.

"Yes," said he, when he returned to Emma, unfolding his large cotton handkerchief, one corner of which he put between his teeth, "farmers are much to be pitied."

"Others, too," she replied.

"Assuredly. Town-labourers, for example."

"It is not they——"

"Pardon! I've there known poor mothers of families, virtuous women, I assure you, real saints, who wanted even bread."

"But those," replied Emma, and the corners of her mouth twitched as she spoke, "those, Monsieur le curé, who have bread and have no——"

"Fire in the winter," said the priest.

"Oh, what does that matter?"

"What! What does it matter? It seems to me that when one has firing and food—for, after all——"

"My God! my God!" she sighed.

"Do you feel unwell?" he asked, approaching her anxiously. "It is indigestion, no doubt? You must go home, Madame Bovary; drink a little tea, that will strengthen you, or else a glass of fresh water with a little moist sugar."

"Why?" And she looked like one awaking from a dream.

"Well, you see, you were putting your hand to your forehead. I thought you felt faint." Then, bethinking himself, "But you were asking me something? What was it? I really don't remember."

"I? Nothing! nothing!" repeated Emma.

And the glance she cast round her slowly fell upon the old man in the cassock. They looked at one another face to face without speaking.

"Then, Madame Bovary," he said at last, "excuse me, but duty first, you know; I must look after my good-for-nothings. The first communion will soon be upon us, and I fear we shall be behind, after all. So after Ascension Day I keep them *recta* an extra hour every Wednesday. Poor children! One cannot lead them too soon into the path of God, as, moreover, He has himself recommended us to do by the mouth of his Divine Son. Good health to you, Madame; my respects to your husband."

And he went into the church, making a genuflexion as soon as he reached the door.

Emma saw him disappear between the double row of pews, walking with heavy tread, his head bent a little sidewise, his hands half-open behind him.

Then she turned on her heel, like a statue on a pivot, and went home. But the loud voice of the priest, the clear voices of the boys still reached her ears, and sounded behind her.

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

"What is a Christian?"

"He who, being baptised—baptised—baptised——"

She went up the steps of the staircase holding to the banisters, and when she was in her room threw herself into an armchair.

The white light from the window-panes fell with soft undulations. The furniture in its place seemed to have become more immobile, and to lose itself in the shadow as in an ocean of darkness. The fire was out, the clock went on ticking, and Emma vaguely marvelled at this calm of all things while within herself was such tumult. But little Berthe was there, between the window and the work-table, tottering in her knitted shoes, and trying to come to her mother to catch hold of the ends of her apron-strings.

"Let me alone," said Emma, putting the child from her with her hand.

The little girl soon came up closer against her knees, and leaning on them with her arms, she looked up with her large blue eyes, while a small thread of pure saliva dribbled from her lips on her mother's silk apron.

"Let me alone," repeated the young woman quite irritably.

Her face frightened the child, who began to scream.

"Will you let me alone?" said Emma, pushing her with her elbow.

Berthe fell at the foot of the drawers against the brass bandle, cutting her cheek against it. Her face began to bleed. Madame Bovary sprang to lift her up, broke the bell-rope, called for the servant with all her might, and she was just about to curse herself when Charles appeared. It was the dinner-hour; he had come home.

"Look, dear!" said Emma, in a calm voice, "the

little one fell down while she was playing, and has hurt herself."

Charles reassured her; the case was not a serious one, and he went for some court-plaster.

Madame Bovary did not go downstairs to the dining-room; she wished to remain alone to look after the child. Then watching her sleep, the little anxiety she felt gradually wore off, and she seemed very stupid to herself, and very good to have been so worried just now at so little. Berthe, in fact, no longer sobbed. Her breathing now almost imperceptibly stirred the cotton covering. Big tears lay in the corner of the half-closed eyelids, through whose lashes one could see two pale sunken pupils; the plaster stuck on her cheek drew the skin obliquely.

"It is very strange," thought Emma, "how ugly this child is!"

When at eleven o'clock Charles came back from the chemist's shop, whither he had gone after dinner to return the remainder of the plaster, he found his wife standing by the cradle.

"I assure you it's nothing," he said, kissing her on the forehead. "Don't worry, my poor darling; you will make yourself ill."

He had stayed a long time at the chemist's. Although he had not seemed much moved, Homais, nevertheless, had exerted himself to buoy him up, to "keep up his spirits." Then they had talked of the various dangers that threaten childhood, of the carelessness of servants. Madame Homais knew something of it, having still upon her chest the marks left by a basin full of soup that a cook had formerly dropped on her pinafore, and her good parents had taken no end of trouble for her.

Charles, however, had tried several times to interrupt

the conversation. "I should like to speak to you," he had whispered in the ear of the clerk, who went upstairs in front of him.

"Can he suspect anything?" Léon asked himself. His heart beat, and he racked his brain with surmises.

At last, Charles, having shut the door, asked him to see himself what would be the price at Rouen of a fine daguerreotype. It was a sentimental surprise he intended for his wife, a delicate attention—his portrait in a frock-coat. But he wanted first to know "how much it would be." The inquiries would not inconvenience Léon, since he went to town almost every week.

Why? Monsieur Homais suspected some "young man's affair" at the bottom of it, an intrigue. But he was mistaken. Léon was after no love-making. He was sadder than ever, as Madame Lefrançois saw from the amount of food he left on his plate. To find out more about it she questioned the tax-collector. Binet answered roughly that he "wasn't paid by the police."

But his companion seemed very strange to him, for Léon often threw himself back in his chair, and stretching out his arms, complained vaguely of life.

"It's because you don't take enough recreation," said the collector.

"What recreation?"

"If I were you I'd have a lathe."

"But I don't know how to turn," said Léon.

"Ah! that's true," said the other, rubbing his chin with an air of mingled contempt and satisfaction.

Léon was weary of loving without any result; moreover, he was beginning to feel that depression caused by the repetition of the same kind of life, when no interest inspires and no hope sustains it. He was so tired of Yonville and the Yonvillers that the sight of certain persons, of certain houses, irritated him be-

yond endurance; and the chemist, good fellow though he was, was becoming absolutely unbearable to him. Yet the prospect of a new condition of life alarmed as much as it seduced him.

This apprehension soon changed into impatience, and then from afar Paris sounded its fanfare of masked balls with the laugh of grisettes. As he was to finish his reading there, why not set out at once? What prevented him? And he began making preparations; he arranged his occupations beforehand.

The difficulty was to obtain the consent of his mother; nothing, however, seemed more reasonable. Even his employer advised him to go to some other chambers where he could advance more rapidly. Taking a middle course, then, Léon looked for some place as second clerk at Rouen; found none, and at last wrote his mother a long letter full of details, in which he set forth the reasons for going to live at Paris immediately. She consented.

He did not hasten. Every day for a month Hivert carried boxes, valises, parcels for him from Yonville to Rouen and from Rouen to Yonville; and when Léon had packed up his wardrobe, had his three armchairs restuffed, bought a stock of neckties, in a word, had made more preparations than for a voyage round the world, he put off going from week to week, until he received a second letter from his mother urging him to leave, since he must pass his examination before the vacation.

When the moment for the farewells arrived, Madame Homais wept, Justin sobbed; Homais, as a man of nerve, concealed his emotion; he wished to carry his friend's top-coat himself as far as the gate of the notary, who was taking Léon to Rouen in his carriage. He had just time to bid farewell to Monsieur Bovary.

When he reached the head of the stairs he stopped, he was so out of breath. On his coming in, Madame Bovary rose hurriedly.

"It is I again!" said Léon.

"I was sure of it!"

She bit her lips, and a rush of blood made her rosy from the roots of her hair to the top of her collar. She remained standing, leaning her shoulder against the wainscot.

"The doctor is not here?" he went on.

"He is out." She repeated, "He is out."

Then there was silence. They looked one at the other, and their thoughts, confounded in the same agony, clung close together like two throbbing breasts.

"I should like to kiss Berthe," said Léon.

Emma went down a few steps and called Félicité.

He threw one long look around him that took in the walls, the brackets, the fireplace, as if to penetrate everything, carry away everything. But she returned, and the servant brought Berthe, who was swinging a windmill at the end of a string. Léon kissed her several times on the neck.

"Good-bye, poor child! good-bye, dear little one! good-bye!"

And he gave her back to her mother.

"Take her away," she said.

They remained alone—Madame Bovary, her back turned, her face pressed against a window-pane; Léon held his cap in his hand, knocking it against his thigh.

"It is going to rain," said Emma.

"I have a cloak," he answered.

"Ah!"

She turned round, her chin lowered, her forehead bent forward. The light fell on it as on a piece of marble to the curve of the eyebrows, without one's be-

ing able to guess what Emma was seeing in the horizon or what she was thinking.

"Well, good-bye," he sighed.

She raised her head with a quick movement.

"Yes, good-bye—go!"

They advanced toward each other; he held out his hand; she hesitated.

"In the English fashion, then," she said, giving her own hand wholly to him, and forcing a laugh.

Léon felt it between his fingers, and the very essence of all his being seemed to pass into that moist palm. Then he opened his hand; their eyes met again, and he disappeared.

When he reached the market-place, he stopped and hid behind a pillar to look for the last time at that white house with the four green blinds. He thought he saw a shadow behind the window in the room; but the curtain, sliding along the pole as if no one were touching it, slowly opened its long oblique folds, that spread out with a single movement, and thus hung motionless as a plaster wall. Léon set off running.

From afar he saw his employer's gig in the road, and beside it a man in a coarse apron holding the horse. Homais and Monsieur Guillaumin were talking. They were waiting for him.

"Embrace me," said the chemist with tears in his eyes. "Here is your coat, my good friend. Mind the cold; take care of yourself; look after yourself."

"Come, Léon, jump in," said the notary.

Homais bent over the dash-board, and in a voice broken by sobs uttered these three sad words:

"A pleasant journey!"

"Good-night," said Monsieur Guillaumin. "Give him his head."

They set out, and Homais went back.

Madame Bovary opened her window overlooking the garden and watched the clouds.

"Ah, how far away he must be already!" thought Emma.

Monsieur Homais, as usual, came at half-past six during dinner.

"Well," said he, "so we've sent off our young friend!"

"So it seems," replied the doctor. Then turning on his chair: "Any news at home?"

"Nothing much. Only my wife was a little moved this afternoon. You know women—a nothing upsets them, especially my wife. And we should be wrong to object to that, since their nervous organisation is much more malleable than ours."

"Poor Léon!" said Charles. "How will he live at Paris? Will he get used to it?"

Madame Bovary sighed.

"Get along!" said the chemist, smacking his lips. "The outings at restaurants, the masked balls, the champagne—all that will be jolly enough."

"I don't think he'll go wrong," objected Bovary.

"Nor do I," said Monsieur Homais quickly; "although he'll have to do like the rest for fear of passing for a Jesuit. And you don't know what a life those dogs lead in the Latin Quarter with actresses. Besides, students are thought a great deal of at Paris. Provided they have a few accomplishments, they are received in the best society; there are even ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain who fall in love with them, which subsequently furnishes them opportunities for making very good matches."

"But," said the doctor, "I fear for him that down there——"

"You are right," interrupted the chemist; "that is

the reverse of the medal. And one is constantly obliged to keep one's hand in one's pocket there. Thus, we will suppose you are in a public garden. An individual presents himself, well dressed, even wearing an order, whom one would take for a diplomatist. He approaches you, he insinuates himself; offers you a pinch of snuff, or picks up your hat. Then you become more intimate; he takes you to a café, invites you to his country-house, introduces you, between two drinks, to all sorts of people; and three fourths of the time it's only to plunder you of your watch or lead you to take some pernicious step."

"That is true," said Charles; "but I was thinking specially of illness—of typhoid fever, for example, that attacks students from the provinces."

Emma shuddered.

"Because of the change of regimen," continued the chemist, "and of the perturbation that results therefrom in the whole system. And then the water at Paris, don't you know! The dishes at restaurants, all the spiced food, end by heating the blood, and whatever people may say, are not worth a good soup. For my own part, I have always preferred plain living; it is more healthful. So when I was studying pharmacy at Rouen, I lived in a boarding-house; I dined with the professors."

And he continued, expounding his opinions generally and his personal likings, until Justin came to fetch him for a mulled egg that was wanted.

"Not a moment's peace!" he cried; "always at it! I can't go out for a minute! Like a plough-horse, I have always to be moiling and toiling. What drudgery!" Then, when he was at the door, "By the way, do you know the news?"

"What news?"

"That it is very likely," Homais went on, raising his eyebrows and assuming one of his most serious expressions, "the agricultural meeting of the Seine-Inférieure will be held this year at Yonville-l'Abbaye. The rumour, at all events, is going the round. This morning the paper alluded to it. It would be of the utmost importance for our district. But we'll talk it over later. I can see; Justin has the lantern."

CHAPTER VII

ENTER MONSIEUR RODOLPHE

DREARY, indeed, was the next day for Emma. Everything seemed to her enveloped in a black atmosphere floating confusedly over the exterior of things, and sorrow was engulfed within her soul, with soft shrieks such as the winter wind makes in ruined castles.

As on the return from Vaubyessard, when the quadrilles were running in her head, she was full of a gloomy melancholy, a numb despair. Léon reappeared in her mind, taller, handsomer, more charming, more vague. Though separated from her, he had not left her; he was there, and the walls of the house seemed to hold his shadow. Ah! now he was gone, the only charm of her life, the only possible hope of joy! Why had she not seized this happiness when it came to her? Why not have kept hold of it with both hands, when it was about to flee from her? And she cursed herself for not having loved Léon. She thirsted for his lips. She was possessed by a wish to run after and rejoin him, throw herself into his arms and say to

him, "It is I; I am yours!" But she recoiled at the difficulties of the enterprise, and her desires, increased by regret, became only the more acute.

Thenceforth the memory of Léon was the centre of her boredom; it burnt there more brightly than the fire that travellers leave on the snow of a Russian steppe. She sprang toward him, she pressed against him, she stirred carefully the dying embers of her passion, sought for anything that could revive it.

But the flames subsided, either because the supply had exhausted itself, or because it had been choked. Little by little, love was quelled by absence; regret was stifled under habit; and this incendiary light that had enpurpled her pale sky was overspread and faded by degrees. In the supineness of her conscience she even took her repugnance toward her husband for aspirations toward her lover, the burning of hatred for the warmth of tenderness; but as the tempest raged, and passion burnt itself down to the very cinders, and no help came, no sun rose, night closed in on all sides, and she was lost in the cold that pierced her soul.

The evil days of Tostes began again. She thought herself far more unhappy now; for she had the experience of grief, with the certainty that it would not end.

A woman who had made such sacrifices could well allow herself certain whims. She bought a gothic *prie-Dieu*, and in a month spent fourteen francs on lemons for bleaching her nails; she sent to Rouen for a blue cashmere gown; she chose one of Lheureux's finest scarves, and wore it tied round her waist over her dressing-gown; and, with closed blinds and a book in her hand, she lay on a couch in this garb.

She often changed the style of her coiffure; she arranged her hair *à la Chinoise*, then in flowing curls, in

plaited coils; she parted it on one side and rolled it under like a man's.

She wished to learn Italian; she bought dictionaries, a grammar, and a supply of white paper. She tried serious reading, history and philosophy. Sometimes in the night Charles woke with a start, thinking he was being called to a patient. "I'm coming," he stammered; and it was the noise of a match Emma had struck to light the lamp. But her reading fared like her pieces of embroidery, all of which, only just begun, filled her cupboard; she took it up, left it, passed on to other books.

She had strange attacks in which she could easily have been driven to commit any folly. She maintained one day, in opposition to her husband, that she could drink a large glass of brandy, and, as Charles was foolish enough to dare her to, she swallowed it to the last drop.

In spite of her vapourish airs (as the housewives of Yonville called them), Emma never seemed gay, and usually she had at the corners of her mouth that fixed contraction that puckers the faces of old maids and of men whose ambition has failed. She was pale as a sheet; the skin of her nose was drawn at the nostrils, her eyes looked at one vaguely. After discovering three grey hairs, she talked of her old age.

She often fainted. One day she even spat blood.

"Bah!" she answered, as Charles fussed round her showing his anxiety, "what does it matter?"

Charles fled to his study and wept there, both his elbows on the table, sitting in an armchair at his desk under the phrenological head.

He wrote to his mother to beg her to come, and they had many long consultations about Emma.

"Do you know what your wife needs?" remarked

Madame Bovary senior. "She needs to be compelled to occupy herself with some manual work. If she were obliged, like so many others, to earn her living, she wouldn't have these notions, which come to her from a lot of silly ideas she stuffs into her head, and from the idle life she passes."

"Yet she is always busy," said Charles.

"Ah! always busy at what? Reading novels, bad books, works against religion, in which they mock at priests in language taken from Voltaire. All that leads one far astray, my poor child. Anyone that has no religion always ends by turning out badly."

So it was decided to prohibit the novel-reading. The enterprise did not seem easy. The good lady undertook it. She was to go herself to the lending-library, when she passed through Rouen, and say that Emma had discontinued her subscription.

The farewells of mother and daughter-in-law were cold. During the three weeks that they had been together they had not exchanged half-a-dozen words apart from necessary inquiries and phrases when they met at table and in the evening before going to bed.

Madame Bovary left on a Wednesday, the market-day at Yonville.

The square had been blocked since morning by a row of carts, which, standing on end with their shafts in the air, extended along the line of houses from the church to the inn. On the other side were canvas booths, where cotton checks, blankets, and woollen stockings were sold, together with harness, and packets of blue ribbon, the ends of which fluttered in the wind. Coarse hardware was spread out on the ground between pyramids of eggs and hampers of cheeses, from which sticky straw protruded. Near the corn-cutters clucking hens passed their necks through the

bars of flat cages. The people, crowding in the same place and unwilling to move thence, were in danger of smashing the shop-front of the chemist. On Wednesdays his shop never was empty, and the people pushed in less to buy drugs than for consultations, so great was Homais' reputation in the neighbouring villages. His robust assurance had fascinated the rustics. They considered him a greater doctor than all the regular physicians.

Emma was leaning out of the window; she was often there. The window in the provinces replaces the theatre and the promenade, and she amused herself with watching the crowd of boors, when she descried among them a gentleman in a green velvet coat. He had on yellow gloves, although he wore heavy gaiters; he was coming toward the doctor's house, followed by a peasant, walking with bent head and a thoughtful air.

"Can I see the doctor?" he asked Justin, who was talking on the doorsteps with Félicité, and, taking him for a servant of the house: "Tell him that Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger of La Huchette is here."

It was not from territorial vanity that the new arrival added "of La Huchette" to his name, but to make himself the better known. La Huchette, in fact, was an estate near Yonville, where he had bought the château and two farms which he cultivated himself, without, however, troubling very much about them. He lived as a bachelor, and was supposed to have "at least fifteen thousand francs a year."

Charles entered the room. Monsieur Boulanger introduced his man, who wanted to be bled because he felt "a tingling all over."

"That'll purge me," he urged as an argument against all reasoning.

So Bovary ordered a bandage and a basin, and asked Justin to hold it. Then addressing the countryman, already pale, he said:

"Don't be afraid, my lad."

"No, no, sir," said the other; "get on."

And with an air of bravado he held out his great arm. At the prick of the lancet the blood spurted out, splashing against the mirror.

"Hold the basin near," exclaimed Charles.

"Lord!" said the peasant, "one would swear it was a little fountain flowing. How red my blood is! That's a good sign, isn't it?"

"Sometimes one feels nothing at first," answered the doctor, "and then syncope sets in, and more especially with people of strong constitution like this man."

At these words the rustic let go the lancet-case he was twisting between his fingers. A shudder of his shoulders made the chair creak. His hat fell off.

"I thought as much," said Bovary, pressing his finger on the vein.

The basin was beginning to tremble in Justin's hands; his knees shook, he turned pale.

"Emma! Emma!" called Charles.

With a bound she came down the staircase.

"Some vinegar!" he cried. "Oh, dear! two at once!"

And in his excitement he could hardly put on the compress.

"It is nothing," said Monsieur Boulanger quietly, taking Justin in his arms. He seated him on the table with his back resting against the wall.

Madame Bovary began to take off his cravat. The strings of his shirt had got into a knot, and for some minutes she moved her light fingers about the young

fellow's neck. Then she poured some vinegar on her cambric handkerchief; she moistened his temples with little dabs, and then blew upon them softly. The ploughman revived, but Justin's syncope lasted, and his eyeballs disappeared in their pale sclerotic, looking like blue flowers in milk.

"We must hide this from him," said Charles.

Madame Bovary took the basin to put it under the table. With the movement she made in bending, her skirt (it was a summer gown with four flounces, yellow, long in the waist and wide in the skirt) spread around her on the flags of the room; and as she stooped she staggered a little as she stretched out her arms, and the stuff here and there gave with the movement of her bust. Then she went to fetch a bottle of water, and was melting some pieces of sugar when the chemist arrived. In the tumult her servant had been to fetch him. Seeing his pupil with his eyes open he drew a long breath; then walking round the lad Homais looked at him from head to foot.

"Fool!" he said, "really a little fool! A fool in four letters! A phlebotomy's a big affair, isn't it! And this is a fellow who isn't afraid of anything; a kind of squirrel, who climbs to vertiginous heights to shake down nuts. Oh, yes! you just talk to me, boast about yourself! Here's a fine fitness for practising pharmacy later; for in serious circumstances you may be called before the tribunals in order to enlighten the minds of the magistrates, and you would have to keep your head then, to reason, show yourself a man, or else pass for an imbecile."

Justin made no reply. The chemist continued:

"Who asked you to come? You are always pestering the doctor and Madame. On Wednesdays, moreover, your presence is indispensable to me. There are

now twenty people in the shop. I left everything because of the interest I take in you. Come, get along! Wait for me, and keep an eye on the jars."

When Justin, after rearranging his dress, had gone, they talked for a little while about fainting-fits. Madame Bovary never had swooned.

"That is extraordinary for a lady," said Monsieur Boulanger; "but some people are very susceptible. In a duel, I have seen a second lose consciousness at the mere sound of the loading of pistols."

"For my part," said the chemist, "the sight of another person's blood doesn't affect me at all; but the mere thought of my own flowing would make me faint, if I should think about it too much."

Monsieur Boulanger dismissed his servant, advising him to calm himself, since his fancy was over.

"It procured me the advantage of making your acquaintance, at any rate," he added, and he looked at Emma as he said this. Then he laid three francs on a corner of the table, bowed negligently, and went out.

He was soon on the other side of the river (this was his way back to La Huchette), and Emma saw him in the meadow, walking under the poplars, slackening his pace now and then as one who reflects.

"She is very pretty," he said to himself; "she is very pretty, that doctor's wife. Fine teeth, black eyes, a dainty foot, a figure like a Parisienne's. Where the devil does she come from? Wherever did that fat fellow pick her up?"

Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger was thirty-four; he was of brutal temperament yet of intelligent perspicacity; he had had much to do with women, and knew them well. This one had seemed pretty to him; so he was thinking about her and her husband.

"I think he is very stupid. She is tired of him, no

doubt. He has dirty nails, and hasn't shaved for three days. While he is trotting after his patients, she sits there darning socks. And she gets bored! She would like to live in town and dance polkas every evening. Poor little woman! She is gaping for love as a carp on a kitchen-table gapes for water. With three words of gallantry she would adore one, I'm sure of it. She would be tender, charming! Yes; but how get rid of her later?"

The difficulties of love-making seen from a distance made him think by contrast of his mistress. She was an actress at Rouen, whom he kept; and when he had pondered over her image, with which, even in remembrance, he was satiated, he said to himself:

"Ah! Madame Bovary is much prettier, much fresher. Virginie is beginning to grow decidedly fat. She is so eccentric with her pleasures; and, besides, she has a mania for prawns."

The fields were empty, and Rodolphe heard only the swish of the grass striking against his boots, and the cry of the grasshopper among the oats. He again saw Emma in her room, dressed as he had seen her, and in his fancy he undressed her.

"Oh, I will have her!" he cried, striking a blow with his stick at a clod in front of him. And he at once began to make plans for the enterprise.

"Where shall we meet?" he asked himself; "by what means? We shall always be having the youngster on our hands, and the servant, the neighbours, the husband, all sorts of bother. Pshaw! I should lose too much time over it."

Then he resumed: "She really has eyes that pierce one's heart like a gimlet. And that pale complexion! I adore pale women!"

When he reached the top of the Argueil hills he had

made up his mind. "It's only a question of finding opportunities. Well, I will call now and then. I'll send them venison, poultry; I'll have myself bled, if necessary. We shall become friends; I'll invite them to La Huchette. By Jove!" he added, "there's the agricultural show coming on. She'll be there. I shall see her. We'll begin boldly, for that's the surest way."

CHAPTER VIII

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR

IN due time the famous agricultural fair opened. On the morning of the solemnity all the inhabitants were chatting at their doors over the preparations. The pillars of the town hall had been hung with wreaths of ivy; a tent had been erected in a field for the banquet; and in the middle of the square, in front of the church, a kind of fanfare was to announce the arrival of the prefect and the names of the successful farmers that had won prizes. The National Guard of Buchy (there was none at Yonville) had come to join the corps of firemen, of whom Binet was captain. On that day he wore a collar even higher than usual; and, tightly buttoned in his tunic, his body was so stiff and rigid that the whole vital portion of his person seemed to have descended into his legs, which moved in a cadence of set steps with a single action. As there was some rivalry between the tax-collector and the colonel, both drilled their men separately, to show off their talents. The red epaulettes and the black breastplates passed and repassed alternately; there was no end to

the drill, which was continually repeated. There never had been such a display of pomp.

The crowd came into the main street from both ends of the village. People poured in from the lanes, the alleys, the houses; and from time to time one heard knockers banging against doors that closed behind women with gloves on, who were going out to see the fête. The things that were most admired were two long lamp-stands covered with lanterns, which flanked a platform on which the dignitaries were to sit.

But the jubilation that brightened all faces seemed to darken that of Madame Lefrançois, the innkeeper. Standing on her kitchen-steps she muttered to herself, "What folly! What rubbish! With their canvas booth! Do they think the prefect will be glad to dine down there under a tent like a gypsy? They call all this nonsense doing good to the place! Well, it wasn't worth while to send to Neufchâtel for the keeper of a cookshop! And for whom? For cowherds! tatterdemalions!"

The chemist was passing. He had on a frock-coat, nankeen trousers, beaver shoes, and, for a wonder, a hat with a low crown.

"Your servant! Excuse me, I am in a hurry." And as the fat widow asked where he was going—

"It seems odd to you, doesn't it, that I who am always more cooped up in my laboratory than the man's rat in his cheese"—

"What cheese?" asked the landlady.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" Homais continued. "I merely wished to convey to you, Madame Lefrançois, that I usually live at home like a recluse. To-day, however, in the circumstances, it is necessary——"

"Oh, you're going down there!" she said sneering.

"Yes, I am going," replied the chemist, astonished.

"Am I not a member of the consulting commission?"

Mère Lefrançois looked at him for a few moments, and ended by saying with a smile—

"That's another pair of shoes! But what does agriculture matter to you? Do you understand anything about it?"

"Certainly I understand it, since I am a druggist—that is to say, a chemist. And the object of chemistry, Madame Lefrançois, being the knowledge of the reciprocal and molecular action of all natural bodies, it follows that agriculture is comprised within its domain. In fact, the composition of manure, the fermentation of liquids, the analyses of gases, and the influence of miasmata, what, I ask you, is all this, if it isn't chemistry, pure and simple?"

The landlady did not answer. Homais continued:

"Do you think that to be an agriculturist it is necessary to have tilled the earth or fattened fowls oneself? It is necessary rather to know the composition of the substances in question—the geological strata, the atmospheric actions, the quality of the soil, the minerals, the waters, the density of the different bodies, their capillary qualities, and so forth. And one must be master of all the principles of hygiene in order to direct, criticise the construction of buildings, the feeding of animals, the diet of the domestics. Moreover, Madame Lefrançois, one must know botany, be able to distinguish between plants, you understand, those that are wholesome and those that are deleterious, which are unproductive and which nutritive; whether it is well to pull them up here and re-sow them there, to propagate some, destroy others; in brief, one must keep pace with science by means of pamphlets and public papers, and be always on the alert to find out improvements."

The landlady never took her eyes off the Café Français, and the chemist proceeded:

"Would to God our agriculturists were chemists, or that at least they would pay more attention to the counsels of science! Thus lately I myself wrote a considerable tract, a memoir of more than seventy-two pages, entitled *Cider, its Manufacture and its Effects, together with Some New Reflections on this Subject,* which I sent to the Agricultural Society of Rouen, and which even procured me the honour of being received among its members—Section, Agriculture; Class, Pomological. Well, if my work had been given to the public——" But the chemist paused, Madame Lefrançois seemed so preoccupied.

"Just look at them!" she said. "It's past comprehension! Such a cookshop as that!" And with a shrug of the shoulders that stretched over her breast the stitches of her knitted bodice, she pointed with both hands at her rival's inn, whence songs were heard issuing. "Well, it won't last long," she added; "it will be over before a week."

Homais drew back with stupefaction. She came down three steps and whispered in his ear:

"What! you didn't know it? There will be an execution in next week. It's Lheureux who is selling him up; he has killed him with bills."

"What a terrible catastrophe!" cried the chemist, who always found expressions to suit all imaginable circumstances.

The landlady began telling him this story, which she had heard from Theodore, Monsieur Guillaumin's servant, and although she detested Tellier, she blamed Monsieur Lheureux, calling him "a wheedler, a sneak."

"There!" she said. "Look at him! he is in the

market; he is bowing to Madame Bovary, who has a green bonnet on. Why, she's taking Monsieur Boulanger's arm."

"Madame Bovary!" exclaimed Homais. "I must go at once and pay her my respects. Perhaps she would be very glad to have a seat in the enclosure under the peristyle." And, without heeding Madame Lefrançois, who was calling him back to tell him more about the Tellier affair, the chemist walked away with a smile on his lips, with straight knees, bowing frequently to right and left, and taking up much room with the large tails of his frock-coat that fluttered behind him in the wind.

Rodolphe having caught sight of him from afar, hurried on, but Madame Bovary lost her breath; so he walked more slowly, and, smiling at her, said rather brusquely:

"It's only to get away from that fat fellow—you know, the druggist." She pressed his elbow.

"What does that mean?" he asked himself. And he looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

Her profile was so calm that one could guess nothing from it. It stood out in the light from the oval of her bonnet, with pale green ribbons on it like the leaves of reeds. Her eyes, with their long curved lashes, looked straight before her, and though wide open, they seemed slightly puckered by the cheekbones, because of the blood pulsing gently under the delicate skin. A pink line ran along the partition between her nostrils. Her head was leaning a little on one side, and the pearly tips of her white teeth were visible between her lips.

"Is she laughing at me?" thought Rodolphe.

Emma's gesture, however, had only been meant for a warning; for Monsieur Lheureux was accompany-

ing them, and occasionally he spoke as if to enter into the conversation.

"What a superb day! Everyone is here! The wind is east!"

Neither Madame Bovary nor Rodolphe answered him, whilst at the slightest movement made by them he drew near, saying, "I beg your pardon!" and raising his hat.

When they reached the farrier's house, instead of following the road up to the fence, Rodolphe suddenly turned down a path, drawing Emma with him.

"Good evening, Monsieur Lheureux!" he called out. "I'll see you again later."

"How you got rid of him!" said Emma, laughing.

"Why allow oneself to be intruded upon by others?" said Rodolphe. "And as to-day I have the happiness of being with you——"

Emma blushed. He did not finish his sentence. Then he spoke of the fine weather and of the pleasure of walking on the grass. A few daisies had sprung up.

"Here are some pretty Easter daisies," he said, "and enough of them to furnish oracles to all the amorous maids in the place. Shall I pick some? What do you think?"

"Are you in love?" she asked, coughing a little.

"H'm, h'm! who knows?" Rodolphe answered.

The meadow began to fill, and the housewives hustled one with their great umbrellas, their baskets, and their babies.

The beasts were there, their noses toward the cord, making a confused line with their unequal rumps. Drowsy pigs were burrowing in the earth with their snouts, calves were bawling, lambs bleating; the cows, on knees folded in, were stretching their bellies on the grass, slowly chewing the cud, and blinking their

heavy eyelids at the gnats that buzzed round them. Ploughmen with bare arms were holding by the halter prancing stallions that neighed with dilated nostrils, looking toward the mares. These stood quietly stretching out their heads and flowing manes, while their foals rested in their shadow, or now and then came and sucked them.

Between the two lines the judges were walking with heavy steps, examining each animal, then consulting one another in a low voice. One who seemed of more importance now and then took notes in a book as he walked along. This was the president of the jury, Monsieur Derozerays de la Panville. As soon as he recognised Rodolphe he came forward quickly, and smiling amiably, said:

"Eh! Monsieur Boulanger, are you deserting us?"

Rodolphe protested that he was just about to join them. But when the president had disappeared—

"*Ma foi!*" said he, "I shall not go. Your company is better than his."

While laughing at the show, Rodolphe, in order to go about more freely, showed the gendarme his blue card, and even stopped now and then in front of some fine beast, which Madame Bovary did not at all admire. He noticed this, and began jeering at the Yonville ladies and their gowns; then he apologised for the negligence of his own attire. He had that incongruity of the common and the elegant in which the habitually vulgar think they see the revelation of an eccentric existence, of the perturbations of sentiment, the tyrannies of art, and always a certain contempt for social conventions, which seduces or exasperates them. Thus the front of his cambric shirt with plaited cuffs was inflated by the wind in the opening of a waistcoat of grey ticking, and his rough, broad-striped

trousers disclosed at the ankle nankeen boots with patent leather gaiters. These were so polished that they reflected the grass. He trampled on horses' dung with them, one hand in the pocket of his jacket and his straw hat on one side.

"Besides," added he, "when one lives in the country——"

"It is waste of time," said Emma.

"That is true," replied Rodolphe. "To think that not one of these people is capable of understanding even the cut of a coat!"

Then they talked about provincial mediocrity, of the lives it crushed, the illusions lost therein.

"I too," said Rodolphe, "am drifting into depression."

"You!" she said in astonishment; "I thought you very light-hearted."

"Ah, yes! I seem so, because in the midst of the world I know how to wear the mask of a scoffer on my face; yet how many a time at the sight of a cemetery by moonlight have I not asked myself whether it were not better to join those sleeping there!"

"Oh! and your friends?" she said. "You do not think of them."

"My friends! What friends? Have I any? Who cares for me?" And he accompanied the last words with a kind of whistling of the lips.

But they were obliged to separate from each other because of a great pile of chairs that a man was carrying behind them. He was so overladen with them that one could only see the tips of his wooden shoes and the ends of his two outstretched arms. It was Lestiboudois, the gravedigger, who was carrying the church chairs about among the people.

Madame Bovary took Rodolphe's arm again; he continued as if speaking to himself:

"Yes, I have missed many things. Always alone! Ah, if I had some aim in life, if I had met some love, if I had found some one! Oh, how I should have spent all the energy of which I am capable, surmounted everything, overcome everything!"

"Yet it seems to me," said Emma, "that you are not to be pitied."

"Ah! you think so?" said Rodolphe.

"For, after all," she went on, "you are free——" she hesitated, "rich——"

"Do not mock me," he replied.

She protested that she was not mocking him, when the report of a cannon resounded. Immediately all began hustling one another toward the village.

It was a false alarm. The prefect seemed not to be coming, and the members of the jury felt much embarrassed, not knowing whether they ought to begin the meeting or wait longer.

At last at the end of the square a large hired landau appeared, drawn by two thin horses, which a coachman in a white hat was whipping lustily. Binet had only just time to shout, "Present arms!" and the Colonel to imitate him.

And after presenting arms, during which the clang of the band, let loose, rang out like a brass kettle rolling downstairs, all the guns were grounded. Then, stepping down from the carriage a gentleman appeared in a short coat with silver braiding; he was bald, and wore a tuft of hair at the back of his head; he had a sallow complexion and a most benign appearance. His eyes, very large and covered by heavy lids, were half-closed to look at the crowd, while at the same time he raised his sharp nose, and forced a smile

to his sunken mouth. He recognised the mayor by his scarf, and explained to him that the prefect was not able to come. He himself was a councillor at the prefecture; then he added a few apologies. Monsieur Tuvache answered them with compliments; the other confessed himself nervous; and they remained thus, face to face, their foreheads almost touching, with the members of the jury all round, the municipal council, the notable personages, the National Guard and the crowd. The councillor, pressing his little cocked hat to his breast, repeated his bows, while Tuvache, bent like a bow, also smiled, stammered, tried to say something, protested his devotion to the monarchy and the honour that was being done to Yonville.

Hippolyte, the groom from the inn, took the head of the horses from the coachman, and, limping along with his club-foot, led them to the door of the Lion d'Or, where a number of peasants collected to look at the carriage. The drum beat, the howitzer thundered, and the gentlemen one by one mounted the platform, where they sat down in red Utrecht velvet armchairs that had been lent by Madame Tuvache.

The ladies of the company stood at the back under the vestibule between the pillars, while the common herd was opposite, standing up or sitting on chairs. As a matter of fact, Lestiboudois had brought thither all those that he had moved from the field, and he even kept running back every minute to fetch others from the church. He caused such confusion with this piece of business that the speakers had great difficulty in getting to the small flight of steps of the platform.

"I think," said Monsieur Lheureux to the chemist, who was passing to his place, "that they ought to have put up two Venetian masts with something rather se-

vere and rich for ornaments; it would have been a very pretty effect."

"To be sure," replied Homais; "but what can you expect? The mayor took everything on his own shoulders. He hasn't much taste. Poor Tuvache! and he is even destitute of what is called the genius of art."

Rodolphe, meanwhile, with Madame Bovary, had gone up to the first floor of the town hall, to the "council-room," and, as it was empty, he declared that they could enjoy the proceedings there more comfortably. He brought three stools from the round table under the bust of the monarch, and having carried them to one of the windows, they sat side by side.

There was a commotion on the platform, long whisperings, much parleying. At last the councillor rose. They knew now that his name was Lieuvain, and in the crowd the name was passed from one to another. After he had run over a few pages, and bent over them to see better, he began:

"Gentlemen! May I be permitted first (before addressing you on the object of our meeting to-day, and this sentiment will, I am sure, be shared by you all), may I be permitted, I say, to pay a tribute to the higher administration, to the government, to the monarch, gentlemen, our sovereign, to that beloved King, to whom no branch of public or private prosperity is a matter of indifference, and who directs with a hand at once so firm and wise the chariot of the State amid the incessant perils of a stormy sea, knowing, moreover, how to make peace respected as well as war, industry, commerce, agriculture, and the fine arts."

"I ought to move back a little further," said Rodolphe.

"Why?" Emma inquired.

But at this moment the voice of the councillor rose to an extraordinary pitch. He declaimed:

"This is no longer the time, gentlemen, when civil discord ensanguined our public places, when the landlord, the business-man, the working-man himself, falling asleep at night, lying down to peaceful slumber, trembled lest he should be awakened suddenly by the noise of incendiary tocsins, when the most subversive doctrines audaciously sapped foundations."

"Well, some one down there might see me," Rodolphe resumed, "then I should have to invent excuses for a week; and with my bad reputation——"

"Oh, you are slandering yourself," said Emma.

"No! It is dreadful, I assure you."

"But, gentlemen," continued the councillor, "if, banishing from my memory the remembrance of those sad pictures, I turn my eyes back to the actual situation of our dear country, what do I see? Everywhere commerce and the arts are flourishing; everywhere new means of communication, like so many new arteries in the body of the State, establish new relations within it. Our great industrial centres have recovered all their activity; religion, more consolidated, smiles in all hearts; our ports are full, confidence is born again, and France breathes once more!"

"Besides," added Rodolphe, "perhaps from the world's point of view they are right."

"How so?" she asked.

"What!" said he. "Do you not know that there are souls constantly tormented? They need by turns to dream and to act, the purest passions and the most

turbulent joys, and thus they fling themseves into all sorts of fantasies and follies."

She looked at him as one looks at a traveller who has traversed strange lands, and said:

"We have not even this distraction, we poor women!"

"A sad distraction, for happiness is not found in it."

"But is it ever found?" she asked.

"Yes; one day it comes," he answered.

"And this is what you have understood," said the councillor. "You, farmers, agricultural labourers! you pacific pioneers of a work that belongs wholly to civilisation! you, men of progress and morality, you have understood, I say, that political storms are even more redoubtable than atmospheric disturbances!"

"It comes one day," repeated Rodolphe, "one day suddenly, and when one is despairing of it. Then the horizon expands; it is as if a voice cried, 'It is here!' You feel the need of confiding the whole of your life, of giving everything, sacrificing everything to this being. There is no need for explanations; they understand each other. They have seen each other in dreams!" (And he looked at her.) "In short, here it is, this treasure so sought after, here before you. It glitters, it flashes; yet one still doubts, one does not believe it; one remains dazzled, as if going from darkness into light."

As he ended Rodolphe suited the action to the word. He passed his hand over his face, like a man seized with dizziness. Then he let it fall on Emma's. She took hers away.

"And who would be surprised at it, gentlemen? Only he that is so blind, so plunged (I do not fear to

say it), so plunged in the prejudices of another age as still to misunderstand the spirit of agricultural populations. Where, indeed, is to be found more patriotism than in the country, greater devotion to the public welfare, more intelligence, in a word? And, gentlemen, I do not mean that superficial intelligence, vain ornament of idle minds, but rather that profound and balanced intelligence which applies itself above all else to useful objects, thus contributing to the good of all, to the common amelioration and to the support of the State, born of respect for law and the practice of duty——"

"Ah, again!" said Rodolphe. "Always 'duty.' I am sick of the word. They are old blockheads in flannel vests and old women with foot-warmers and rosaries who constantly drone into our ears 'Duty, duty!' Ah, by Jove! one's duty is to feel what is great, to cherish the beautiful, and not accept all the conventions of society with the ignominy that it imposes upon us."

"Yet—yet——" objected Madame Bovary.

"No, no! Why cry out against the passions? Are they not the one beautiful thing on the earth, the source of heroism, of enthusiasm, of poetry, music, the arts, of everything, in a word?"

"But one must, to some extent, bow to the opinion of the world and accept its moral code," said Emma.

"Ah, but there are two," he replied. "The small, the conventional, that of men, that which constantly changes, brays so loudly, and makes such a commotion here below, of the earth earthy, like the mass of imbeciles you see down there. But the other, the eternal, that is about us and above, like the landscape that surrounds us, and the blue heavens that give us light."

Monsieur Lieuvain had just wiped his lips with a handkerchief. He continued:

"And what should I do here, gentlemen, pointing out to you the uses of agriculture? Who supplies our wants? who provides our means of subsistence? Is it not the agriculturist? The agriculturist, gentlemen, who, sowing with laborious hand the fertile furrows of the country, brings forth the corn, which, being ground, is made into a powder by means of ingenious machinery, comes out thence under the name of flour, and from there, transported to our cities, is soon delivered at the baker's, who makes it into food for poor and rich alike. Again, is it not the agriculturist who fattens, for our clothing, his abundant flocks in the pastures? For how should we clothe ourselves, how nourish ourselves, without the agriculturist? And, gentlemen, is it even necessary to go so far for examples? Who has not frequently reflected on all the momentous things that we get from that modest animal, the ornament of poultry-yards, which provides us at once with a soft pillow for our bed, with succulent flesh for our tables, and with eggs? But I never should end were I to enumerate one after another all the different products which the earth, well cultivated, lavishes upon her children like a generous mother. Here it is the vine, elsewhere the apple-tree for cider, there colza, farther on cheeses and flax. Gentlemen, let us not forget flax, which has made such great strides of late years, and to which I will more particularly call your attention."

He had no need to call it, for all the mouths of the multitude were wide open, as if to drink in his words. Tuvache by his side listened to him with staring eyes. Monsieur Derozerays from time to time softly closed

his eyelids; and farther on the chemist, with his son Napoléon between his knees, put his hand behind his ear in order not to lose a syllable. The chins of the other members of the jury moved slowly up and down in their cravats in sign of approval.

The square as far as the houses was crowded with people. One saw folk leaning on their elbows at all the windows, others standing at doors, and Justin, in front of the chemist's shop, seemed quite transfixed by the spectacle. In spite of the silence, Monsieur Lieuvain's voice was lost in the air. It reached one in fragments of phrases, and interrupted here and there by the creaking of chairs in the crowd; then one suddenly heard the long bellowing of an ox, or else the bleating of the lambs, which answered one another.

Rodolphe had drawn nearer to Emma, and said to her in a low voice, speaking rapidly:

"Does not this conspiracy of the world revolt you? Is there a single sentiment it does not condemn? The noblest instincts, the purest sympathies are persecuted, slandered; and if at length two poor souls do meet, all is so organised that they cannot blend. Yet they will make the attempt; they will flutter their wings; they will call upon each other. Oh, no matter! Sooner or later, in six months, ten years, they will come together, will love; for fate has decreed it, and they are born one for the other."

His arms were folded across his chest, and lifting his face toward Emma, close by her, he looked fixedly at her. She noticed in his eyes small golden lines radiating from black pupils; she even detected the perfume of the pomade that made his hair glossy. Then a faintness came over her; she recalled the Viscount who had waltzed with her at Vaubyessard; his beard had exhaled like this hair an odour of vanilla and cit-

ron, and mechanically she half-closed her eyes the better to inhale it. But in making this movement, as she leant back in her chair, she saw in the distance, on the line of the horizon, the old diligence, the "Hirondelle," that was slowly descending the hill of Leux, leaving behind it a long trail of dust. It was in that yellow carriage that Léon had so often come back to her, and by that route down there that he had gone forever. She fancied she saw him opposite at his window; then all grew confused; clouds gathered; it seemed to her that she was again turning in the waltz under the light of the lustres on the arm of the Viscount, and that Léon was not far away, that he was coming; and yet all the time she was conscious of the scent of Rodolphe's hair by her side. This sweetness of sensation pierced through her old desires, and these, like grains of sand under a gust of wind, eddied to and fro in the subtle breath of the perfume which suffused her soul. She opened wide her nostrils several times to drink in the freshness of the ivy round the capitals. She took off her gloves, she wiped her hands, then fanned her face with her handkerchief, while despite the throbbing of her temples she heard the murmur of the crowd and the voice of the councillor intoning his phrases. He said:

"Continue, persevere! Listen neither to the suggestions of routine, nor to the over-hasty councils of a rash empiricism. Apply yourselves, above all, to the amelioration of the soil, to good manures, to the development of the equine, bovine, ovine, and porcine races. Let these shows be to you pacific arenas, where the victor in leaving it will hold forth a hand to the vanquished, and will fraternise with him in the hope of better success. And you, aged servants, humble

domestics, whose hard labour no government up to this day has taken into consideration, come hither to receive the reward of your silent virtues, and be assured that the State henceforth will have its eye upon you; that it encourages you, protects you; that it will accede to your just demands, and alleviate as much as in it lies the burden of your painful sacrifices."

Monsieur Lieuvain then sat down; Monsieur Derozerays arose, beginning another speech. His was not perhaps so florid as that of the councillor, but it recommended itself by a more direct style, that is to say, by more special knowledge and higher considerations. Thus the praise of the Government took up less space in it; religion and agriculture more. He showed in it the relations of these two, and how they had always contributed to civilisation. Rodolphe was talking to Madame Bovary of dreams, presentiments, magnetism. Turning back to the cradle of society, the orator painted those fierce times when men lived on acorns in the heart of the woods. Then they had left off the skins of beasts, had put on cloth, tilled the soil, planted the vine. Was this a good, and in this discovery was there not more of injury than of gain? Monsieur Derozerays set himself to solve this problem.

From magnetism Rodolphe had come by degrees to talk of affinities, and while the president was citing Cincinnatus and his plough, Diocletian planting his cabbages, and the Emperors of China inaugurating the year by the sowing of seed, the young man was explaining to the young woman that these irresistible attractions find their cause in some previous existence.

"Thus we," he said, "why did we come to know each other? What chance willed it? It was because across the infinite, like two streams that flow but to

unite, our bents of mind drove us toward each other."

And he seized her hand; she did not withdraw it.

"For good farming generally!" cried the president.

"Just now, for example, when I went to your house."

"To Monsieur Bizat of Quincampoix."

"Did I know I should accompany you?"

"Seventy francs."

"A hundred times I wished to go; and I followed you—I remained."

"Manures!"

"And I shall remain to-night, to-morrow, all other days, all my life!"

"To Monsieur Caron of Argueil, a gold medal!"

"For I never have found in the society of any other person so complete a charm."

"To Monsieur Bain of Givry-Saint-Martin."

"And I shall carry away with me the remembrance of you."

"For a merino ram!"

"But you will forget me; I shall pass away like a shadow."

"To Monsieur Belot of Notre-Dame."

"Oh, no! I shall be something in your thought, in your life, shall I not?"

"Porcine race; prizes—equal, to Messieurs Lehérissé and Cullembourg, sixty francs!"

Rodolphe was pressing Emma's hand, and he felt it warm and quivering like a captive dove that tries to fly away; but, whether she was trying to take it away or whether she was answering his pressure, she made a movement with her fingers. He exclaimed:

"Oh, I thank you! You do not repulse me! You are good! You understand that I am yours! Let me look at you; let me contemplate you!"

A gust of wind that blew in at the window ruffled the cloth on the table, and in the square below all the great caps of the peasant women were uplifted by it like the fluttering wings of white butterflies.

"Use of oil-cakes," continued the president. He was hurrying on: "Flemish manure—flax-growing—drainage—long leases—domestic service."

Rodolphe no longer spoke. They looked at each other. A supreme desire made their dry lips tremble, and languorously, without effort, their fingers clasped.

"Catherine Nicaise Elizabeth Leroux, of Sassetot-la-Guerrière, for fifty-four years of service at the same farm, a silver medal—value, twenty-five francs!"

"Where is Catherine Leroux?" repeated the councillor.

She did not present herself, and one could hear voices whispering:

"Go up!"

"Don't be afraid!"

"Oh, how stupid she is!"

"Well, is she there?" cried Tuvache.

"Yes; here she is."

"Then let her come up!"

On the platform came forward a little old woman with timid bearing, who seemed to shrink within her poor clothes. On her feet she wore heavy wooden clogs, and from her hips hung a large blue apron. Her pale face framed in a borderless cap was more wrinkled than a withered russet apple, and from the sleeves of her red jacket appeared two large hands with knotty joints. The dust of barns, the potash of washings, and the grease of wools had so incrusted, roughened, hardened these, that they seemed dirty although they had been rinsed in clear water; and by reason of long service they remained half open, as if

to bear humble witness for themselves of so much suffering endured. Something of monastic rigidity dignified her face. Nothing of sadness or of emotion weakened that pale look. In her constant living with animals she had acquired something of their dumbness and their calm. It was the first time she ever had found herself in the midst of so large a company, and inwardly scared by the flags, the drums, the gentlemen in frock-coats, and the order of the councillor, she stood motionless, not knowing whether to advance or to run away, nor why the crowd was pushing her and the jury were smiling at her. Thus stood before these radiant *bourgeois* this half-century of servitude.

"Approach, venerable Catherine Nicaise Elizabeth Leroux!" said the councillor, who had taken the list of prize-winners from the president; and, looking at the piece of paper and at the old woman by turns, he repeated in a fatherly tone:

"Approach! approach!"

"Are you deaf?" said Tuvache, fidgeting in his armchair; and he began shouting in her ear, "Fifty-four years of service. A silver medal! Twenty-five francs! For you!"

When she had received her medal, she looked at it, and a smile of beatitude spread over her face. As she walked away they could hear her muttering:

"I'll give it to our priest up home, to say some masses for me!"

"What fanaticism!" exclaimed the chemist, leaning across to the notary.

The meeting was over, the crowd dispersed, and now that the speeches had been read, each one fell back into his place again, and everything into the old grooves.

The National Guards, however, had gone up to the first-floor of the town hall with buns spitted on their bayonets, and the drummer of the battalion carried a basket with bottles. Madame Bovary took Rodolphe's arm; he escorted her home; they separated at her door; then he walked about alone in the meadow while he waited for the time of the banquet.

The feast was long, noisy, ill served; the guests were so crowded that they could hardly move their elbows; and the narrow planks used for seats almost broke down under their weight. They ate hugely. Each one stuffed himself on his own account. Sweat stood on every brow, and a whitish steam, like the vapour of a stream on an autumn morning, floated above the table between the hanging lamps. Rodolphe, leaning against the side of the tent, was thinking so earnestly of Emma that he heard nothing.

He saw her again in the evening during the fireworks, but she was with her husband, Madame Homais, and the chemist, who was worrying about the danger of stray rockets, and leaving the company every moment to go and give some advice to Binet.

The pyrotechnic pieces sent to Monsieur Tuvache, through an excess of caution, had been shut up in his cellar, and so the damp powder would not light, and the principal set piece, which was to represent a dragon biting his own tail, failed completely. Now and then a meagre Roman-candle went off; then the gaping crowd sent up a shout that mingled with the cry of the women, whose waists were being squeezed in the darkness. Emma silently nestled gently against Charles's shoulder; then, raising her chin, she watched the luminous rays of the rockets against the dark sky. Rodolphe gazed at her in the light of the lanterns.

They went out one by one. The stars shone out. A

few drops of rain began to fall. Emma knotted her fichu round her bare head.

At this moment the councillor's carriage came out from the inn. His coachman, who was drunk, suddenly dozed off, and one could see from the distance, above the hood, between the two lanterns, the mass of his body, that swayed from right to left with the giving of the traces.

"Truly," said the chemist, "one ought to proceed most rigorously against drunkenness! I should like to see written up weekly at the door of the town hall on a board *ad hoc* the names of all those who during the week got intoxicated on alcohol. Besides, with regard to statistics, one would thus have, as it were, public records that one could refer to in case of need. But excuse me!"

And he once more ran off to the captain. The latter was going back to see his lathe again.

"Perhaps you would not do ill," Homais said to him, "to send one of your men, or to go yourself——"

"Leave me alone!" answered the tax-collector. "It's all right!"

"Do not be uneasy," said the chemist, when he returned to his friends. "Monsieur Binet has assured me that all precautions have been taken. No sparks have fallen; the pumps are full. Let us go to rest."

"*Ma foi!* I want it," said Madame Homais, yawning at large. "But never mind; we've had a beautiful day for our fête."

Rodolphe repeated in a low voice, and with a tender look, "Oh, yes! very beautiful!"

And having bowed to each other, they separated.

Two days later, in the *Fanal de Rouen*, there was a long article on the show. Homais had composed it, with gusto, the very next morning.

"Why these festoons, these flowers, these garlands? Whither hurries this crowd like the waves of a furious sea under the torrents of a tropical sun pouring its heat upon our heads?"

Then he alluded to the condition of the peasants. Certainly the Government was doing much, but not enough. "Courage!" he cried to it; "a thousand reforms are indispensable; let us accomplish them!" Then touching on the entry of the councillor, he did not forget "the martial air of our militia," nor "our merry village maidens," nor the "bald-headed old men like patriarchs who were there, and of whom some, the remnants of our immortal phalanxes, still felt their hearts beat at the manly sound of the drums." He mentioned himself among the first of the members of the jury, and he even called attention in a note to the fact that Monsieur Homais, chemist, had sent a memoir on cider to the agricultural society. When he wrote of the distribution of the prizes, he sung the joy of the prize-winners in dithyrambic strophes. "The father embraced the son, the brother the brother, the husband his consort. More than one showed his humble medal with pride; and no doubt when he got home to his good housewife, weeping, he hung it up on the modest walls of his cot.

"About six o'clock a banquet prepared in the meadow of Monsieur Liégeard brought together the principal personages of the fête. The greatest cordiality reigned here. Divers toasts were proposed: Monsieur Lieuvain, the King; Monsieur Tuvache, the Prefect; Monsieur Derozerays, Agriculture; Monsieur Homais, Industry and the Fine Arts, those twin sisters; Monsieur Leplichey, Progress. In the evening some brilliant fireworks suddenly illumined the air. One would have called it a veritable kaleidoscope, a

real operatic scene; and for a moment our little village might have thought itself transported into the midst of a dream of the 'Thousand and One Nights.'

"Let us add that no untoward event disturbed this family meeting." And he added: "Only the absence of the clergy was remarked. No doubt the priests understand progress in another fashion. Just as you please, Messieurs the followers of Loyola!"

CHAPTER IX

THE TEMPTER'S VOICE

SIX weeks passed, and no more was seen of Rodolphe. Finally he appeared one evening.

The day after the fair he had said to himself: "I mustn't go there again too soon; that would be a mistake."

And at the end of a week he had gone away hunting. After the hunting he had thought it was too late, and then he reasoned:

"If from the first day she loved me, she must, from impatience to see me again, love me more. I'll go on with it!"

He knew that his calculation had been right when, as he entered the room, he saw Emma turn pale.

She was alone. The day was closing. The small muslin curtain along the windows deepened the twilight, and the gilding of the barometer, on which the rays of the sun fell, shone in the mirror between the branches of the coral.

Rodolphe remained standing, and Emma hardly answered his first conventional phrases.

"I have been busy," he said, "and I have been ill."

"Seriously?" she exclaimed.

"Well," said Rodolphe, sitting down at her side on a footstool, "no; it was because I did not wish to come back."

"Why?"

"Can you not guess?"

He looked at her again, but so fixedly that she lowered her head, blushing. He went on:

"Emma!"

"Monsieur," she said, drawing back a little.

"Ah! you see," replied he in a melancholy voice, "that I was right not to come back; for this name, this name that fills my whole soul, and that escaped me, you forbid me to use! Madame Bovary! why, all the world calls you thus! Besides, it is not your name; it is the name of another!" he repeated, "of another!" And he buried his face in his hands. "Yes, I think of you constantly. The memory of you drives me to despair. Ah, forgive me! I will leave you! Farewell! I will go far away, so far that you never will hear of me again; and yet-to-day—I know not what force impelled me toward you. For one does not struggle against Heaven; one cannot resist the smile of angels; one is carried away by that which is beautiful, charming, adorable."

It was the first time that Emma had heard such words spoken to herself, and her pride, like one who reposes bathed in warmth, expanded softly and fully at this glowing language.

"But if I did not come," he continued, "if I could not see you, at least I have gazed long on all that surrounds you. At night—every night—I arose; I came here; I watched your house, its roof glimmering in the moon, the trees in the garden swaying before your

window, and the little lamp, a gleam shining through the window-panes in the darkness. Ah, you never knew that there, so near you, so far from you, was a poor wretch!"

She turned toward him with a sob.

"Oh, you are good!" she said.

"No, I love you, that is all! You do not doubt that! Tell me—one word—only one word!"

And Rodolphe imperceptibly glided from the foot-stool to the floor; but a sound of wooden shoes was heard in the kitchen, and he noticed that the door of the room was not closed.

"How kind it would be of you," he went on, rising, "if you would humour a whim of mine." It was to go over her house; he wished to know it; and as Madame Bovary saw no objection to this they both rose, when Charles came in.

"Good morning, doctor," Rodolphe said to him.

The doctor, flattered at this unexpected title, launched out into obsequious phrases. Of this the other took advantage to compose himself a little.

"Madame was speaking to me," he said, "about her health."

Charles interrupted him; he had indeed a thousand anxieties; his wife's palpitations of the heart were beginning again. Then Rodolphe asked whether riding would not be good.

"Certainly! excellent! just the thing! There's an idea! You ought to follow it up."

And as Emma objected that she had no horse, Monsieur Rodolphe offered one. She refused his offer; he did not insist. Then to explain his visit he said that his ploughman, the man of the blood-letting, still suffered from dizziness.

"I'll call," said Bovary.

"No, no! I'll send him to you; we will come here; that will be more convenient for you."

"Ah, very good! I thank you."

As soon as they were alone, Charles inquired, "Why don't you accept Monsieur Boulanger's kind offer?"

Emma assumed a sulky air, invented a thousand excuses, and finally declared that perhaps it would look strange.

"Well, what the deuce do I care for that?" said Charles, turning a pirouette. "Health before everything! You are wrong."

"And how do you think I can ride when I haven't a habit?"

"You must order one," he answered.

The riding-habit decided her. When it was ready, Charles wrote to Monsieur Boulanger that his wife was at his command, and that they counted on his kindness.

The next day at noon Rodolphe appeared at Charles's door with two saddle-horses. One had pink rosettes at his ears and a deerskin side-saddle.

Rodolphe had put on high, soft boots, saying to himself that no doubt Emma never had seen anything like them. In fact, she was charmed with his appearance as he stood on the landing in his great velvet coat and white corduroy breeches.

Justin escaped from the chemist's to see her set out, and the chemist also came over. He gave Monsieur Boulanger a little good advice.

"An accident happens so easily! Be careful! Your horses perhaps are mettlesome."

She heard a noise above her; it was Félicité drumming on the window-panes to amuse little Berthe. The child blew her a kiss; her mother answered with a wave of her whip.

"A pleasant ride!" cried Monsieur Homais. "Prudence! above all, prudence!" And he flourished his newspaper as he saw them disappear.

As soon as he felt the ground, Emma's horse set off at a gallop. Rodolphe galloped by her side. At times they exchanged a word. With her figure slightly bent, her hands well up, she gave herself up to the cadence of the movement that rocked her in her saddle. At the bottom of the hill Rodolphe gave his horse its head; they started together at a bound, then at the top suddenly the horses stopped, and Emma's large blue veil fell about her.

On the turf between the pines a brown light shimmered in the warm atmosphere. The earth, ruddy-brown like the powder of tobacco, deadened the noise of their steps, and with the edges of their shoes the horses kicked the fallen fir cones in front of them as they walked.

Rodolphe and Emma thus went along the skirt of the wood. She turned away from time to time to avoid his look, and then she saw only the pine trunks in lines, the monotonous succession of which made her a little dizzy. The horses were panting; the leather of the saddles creaked.

As they entered the forest the sun shone out.

"God protects us!" said Rodolphe.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"Forward! forward!" he continued.

He clicked with his tongue. The two beasts set off at a trot. Long ferns by the roadside caught in Emma's stirrup. Rodolphe leaned forward and removed them as they rode along. At other times, to turn aside the branches, he passed close to her, and Emma felt his knee brushing against her own.

They dismounted. Rodolphe fastened the horses.

Emma walked in front on the moss between the paths. But her long habit got in her way, although she held it up by the skirt; and Rodolphe walking behind her, saw between the black cloth and the black shoe the fineness of her white stocking, which seemed to him as if it were a part of her flesh.

She stopped. "I am tired," she said.

"Come, try again," he went on. "Courage!"

About a hundred paces farther on she stopped again, and through her veil, that fell sidewise from her mannish hat to her hips, her face appeared in a bluish transparency as if she were floating under azure waves.

"But where are we going?" she inquired.

He did not answer. She was breathing quickly. Rodolphe looked around, biting his moustache. They came to a larger space where the underbrush had been cut, and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree. Rodolphe began speaking to her of his love. He did not begin by frightening her with compliments. He was calm, serious, melancholy.

Emma listened to him with bowed head, and stirred the bits of wood on the ground with the tip of her foot.

But at the words, "Are not our destinies now one——"

"Oh, no!" she replied. "You know that well. It is impossible!"

She rose to go. He seized her by the wrist. She stopped. Then, having gazed at him for a few seconds with an amorous look, she said hurriedly:

"Ah, do not speak of it again! Where are the horses? Let us go back."

He made a gesture of anger and annoyance. She repeated:

"Where are the horses? Where are the horses?"

Then, smiling a strange smile, his pupils fixed, his teeth clenched, he advanced with outstretched arms. She recoiled trembling, and stammered:

"Oh, you frighten me! You hurt me! Let us go!"

"If it must be," he went on, his face changing; and he again became respectful, caressing, timid. She gave him her arm. They went back.

"What was the matter with you?" he said. "Why? I do not understand. You were mistaken, no doubt. In my soul you are as a Madonna on a pedestal, in a place lofty, secure, immaculate. But I want you for my life. I must have your eyes, your voice, your thought! Be my friend, my sister, my angel!"

He put his arm round her waist. She tried feebly to disengage herself. He supported her thus as they walked along.

They heard the horses browsing among the leaves.

"Oh, one moment!" said Rodolphe. "Do not let us go! Stay!"

He drew her farther on to a small pool where duckweeds made a greenness on the water. Faded waterlilies lay motionless between the reeds. At the noise of their steps in the grass frogs jumped away to hide themselves.

"I am wrong! I am wrong!" she said. "I am mad to listen to you!"

"Why? Emma! Emma!"

"Oh, Rodolphe!" said the young woman slowly, leaning on his shoulder.

The cloth of her habit caught against the velvet of his coat. She threw back her white neck, swelling with a sigh, and faltering, in tears, with a long shudder and hiding her face, she yielded to him.

The shadow of twilight was falling; the sun between the branches dazzled the eyes. Here and there around

her, in the leaves or on the ground, trembled luminous patches, as if humming-birds flying about had scattered their feathers. Silence was everywhere; something sweet seemed to come forth from the trees; she felt her heart, which began to throb again, and the warm blood coursed through her veins like a stream of milk. Far away, beyond the wood, on the other hills, she heard a vague prolonged cry, a voice which lingered, and in silence she heard it mingling like music with the last pulsations of her throbbing nerves. Rodolphe, a cigar between his lips, was mending with his penknife one of the two broken bridles.

They returned to Yonville by the same road. In the mud they saw again the traces of their horses side by side, the same thickets, the same stones in the grass: nothing around them seemed changed; and yet for her something had happened more stupendous than if the mountains had moved in their places. From time to time Rodolphe bent forward and took her hand to kiss it.

She was charming on horseback—erect, with her slender waist, her knee bent on the neck of her horse, her face flushed by the fresh air in the rosy glow of evening.

On entering Yonville she made her horse prance along the road. People looked at her from the windows.

At dinner her husband thought she looked well, but she pretended not to hear him when he inquired about her ride, and she remained sitting there with her elbow at the side of her plate between the two lighted candles.

"Emma!" he said.

"What?"

"I spent the afternoon at Monsieur Alexandre's.

He has an old horse, still very fine, only a little broken-kneed, which could be bought, I am sure, for a hundred crowns." He added, "And thinking it might please you, I have bespoken it—bought it. Have I done right? Do tell me!"

She nodded her head in assent.

"Are you going out to-night?" she asked, a quarter of an hour later.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear!"

And as soon as she had got rid of Charles she went and shut herself up in her room.

At first she felt stunned; she saw the trees, the paths, the ditches, Rodolphe, and again she felt the pressure of his arm, while the leaves rustled and the reeds whistled.

But when she looked at herself in the mirror she wondered at her face. Never had her eyes been so large, so black, of so profound a depth. Something subtle about her being transfigured her. She repeated, "I have a lover! a lover!" delighting in the idea as if a second puberty had come to her. At last she was to know those joys of love, that fever of happiness of which she had despaired! She was entering a marvellous region where all would be passion, ecstasy, delirium. An azure infinity encompassed her, the heights of sentiment sparkled under her thought, and ordinary existence appeared only afar off, down in the shade, seen through the interspaces of these heights.

She recalled the heroines in books she had read, and the lyric region of these adulterous women began to sing in her memory with the voice of sisters that charmed her. She became herself, as it were, an actual part of these imaginings, and realised the love-dream of her youth as she saw herself in this type of amorous

women whom she had so envied. Besides all this, she felt a satisfaction of revenge. Had she not suffered enough? But now she triumphed, and the love so long pent up burst forth in full, joyous effervescence. She tasted it without remorse, without anxiety.

The day following passed with a new sweetness. They made mutual vows. She told him of her sorrows. Rodolphe interrupted her with kisses; and she, looking at him through half-closed eyes, asked him to call her again by her name—to say that he loved her. They were in the forest, as yesterday, in a shed belonging to a wooden-shoe maker. The walls were of straw, and the roof was so low they had to stoop. They were seated side by side on a bed of dry leaves.

Thenceforth they wrote to each other regularly every evening. Emma put her letter at the end of the garden, by the river, in a fissure of the wall. Rodolphe came to find it, and put another there, with which she always found fault as being too short.

One morning, when Charles had gone out before daybreak, she was seized with the fancy to see Rodolphe at once. She would go quickly to La Huchette, stay there an hour, and be back again at Yonville while everyone was still asleep. This idea fired her with desire, and she soon found herself in the middle of the field, walking swiftly, without looking behind her.

Day was just breaking. Emma recognised her lover's house from afar. Its two dove-tailed weathercocks stood out black against the pale dawn.

Beyond the farmyard was a detached building that she thought must be the château. She entered it as if the doors at her approach had opened wide of their own accord. A wide, straight staircase led up to the corridor. Emma raised the latch of a door, and sud-

denly at the end of the room she saw a man sleeping. It was Rodolphe. She uttered a cry.

"You here? You here?" he repeated. "How did you manage to come? Ah, your dress is damp."

"I love you!" she answered, passing her arms round his neck.

This first piece of daring having been successful, every time Charles went out early Emma dressed quickly and slipped on tiptoe down the steps that led to the waterside.

But when the plank for the cows was taken up, she had to go by the walls alongside the river; the bank was slippery; to save herself from falling she caught hold of the tufts of faded wallflowers. Then she went across ploughed fields, in which she sank, stumbling, and clogging her thin shoes. Her scarf, tied round her head, fluttered in the wind from the meadows. She was afraid of the oxen; she began to run; she arrived out of breath, with rosy cheeks, and exhaling from her whole person a fresh perfume of sap, of verdure, of the open air. At this hour Rodolphe still slept. It was like a spring morning coming into his room.

The yellow curtains along the windows admitted a heavy, whitish light. Emma felt about, opening and closing her eyes, while the drops of dew hanging from her hair formed, as it were, a topaz aureole around her face. Rodolphe, laughing, drew her to him and pressed her to his breast.

Then she examined the apartment, opened the drawers of the tables, combed her hair with his comb, and looked at herself in his shaving-mirror. Often she even put between her teeth the big pipe that lay on the table by the bed, among lemons and pieces of sugar near a bottle of water.

It took at least a quarter of an hour to say good-bye. Then Emma would weep. She wished never to leave Rodolphe. Something stronger than herself forced her to him; so much so, that one day, when she arrived unexpectedly, he frowned as if vexed.

"What is the matter with you?" she said. "Are you ill? Tell me!"

At last he declared with a serious air that her visits were becoming imprudent—that she was compromising herself.

CHAPTER X

A TANGLED WEB

RODOLPHE'S fears by degrees took possession of Emma also. At first love had intoxicated her, and she had thought of nothing further. But now that he was indispensable to her life, she feared to lose anything of this, or even that it should be disturbed. When she returned from his house, she looked all about her, anxiously watching every form that passed in the horizon, and every village window from which she could be seen.

One morning as she was returning thus, she suddenly thought she saw the long barrel of a carbine that seemed to be aimed at her. It stuck out sidewise from the end of a small tub half-buried in the grass beside a ditch. Emma, half-swooning with terror, nevertheless walked on, and a man stepped out of the tub like a Jack-in-the-box. He had gaiters buckled up to the knees, a cap pulled down over his eyes, trem-

bling lips, and a red nose. It was Captain Binet, lying in ambush for wild ducks.

"You ought to have called out long ago!" he exclaimed. "When one sees a gun, one should always give warning."

The tax-collector was trying to hide the fright he had had, for, a prefectorial order having prohibited duck-hunting except in boats, Monsieur Binet, despite his respect for the law, was infringing it, and so he expected every moment to see the rural guard appear. But this anxiety whetted his pleasure, and, all alone in his tub, he congratulated himself on his luck and his cleverness.

At sight of Emma he seemed relieved from a great alarm, and at once opened a conversation.

"It isn't very warm; it is really cold."

Emma made no reply. He continued:

"And you're out so early?"

"Yes," she said stammering; "I am just coming from the nurse where my child is."

"Ah! very good! very good! As for me, I have been here, just as you see me, since daybreak; but the weather is so foggy, that unless one had the bird at the mouth of the gun——"

"Good morning, Monsieur Binet," she interrupted him, turning on her heel.

"Your servant, Madame," he replied dryly; and he went back into his tub.

Emma regretted having left the tax-collector so abruptly. No doubt he would form unfavourable conjectures. The story about the nurse was the worst possible excuse, everyone at Yonville knowing that the little Bovary girl had been at home with her parents for a year. Besides, no one lived in that direction; this path led only to La Huchette. Binet,

then, would guess whence she came, and he would not be quiet; he would talk, that was certain. Until evening she racked her brain with every conceivable lying project, and had continually before her eyes that imbecile with the game-bag.

Seeing her gloomy, Charles proposed, after dinner, by way of distraction, to take her to the chemist's, and the first person she saw in the shop was the tax-collector again. He was standing before the counter, lighted by the gleams of the red bottle, and was saying:

"Please give me half an ounce of vitriol."

"Justin," called the chemist, "bring us the sulphuric acid." Then to Emma, who was going up to Madame Homais' room, "No, stay here; it isn't worth while going up; she is just coming down. Warm yourself at the stove in the mean time. Excuse me. Good evening, doctor" (for the chemist much enjoyed pronouncing the word "doctor," as if addressing another by it reflected on himself some of the grandeur that he found in it). "Now, take care not to upset the mortars! You had better bring some chairs from the little room; you know very well that the armchairs are not to be taken out of the drawing-room."

And to put his armchair back in its place he was darting away from the counter, when Binet asked him for half an ounce of sugar acid.

"Sugar acid!" said the chemist contemptuously, "don't know it; I'm ignorant of it! Perhaps you want oxalic acid. It is oxalic acid, isn't it?"

Binet explained that he wanted a corrosive to make himself some copper-water with which to remove rust from his hunting equipments.

Emma trembled. The chemist began saying:

"Indeed the weather is not propitious on account of the damp."

"Nevertheless," replied the tax-collector, with a sly wink, "there are people who like it."

Emma was stifling.

"And give me——"

"Will he never go?" she thought.

"Half an ounce of resin and turpentine, four ounces of yellow wax, and three half ounces of animal charcoal, if you please, to clean the varnished leather of my things."

The chemist was beginning to cut the wax when Madame Homais appeared, Irma in her arms, Napoléon by her side, and Athalie following. She sat down on the velvet seat by the window, and the boy squatted on a footstool, while his elder sister hovered round the jujube box near her papa. The latter was filling funnels and corking bottles, sticking on labels, making up parcels. Around him all were silent; only from time to time were heard the weights jingling in the balance, and a few low words from the chemist giving directions to his pupil.

"And how's the little girl?" suddenly asked Madame Homais.

"Silence!" exclaimed her husband, who was writing down some figures in his waste-book.

"Why didn't you bring her?" she continued in a low voice.

"Hush! hush!" said Emma, pointing with her finger to the chemist.

But Binet, quite absorbed in looking over his bill, had probably heard nothing. At last he went out. Then Emma, relieved, uttered a deep sigh.

"How hard you are breathing!" said Madame Homais.

" Well, you see, it's rather warm," she replied.

So the next day she and Rodolphe talked about arranging their rendezvous. Emma wished to bribe her servant with a present, but it would be better to find some safe house at Yonville. Rodolphe promised to look for one.

Throughout the winter, three or four times a week, he came to the garden at night. Emma had taken away the key of the gate, and Charles thought it was lost.

To summon her, Rodolphe threw a handful of sand at the shutters. She jumped up with a start; but sometimes he had to wait, for Charles had a mania for chatting by the fireside, and would not stop. She was wild with impatience; if her eyes could have done it, she would have hurled him out of the window. At last she would begin to undress, then take up a book, and read very quietly as if the book interested her. But Charles, who would then be in bed, would call to her to come too.

" Come, now, Emma," he said, " it is time."

" Yes, I am coming," she answered.

Then, as the candles annoyed him, he turned to the wall and fell asleep. She escaped, smiling, palpitating, in *négligée*.

Rodolphe had a large cloak; he wrapped her in it, and putting his arm round her waist, he drew her without a word to the end of the garden.

They entered the arbour, and sat on the same seat of old sticks where formerly Léon had looked at her so amorously in the summer evenings. She never thought of him now.

The stars shone through the leafless jasmine branches. Behind them they heard the river rippling, and at times on the bank the rustling of the dry reeds.

Masses of shadow loomed in the darkness here and there, and sometimes, vibrating with one movement, they rose and swayed like immense black waves pressing forward to engulf them. The coldness of the nights made them embrace closer; the sighs of their lips seemed to them deeper; their eyes, which they could hardly see, larger; and in the midst of the silence low words were spoken that fell on their souls sonorous, crystalline, reverberating in multiplied vibrations.

When the night was rainy they took refuge in the consulting-room between the carriage-house and the stable. She lighted one of the kitchen candles, which she had hidden behind the books. Rodolphe settled down there as if at home. The sight of the library, of the desk, of the whole apartment, in short, excited his merriment, and he could not refrain from making jokes about Charles, which rather embarrassed Emma. She would have liked to see him more serious, and even on occasions more dramatic; as, for example, when she thought she heard steps in the alley.

"Some one is coming!" she said.

He blew out the light.

"Have you your pistol?"

"Why?"

"Why, to defend yourself," replied Emma.

"From your husband? Oh, poor devil!" And Rodolphe finished his sentence with a gesture that said, "I could crush him with a stroke of my finger."

She was amazed at his bravery, although she felt in it a sort of indecency and a naïve coarseness that shocked her.

Rodolphe reflected for some time on the affair of the pistol. If she spoke seriously, it was very ridiculous, he thought, even odious; for he had no reason to hate

the good Charles, not being what is called devoured by jealousy; and on this subject Emma had taken a solemn vow that he did not think in the best taste.

Besides, she was growing very sentimental. She had insisted on exchanging miniatures; they had cut off locks of hair, and now she was asking for a ring—a real wedding-ring, in sign of eternal union. She often spoke to him of the evening chimes, of the voices of nature. Then she talked to him of her mother—hers! and of his mother—his! Rodolphe had lost his twenty years ago. But Emma consoled him with caressing words as one would have spoken to a lost child, and she sometimes even said, gazing at the moon:

"I am sure that up there they approve of our love."

But she was so pretty! He had possessed few women of such ingenuousness. This love without debauchery was a new experience for him, and, drawing him out of his lazy habits, it flattered at once his pride and his sensuality. Emma's enthusiasm, which his *bourgeois* common sense disdained, seemed charming to him in his heart of hearts, since it was lavished on himself! After awhile, sure of being loved, he no longer kept up an appearance of ardour, and insensibly his ways changed.

He used no longer, as formerly, words so gentle that they made her weep, nor passionate caresses that made her mad, so that their great love, which engrossed her life, seemed to grow shallow beneath her, like the water of a stream absorbed into its channel, and she could see the bed of it. She would not believe it; she redoubled in tenderness, and Rodolphe concealed his indifference less and less.

She did not know whether she regretted having yielded to him, or whether she did not wish, on the contrary, to enjoy him the more. The humiliation of

feeling herself weak was turning to rancour, tempered by their voluptuous pleasures. It was not affection; it was like a continual seduction. He subjugated her; she almost feared him.

Appearances, nevertheless, were calmer than ever, Rodolphe having succeeded in carrying out the affair after his own fancy; and at the end of six months, when the springtime came, they were to one another like a married couple, keeping up a domestic flame.

It was the time of year when old Rouault sent his turkey in remembrance of the setting of his leg. The present always arrived with a letter. Emma cut the string that tied it to the basket, and read the following lines:

"My Dear Children: I hope this will find you in good health, and that it will be as good as the others, for it seems to me a little more tender, if I may venture to say so, and heavier. But next time, for a change, I'll give you a turkey-cock, unless you have a preference for some little ones; and send me back the basket, if you please, with the two old ones. I have had an accident with my cart-sheds, the covering flew off among the trees one windy night. The harvest has not been very good either. Finally, I don't know when I shall come to see you. It is so difficult now to leave the house since I am alone, my poor Emma."

Here there was a break in the lines, as if the old man had dropped his pen to dream a little while.

"For myself, I am very well, except for a cold I caught the other day at the fair at Yvetot, where I had gone to hire a shepherd, having turned away mine because he was too dainty. How we are to be pitied with such a lot of thieves! Besides, he was also rude. I heard from a pedlar, who, travelling through your part of the country this winter, had a tooth drawn, that Bovary was working hard as usual. That doesn't surprise me; and he showed me his tooth; we had some coffee together. I asked him whether he had seen you, and he said he had not, but that he had seen two horses in the stable, from which I conclude that business is improving. So much

the better, my dear children, and may God send you every imaginable happiness! It grieves me not yet to have seen my dear little granddaughter, Berthe Bovary. I have planted an Orléans plum-tree for her in the garden under your room, and I won't have it touched unless it is to have jam made for her by-and-bye, which I will keep in the cupboard for when she comes.

"Good-bye, my dear children. I kiss you, my girl, you too, my son-in-law, and the little one on both cheeks. I am, with best compliments, your loving father,

"Théodore Rouault."

She held the coarse paper in her fingers for some minutes. The mistakes in spelling were interwoven one with another, and Emma followed the kindly thought that cackled through it like a hen half hidden in a hedge of thorns. The writing had been dried with ashes from the hearth, for a little grey powder fell from the letter on her skirt, and she almost thought she saw her father bending over the hearth to take up the tongs. How long it was since she had been with him, sitting on the footstool in the chimney-corner, where she used to burn the end of a bit of wood in the great flame of the sea-sedges! She remembered the summer evenings, full of sunshine. The colts neighed when any one passed, and galloped, galloped. Under her window was a beehive, and sometimes the bees, wheeling round in the light, struck against her panes like rebounding balls of gold. What happiness she had enjoyed at that time, what freedom, what hope! What an abundance of illusions! Nothing was left of them now.

But what made her so unhappy, then? What was the extraordinary catastrophe that had transformed her? And she raised her head, looking round as if to seek the cause of that which made her suffer.

An April ray was dancing on the china of the cabinet; the fire burned; beneath her slippers she felt the

softness of the carpet; the day was bright, the air warm, and she heard her child shouting with laughter.

In fact, the little girl was just then rolling on the lawn in the midst of the grass that was being turned. She was lying flat on her stomach at the top of a rick.

"Bring her to me," said her mother, rushing to embrace her. "How I love you, my poor child! How I love you!"

Then, noticing that the tips of her ears were not clean, she rang at once for warm water, and washed her, changed her linen, her stockings, her shoes, asked a thousand questions about her health, as if she had just returned from a long journey, and finally, kissing her again and crying a little, she gave her back to the maid, who stood amazed at this excess of tenderness.

That evening Rodolphe found her more serious than usual.

"That will pass over," he concluded; "it's a whim."

And he missed three rendezvous running. When he did come, she showed herself cold and almost contemptuous.

"Ah! you're losing your time, my lady!" said he to himself.

He pretended not to notice her melancholy sighs, nor the handkerchief she took out.

Then Emma repented. She even asked herself why she detested Charles, and whether it would not have been better to be able to love him? But he gave her no opportunities for such a revival of sentiment, so that she was much embarrassed by her desire for sacrifice, when the chemist came just in time to provide her with an opportunity.

CHAPTER XI

EXPERIMENTS IN SCIENCE

HOMAIS had recently read a eulogy on a new method for curing club-foot, and as he was a partisan of progress, he conceived the patriotic idea that Yonville, in order to keep up to the times, ought to have some operations for strephopody or club-foot.

"What risk is there?" said he to Emma. "See" (and he enumerated on his fingers the advantages of the attempt), "success, almost certain relief and beautifying of the patient, celebrity acquired by the operator. Why, for example, should not your husband relieve Hippolyte of the Lion d'Or? Remember that he would not fail to tell about his cure to all the travellers, and then" (Homais lowered his voice and looked round him) "who is to prevent me from sending a short paragraph on the subject to the paper? Well, an article gets about; it is talked of; it ends by making a snowball! And who knows? who knows?"

In fact, Bovary might succeed. Nothing as yet had proved to Emma that he was not clever; and what a satisfaction for her to have urged him to a step whereby his reputation and fortune would be increased! She wished to lean on something more solid than love.

Charles, urged by the chemist and by Emma, allowed himself to be persuaded. He sent to Rouen for Dr. Duval's volume, and every evening, holding his head between both hands, plunged into study.

While he was studying equinus, varus, and valgus, that is to say, *katastrephopody, endostrephopody*, and

exostrephopody (or better, the various turnings of the foot downward, inward, and outward, with the *hypostrephopody* and *anastrephopody*), otherwise torsion downward and upward, Monsieur Homais, with all sorts of arguments, was exhorting the lad at the inn to submit to the operation.

"You will feel, probably, only a slight pain; it is a simple prick, like a little blood-letting, less than the extraction of certain corns."

Hippolyte, reflecting, rolled his stupid eyes.

"However," continued the chemist, "it doesn't concern me. It's for your sake, for pure humanity! I should like to see you, my friend, rid of your hideous claudication, together with that waddling of the lumbar regions which, whatever you say, must considerably interfere with you in the exercise of your calling."

Then Homais represented to him how much jollier and brisker he would feel afterward, and even hinted that he would be more likely to please the women; whereat the stable-boy began to smile heavily. Then he attacked him through his vanity:

"Aren't you a man? Hang it! what would you have done if you had had to go into the army, to go and fight beneath the standard? Ah, Hippolyte!"

And Homais retired, declaring that he could not understand this obstinacy, this blindness in refusing the benefactions of science.

The poor fellow yielded, for it was like a conspiracy. Binet, who never interfered with other people's business, Madame Lefrançois, Artémise, the neighbours, even the Mayor, Monsieur Tuvache—everyone persuaded him, lectured him, shamed him; but what finally decided him was that it would cost him nothing. Bovary even undertook to provide the machine for the operation. This generosity was an idea of

Emma's, and Charles consented to it, thinking in his heart of hearts that his wife was an angel.

So by the advice of the chemist, and after three attempts, he had a kind of box made by the carpenter, with the aid of the locksmith, that weighed about eight pounds, and in which iron, wood, sheet-iron, leather, screws, and nuts had not been spared.

But to know which of Hippolyte's tendons to cut, it was first necessary to find out what kind of club-foot he had.

He had a foot forming almost a straight line with the leg, which, however, did not prevent it from being turned in, so that it was an equinus together with something of a varus, or else a slight varus with a strong tendency to equinus. But with this equinus, wide in foot like a horse's hoof, with rugose skin, dry tendons, and large toes, on which the black nails looked as if made of iron, the club-footed man ran about like a deer from morning till night. He was constantly to be seen in the square, jumping round the carts, thrusting his limping foot forward. He seemed even stronger on that leg than the other.

Now, as it was an equinus, it was necessary to cut the tendon Achillis, and, if need were, the anterior tibial muscle could be operated on afterward for getting rid of the varus; for the doctor did not dare to risk both operations at once; he was even trembling already for fear of injuring some important region that he did not know.

Neither Ambrose Paré, applying for the first time since Celsus, after an interval of fifteen centuries, a ligature to an artery, nor Dupuytren, about to open an abscess in the brain, nor Gensoul when he first took away the superior maxilla, had hearts that trembled, hands that shook, minds so strained as had Monsieur

Bovary when he approached Hippolyte, his tenotome between his fingers. And, as at hospitals, near by on a table lay a heap of lint, with waxed thread, many bandages—a pyramid of bandages—every bandage to be found at the chemist's. It was Monsieur Homais who since morning had been organising all these preparations, as much to dazzle the multitude as to keep up his own illusions. Charles pierced the skin; a dry crackling was heard. The tendon was cut, the operation was over. Hippolyte could not recover from his surprise, but bent over Bovary's hands to cover them with kisses.

"Come, be calm," said the chemist; "later you will show your gratitude to your benefactor."

And he went down to tell the result to five or six inquirers who were waiting in the yard, and who fancied that Hippolyte would reappear walking properly. Then Charles, having buckled his patient into the machine, went home, where Emma, all anxiety, awaited him at the door. She threw herself on his neck; they sat down to table; he ate much, and at dessert he even wanted to take a cup of coffee, a luxury he permitted himself only on Sundays when there was company.

The evening was charming, full of prattle, of dreams together. They talked about their future fortune, of the improvements to be made in their house; he saw people's estimation of him growing, his comforts increasing, his wife always loving him; and she was happy to refresh herself with a new sentiment, healthier, better, to feel at last some tenderness for this poor fellow who adored her. The thought of Rodolphe for one moment passed through her mind, but her eyes turned again to Charles; she even noticed with surprise that he had not bad teeth.

They were in bed when Monsieur Homais, in spite

of the servant, suddenly entered the room, holding in his hand a sheet of paper just written. It was the paragraph he intended for the *Fanal de Rouen.* He brought it them to read.

"Read it yourself," said Bovary.

He read—

"'Despite the prejudices that still invest a part of the face of Europe like a net, the light nevertheless begins to penetrate our country places. On Tuesday our little town of Yonville found itself the scene of a surgical operation which is at the same time an act of loftiest philanthropy. Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners——'"

"Oh, that is too much! too much!" said Charles, choking with emotion.

"No, no! not at all! What next!"

"'——Performed an operation on a club-footed man.'

"I have not used the scientific term, because you know in a newspaper perhaps everyone would not understand. The masses must——"

"No doubt," said Bovary; "go on!"

"I proceed," said the chemist:

"'Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners, performed an operation on a club-footed man called Hippolyte Tautain, stable-man for the last twenty-five years at the hotel of the "Lion d'Or," kept by Widow Lefrançois, at the Place d'Armes. The novelty of the attempt, and the interest incident to the subject, had attracted such a concourse of persons that there was a veritable obstruction on the threshold of the establishment. The operation, moreover, was performed as if by magic, and barely a few drops of blood appeared on the skin, as if to say that the rebellious tendon had at last given way beneath the efforts of art. The pa-

tient, strangely enough—we affirm it as an eye-witness—did not complain of pain. His condition up to the present time leaves nothing to be desired. Everything tends to show that his convalescence will be brief; and who knows even if at our next village festivity we shall not see our good Hippolyte figuring in the bacchic dance in the midst of a chorus of joyous boon companions, thus proving to all eyes by his gayety and his capers his complete cure? Honour, then, to the generous savants! Honour to those indefatigable spirits who consecrate their vigils to the amelioration or to the alleviation of their kind! Honour, thrice honour! Is it not time to cry that the blind shall see, the deaf hear, the lame walk? But that which fanaticism formerly promised to its elect science now accomplishes for all men. We shall keep our readers informed as to the successive phases of this remarkable cure.'"

This did not prevent Mère Lefrançois from coming five days later, scared, and crying out:

"Help! he is dying! I am going crazy!"

Charles rushed to the Lion d'Or, and the chemist, who caught sight of him passing along the square hatless, abandoned his shop. He appeared himself breathless, red, anxious, and asking everyone who was going up the stairs:

"Why, what's the matter with our interesting strephopode?"

The strephopode was writhing in hideous convulsions, so that the machine in which his leg was enclosed was knocked against the wall violently enough to break it.

With many precautions, in order not to disturb the position of the limb, the box was removed, and an awful sight was revealed. The outlines of the foot

had disappeared in such a swelling that the skin seemed about to burst, and it was covered with ecchymosis, caused by the famous machine. Hippolyte had already complained of suffering from it. No attention had been paid to him; they had to acknowledge that he had not been altogether wrong, and he was freed for a few hours. But hardly had the œdema gone down to some extent, than the two savants thought fit to put back the limb in the apparatus, strapping it tighter to hasten matters. At last, three days later, as Hippolyte was unable to endure it any longer, they once more removed the machine, and were much surprised at the result they saw. The livid tumefaction had spread over the leg, with blisters here and there, whence oozed a black liquid. Matters were taking a serious turn. Hippolyte began to worry himself, and Mère Lefrançois had him installed in the little room near the kitchen, so that he might at least have some distraction.

But the tax-collector, who dined there every day, complained bitterly of such companionship. Then Hippolyte was removed to the billiard-room. He lay there moaning under his heavy coverings, pale, with unshaved beard, sunken eyes, and turning his perspiring head on the dirty pillow, where the flies alighted. Madame Bovary went to see him. She brought him linen for his poultices; she comforted and encouraged him. Besides, he did not want for company, especially on market-days, when the peasants were knocking about the billiard-balls, fencing with the cues, smoking, drinking, singing, and bawling.

"How are you?" they said, clapping him on the shoulder. "Ah! you're not up to much, it seems, but it's your own fault. You should do this—do that!" They told him stories of people who had been cured by

other remedies. By way of consolation they added:

"You get discouraged too easily! Get up! You nurse yourself like a king! And, besides, old boy, you don't smell sweet!"

Gangrene, in fact, was spreading more and more. Bovary himself turned sick at the sight of it. He came every hour, every moment. Hippolyte looked at him with eyes full of terror, sobbing:

"When shall I get well? Oh, save me! How unfortunate I am! how unfortunate I am!"

Then the doctor would go away, always recommending him to diet himself.

"Don't listen to him, my lad," said Mère Lefrançois. "Haven't they tortured you enough already? You'll grow still weaker. Here! swallow this."

And she gave him some good beef-tea, a slice of mutton, a piece of bacon, and sometimes small glasses of brandy, which he had not the strength to drink.

Abbé Bournisien, hearing that he was growing worse, asked to see him. He began by pitying his sufferings, declaring at the same time that he ought to rejoice at them since it was the will of the Lord, and take advantage of the occasion to reconcile himself to Heaven.

"For," said the ecclesiastic in a paternal tone, "you rather neglected your duties; you were rarely seen at divine worship. How many years is it since you approached the holy table? I understand that your work, that the whirl of the world, may have kept you from care for your salvation. But now is the time to reflect. Yet don't despair. I have known great sinners, who, about to appear before God (you are not yet at this point, I know), had implored His mercy, and who certainly died in the best frame of mind. Let us hope that, like them, you will set us a good example. Thus,

as a precaution, what is to prevent you from saying morning and evening a 'Hail Mary, full of grace,' and 'Our Father which art in heaven'? Yes, do that, for my sake, to oblige me. That won't cost you anything. Will you promise me?"

The poor devil promised. The priest came back day after day. He chatted with the landlady, and even told anecdotes interspersed with jokes and puns that Hippolyte did not understand. Then, as soon as he could, he fell back upon matters of religion, putting on an appropriately pious expression.

His zeal seemed successful, for the patient soon manifested a desire to go on a pilgrimage to Bon-Secours if he were cured; to which Monsieur Bournisien replied that he saw no objection; two precautions were better than one; it was no risk anyhow.

The chemist was indignant at what he called the manœuvres of the priest; they were prejudicial, he said, to Hippolyte's convalescence, and he kept repeating to Madame Lefrançois, "Let him alone! let him alone! You disturb his morals with your mysticism."

But the good woman would listen to him no longer; he was the cause of it all. From a spirit of contradiction she hung up near the bedside of the patient a basin filled with holy-water and a branch of box.

But religion seemed no more able to succour him than surgery, and the invincible gangrene still spread from the extremities toward the stomach. It was all very well to vary the potions and change the poultices; every day the muscles rotted more and more; and at last Charles replied by an affirmative nod of the head when Mère Lefrançois asked him if she might not, as a forlorn hope, send for Monsieur Canivet of Neufchâtel, who was a celebrity.

This was a doctor of medicine, fifty years of age, en-

joying a good position and self-possessed, and he did not refrain from laughing disdainfully when he had uncovered the leg, mortified to the knee. Then, having flatly declared that it must be amputated, he went off to the chemist's to rail at the asses who could have reduced a poor man to such a state. Shaking Monsieur Homais by the coat, he shouted out in the shop:

"These are the inventions of Paris! These are the ideas of those gentry of the capital! It is like strabismus, chloroform, lithotrity, a heap of monstrosities that the Government ought to prohibit. But they wish to be considered clever, and they stuff you with remedies without troubling about the consequences. We are not so clever, not we! We are not savants, coxcombs, fops! We are practitioners; we cure people, and we should not dream of operating on anyone who is in perfect health. Straighten club-feet! As if one could straighten club-feet! It is as if one wished, for example, to make a hunchback straight!"

Homais suffered as he listened to this discourse, and he concealed his discomfiture beneath a courtier's smile; for he needed to humour Monsieur Canivet, whose prescriptions sometimes came as far as Yonville. So he did not take up the defence of Bovary; he did not even make a remark, and, renouncing his principles, he sacrificed his dignity to the more serious interests of his business.

This amputation of the leg by Dr. Canivet was a great event in the village. On that day all the inhabitants arose earlier, and the Grande Rue, although full of people, had something lugubrious about it, as if an execution had been expected. At the grocer's they discussed Hippolyte's illness; the shops did no business, and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's wife, did

not stir from her window, such was her impatience to see the surgeon arrive.

He came in his gig, which he drove himself. But the springs of the right side having sunk beneath the weight of his corpulence, the carriage leaned over a little, as it rolled along, and on the cushion beside him could be seen a large box covered with red leather, with three brass clasps shining grandly.

After the doctor had entered like a whirlwind the porch of the Lion d'Or, he ordered them to unharness his horse. Then he went into the stable to see that it was eating its oats; for on arriving at a patient's he looked after his mare and his gig first of all. This made people say:

"Ah! Monsieur Canivet's an odd character!"

And he was the more esteemed for this imperturbable coolness. The whole world to the last man might have died, and he would not have omitted the smallest of his habits.

Homais presented himself.

"I count on you," said the doctor. "Are we ready? Come along!"

But the chemist, turning red, confessed that he was too sensitive to assist at such an operation.

"When one is a simple spectator," he said, "the imagination, you know, is impressed. And then I am so very nervous!"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Canivet; "on the contrary, you seem to me inclined to apoplexy. Besides, that doesn't astonish me, for you chemist fellows are always poking about your kitchens, which must end by spoiling your constitutions. Now just look at me. I get up every day at four o'clock; I shave with cold water (and am never cold). I don't wear flannels, and I never catch cold; my carcass is good enough!

I live now in one way, now in another, like a philosopher, taking pot-luck; that is why I am not squeamish like you, and it is as indifferent to me to carve a Christian as the first fowl that turns up. Perhaps, you will say 'habit! habit!'"

Then, without any consideration for Hippolyte, who was sweating with agony between his sheets, these gentlemen entered into a conversation in which the chemist compared the coolness of a surgeon to that of a general; and this comparison was pleasing to Canivet, who launched out on the demands of his art. He looked upon it as a sacred office, although the ordinary practitioners dishonoured it. At last, coming back to the patient, he examined the bandages brought by Homais, the same that had appeared for the club-foot, and asked for some one to hold the limb for him. Lestiboudois was sent for, and Monsieur Canivet, having turned up his sleeves, passed into the billiard-room, while the chemist stayed with Artémise and the landlady, both whiter than their aprons, and with ears strained toward the door.

During this time Bovary did not dare to stir from his house. He kept downstairs in the sitting-room beside the fireless chimney, his chin on his breast, his hands clasped, his eyes staring. "What a mishap!" he thought, "what a mishap!" Perhaps, after all, he had made some slip. He thought it over, but could decide on nothing. But the most famous surgeons also made mistakes; yet that is what no one would ever believe! On the contrary, people would laugh, jeer! It would spread as far as Forges, Neufchâtel, Rouen, everywhere! Who could say whether his colleagues would not write against him. Polemics would ensue; he would have to reply in the papers. Hippolyte might even prosecute him. He saw himself dishonoured,

ruined, lost; and his imagination, assailed by a world of hypotheses, tossed among them like an empty cask borne by the sea and floating on the waves.

Sitting opposite, Emma watched him; she did not share his humiliation; she felt another—that of having supposed such a man was worth anything. As if twenty times already she had not sufficiently perceived his mediocrity!

Charles was walking up and down the room; his boots creaked on the floor.

"Sit down," she said; "you make me nervous."

He sat down.

How was it that she—she, who was so intelligent—could have allowed herself to be deceived again? and through what deplorable madness had she thus ruined her life by continual sacrifices? She recalled all her instincts of luxury, all the privations of her soul, the sordidness of marriage, of the household, her dreams sinking into the mire like wounded swallows; all that she had longed for, all that she had denied herself, all that she might have had! And for what? for what?

In the midst of the silence that hung over the village a heartrending cry arose on the air. Bovary turned white and almost fainted. Emma frowned with a nervous gesture. And it was for him, for this creature, for this man, who understood nothing, who felt nothing! For he sat there, quiet, not even suspecting that the ridicule of his name would henceforth sully hers as well as his. She had made efforts to love him, and she had repented with tears for having yielded to another!

"But it was perhaps a valgus!" suddenly exclaimed Bovary, who was meditating.

At the unexpected shock of this phrase falling on her thought like a leaden bullet on a silver plate,

Emma, shuddering, raised her head to find out what he meant to say; and they looked at each other in silence, almost amazed to see each other, so far sundered were they by their inner thoughts. Charles gazed at her with the dull look of a drunken man, while he listened motionless to the last cries of the sufferer, that followed one another in long-drawn modulations, broken by sharp yells like the far-off howling of some beast being slaughtered. Emma bit her pale lips, and rolling between her fingers a piece of coral that she had broken, fixed on Charles the burning glance of her eyes like two arrows of fire about to dart forth. Everything about him irritated her now: his face, his dress, what he did not say, his whole person, his existence, in short. She repented of her past virtue as of a crime, and what still remained of it crumbled away beneath the furious blows of her pride. She revelled in all the sinful ironies of triumphant adultery. The memory of her lover came back to her with dazzling attractions; she threw her whole soul into it, borne away toward this image with fresh enthusiasm; and Charles seemed to her as much removed from her life, as absent forever, as impossible and annihilated, as if he had been about to die.

There was a sound of steps on the pavement. Charles looked up, and through the lowered blinds he saw at the corner of the market in the broad sunshine Dr. Cavinet, who was wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. Homais, behind him, was carrying a large red box in his hand, and both were going toward the chemist's.

With a feeling of sudden tenderness and discouragement Charles turned to his wife, saying to her:

"Oh, kiss me, my love!"

"Leave me!" she said, red with anger.

"What is the matter?" he asked, stupefied. "Be calm; compose yourself. You know well enough that I love you. Come!"

"Enough!" she cried, with a terrible look.

And, escaping from the room, Emma closed the door so violently that the barometer fell from the wall and smashed on the floor.

Charles sank back into his armchair overwhelmed, trying to discover what could be wrong with her, fancying some nervous illness, weeping, and vaguely feeling something fatal and incomprehensible whirling round him.

When Rodolphe came to the garden that evening, he found his mistress waiting for him at the foot of the steps on the lowest stair. They threw their arms round each other, and all their rancour melted like snow beneath the warmth of that kiss.

CHAPTER XII

PREPARATIONS

THEIR love was renewed. Often, even in the middle of the day, Emma suddenly wrote to him, then from the window made a sign to Justin, who, taking his apron off, quickly ran to La Huchette with the note. Rodolphe would come; she had sent for him to tell him that she was bored, that her husband was odious, her life frightful.

"But what can I do?" he said impatiently one day.

"Ah! if you would——"

She was sitting on the floor between his knees, her hair loose, her look abstracted.

"Well, what?" Rodolphe asked.

She sighed.

"We would go and live elsewhere—somewhere!"

"You are really mad!" he said laughing. "How could that be possible?"

She returned to the subject; he pretended not to understand, and turned the conversation.

What he did not understand was all this worry about so simple an affair as love. But Emma had a motive, a reason, a pendant to her affection.

Her tenderness, in fact, grew each day with her repulsion to her husband. The more she gave herself up to the one, the more she loathed the other. Never had Charles seemed to her so disagreeable, to have such clumsy fingers, such common ways, to be so dull as when they found themselves together after she met Rodolphe. While playing the spouse and virtue she was burning at the thought of that head whose black hair fell in a curl over the sunburned brow, of that form at once so strong and elegant, of that man, in a word, who had such experience in his reasoning, such passion in his desires. It was for him that she filed her nails with the care of a gold-chaser, and that there never was enough cold cream for her skin, nor of patchouli for her handkerchiefs. She loaded herself with bracelets, rings, and necklaces. When he was coming she filled the two large blue glass vases with roses, and prepared her room and her person like a courtesan expecting a prince. The servant had to be constantly washing linen, and all day Félicité did not stir from the kitchen, where young Justin, who often kept her company, watched her at work.

With his elbows on the long board on which she was ironing, he greedily watched all this feminine attire spread out about him—the dimity petticoats, the fichus,

the collars, and the drawers with running-strings, wide at the hips and growing narrower below.

"What is that for?" asked the young fellow, passing his hand over the crinoline or the hooks and eyes.

"Why, haven't you ever seen anything?" Félicité answered laughing. "As if your mistress, Madame Homais, didn't wear the same."

"Oh, I daresay! Madame Homais!" And he added with a meditative air, "As if she were a lady like Madame!"

But Félicité grew impatient of seeing him hanging round her. She was six years older than he, and Théodore, Monsieur Guillaumin's servant, was beginning to pay court to her.

"Let me alone," she said, moving her pot of starch. "You'd better be off and pound almonds; you are always dangling about women. Before you meddle with such things, naughty boy, wait till you've got a beard to your chin."

"Oh, don't be cross! I'll go and clean her boots."

And he took down from the shelf Emma's boots, all coated with mud, the mud of the rendezvous, which crumbled into powder beneath his fingers, and which he watched as it gently rose in a ray of sunlight.

"How afraid you are of spoiling them!" said the servant, who wasn't so particular when she cleaned them herself, because as soon as the leather of the boot was no longer fresh Madame handed them to her.

Emma had several pairs in her cupboard that she wore out one after the other, without Charles allowing himself the slightest observation. So also he disbursed three hundred francs for a wooden leg of which she thought proper to make a present to Hippolyte. Its top was covered with cork, and it had spring joints, a complicated mechanism, covered over by black trous-

ers ending in a patent-leather boot. But Hippolyte, not daring to use such a handsome leg every day, begged Madame Bovary to get him another more convenient one. The doctor, of course, had again to defray the expense of this purchase.

So little by little the stable-man took up his work again. One saw him running about the village as before, and when Charles heard from afar the sharp nose of the wooden leg, he went in another direction.

It was Monsieur Lheureux, the shopkeeper, who had undertaken the order; this provided him with an excuse for visiting Emma. He chatted with her about the new goods from Paris, about a thousand feminine trifles, made himself very obliging, and never asked for his money. Emma yielded to this lazy mode of satisfying all her caprices. Thus she wanted to have a very handsome riding-whip that was at an umbrella-maker's at Rouen to give to Rodolphe. The next week Monsieur Lheureux laid it on her table.

But the following day he called on her with a bill for two hundred and seventy francs, not counting the centimes. Emma was much embarrassed; all the drawers of the writing-table were empty; they owed over a fortnight's wages to Lestiboudois, two quarters to the servant, and for any quantity of other things, and Bovary was impatiently expecting Monsieur Derozerays' account, which he was in the habit of paying him every year about midsummer.

She succeeded at first in putting off Lheureux. At last he lost patience; he was being sued; his capital was out, and unless he got some in he should be forced to take back all the goods she had received.

"Oh, very well, take them!" said Emma.

"I was only joking," he replied; "the only thing I

regret is the whip. I'll ask Monsieur Bovary to return it to me."

"No, no!" she said.

"Ah! I've caught you!" thought Lheureux.

And, certain of his discovery, he went out repeating in an undertone, and with his usual low whistle:

"Good! we shall see! we shall see!"

Emma was thinking how to get out of this when the servant coming in put on the mantelpiece a small roll of blue paper "From Monsieur Derozerays." Emma pounced upon and opened it. It contained fifteen napoleons; it was the account. She heard Charles on the stairs; threw the gold to the back of her drawer, and took out the key.

Three days later Lheureux reappeared.

"I have an arrangement to suggest to you," he said. "If, instead of the sum agreed on, you would take——"

"Here it is," she said, placing fourteen napoleons in his hand.

The tradesman was dumfounded. Then, to conceal his disappointment, he was profuse in apologies and proffers of service, all of which Emma declined; she remained a few moments fingering in the pocket of her apron the two five-franc pieces that he had given her in change. She promised herself she would economise in order to pay back later. "Pshaw!" she thought, "he won't think about it again."

Besides the riding-whip with its silver-gilt handle, Rodolphe had received a seal with the motto *Amor nel cor;* furthermore, a scarf for a muffler, and, finally, a cigar-case exactly like the Viscount's which Charles had formerly picked up in the road, and which Emma had kept. These presents, however, humiliated him;

he refused several; she insisted, and he ended by obeying, thinking her tyrannical and over-exacting.

Then she had strange ideas.

"When midnight strikes," she said, "you must think of me."

And if he confessed that he had not thought of her, there were floods of reproaches that always ended with the eternal question:

"Do you love me?"

"Why, of course I love you," he answered.

"A great deal?"

"Certainly!"

"You haven't loved any others?"

"Did you think you'd found a virgin?" he exclaimed, laughing.

Emma wept, and he tried to console her, adorning his protestations with puns.

"Oh," she went on, "I love you! I love you so that I could not live without you, do you see? There are times when I long to see you again, when I am torn by all the anger of love. I ask myself, Where is he? Perhaps he is talking to other women. They smile upon him; he approaches. Oh, no! no one else pleases you. There are some more beautiful, but I love you best. I know how to love best. I am your slave, your concubine! You are my king, my idol! You are good, you are beautiful, you are clever, you are strong!"

He had so often heard these things said that they did not strike him as original. Emma was like all his mistresses; and the charm of novelty, gradually falling away like a garment, laid bare the eternal monotony of passion, which has always the same forms and the same language. He did not distinguish, this man of so much experience, the difference of sentiment be-

neath the sameness of expression. Because lips that were libertine and venal had murmured such words to him, he believed little in the candour of hers; exaggerated speeches hiding mediocre affections must be discounted; as if the fulness of the soul did not sometimes overflow in the emptiest metaphors, since no one can ever give the exact measure of his needs, nor of his conceptions, nor of his sorrows; and since human speech is like a cracked tin kettle, on which we hammer out tunes to make bears dance when we long to move the stars.

But with that superior critical judgment that belongs to him who, in no matter what circumstance, holds back, Rodolphe saw other delights to be got out of this love. He thought all modesty in the way. He treated her quite without ceremony, making of her something supple and corrupt. Hers was an idiotic sort of attachment, full of admiration for him, of voluptuousness for herself, a beatitude that benumbed her; her soul sank into this drunkenness, shrivelled, drowned in it, like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

By the mere effect of this love Madame Bovary's manners changed. Her looks grew bolder, her speech more free; she even committed the impropriety of walking out with Monsieur Rodolphe, a cigarette in her mouth, as if to defy the people. At last, those who had still doubted, doubted no longer when one day they saw her getting out of the "Hirondelle," with her waist squeezed into a waistcoat like a man; and Madame Bovary senior, who, after a terrible scene with her husband had taken refuge at her son's, was not the least scandalised among the women. Many other things displeased her. First, Charles had not attended to her advice about the forbidding of novels; then the "ways of the house" annoyed her; she al-

lowed herself to make some remarks, and there were quarrels, especially one on account of Félicité.

Madame Bovary senior, the evening before, going through the passage, had surprised her in the company of a man—a man with a brown collar, about forty years old, who, at the sound of her step, had quickly escaped through the kitchen. Then Emma began to laugh, but the good lady grew angry, declaring that unless morals were to be laughed at one ought to look after those of one's servants.

"Where were you brought up?" asked the daughter-in-law, with so impertinent a look that Madame Bovary asked her if she were not perhaps defending her own case.

"Leave the room!" said the young woman, springing up with a bound.

"Emma! Mamma!" cried Charles, trying to reconcile them.

But both had fled in their exasperation. Emma was stamping her feet as she repeated:

"Oh! what manners! What a peasant!"

He ran to his mother; she was beside herself. She stammered:

"She is an insolent, giddy thing, or perhaps even worse!"

And she was for leaving at once if the other did not apologise.

So Charles went back again to his wife and implored her to give way; he knelt to her; she ended by saying:

"Very well! I'll go to her."

And in fact she held out her hand to her mother-in-law with the dignity of a marchioness as she said:

"Excuse me, Madame."

Then, having gone up again to her room, she threw

herself flat on her bed and wept there like a child, her face buried in the pillow.

She and Rodolphe had agreed that, in the event of anything extraordinary occurring, she should fasten a small piece of white paper to the blind, so that if by chance he happened to be in Yonville, he could hurry to the lane behind the house. Emma made the signal; she had been waiting three quarters of an hour when she suddenly spied Rodolphe at the corner of the market. She felt tempted to open the window and call him, but he had disappeared. She fell back in despair.

But soon it seemed to her that some one was walking on the pavement. It was he, no doubt. She went downstairs, crossed the yard. He was outside. She threw herself into his arms.

"Do take care!" he said.

"Ah, if you knew!" she replied.

And she began telling him everything, hurriedly, disjointedly, exaggerating the facts, inventing many, and so prodigal of parentheses that he understood nothing of it.

"Come, my poor angel, courage! Be comforted! be patient!"

"But I have been patient; I have suffered for four years. A love like ours ought to show itself in the face of heaven. They torture me! I can bear it no longer! Save me!"

She clung to Rodolphe. Her eyes, full of tears, flashed like flames beneath a wave; her breast heaved; he had never loved her so much, so that he lost his head and said:

"What is it? What do you wish?"

"Take me away," she cried, "carry me off! Oh, I implore you!"

And she clung to his lips, as if to seize there the unexpected consent it breathed forth in a kiss.

"But——" Rodolphe resumed.

"What?"

"Your little girl!"

She reflected a few moments, then replied:

"We will take her! It can't be helped!"

"What a woman!" he said to himself, watching her as she left him. For she had run into the garden. Some one was calling her.

On the following days Madame Bovary senior was much surprised at the change in her daughter-in-law. Emma, in fact, was showing herself more docile, and even carried her deference so far as to ask for a recipe for pickling gherkins.

Was this done the better to deceive them both? Or did she wish by a sort of voluptuous stoicism to feel more profoundly the bitterness of the things she was about to leave?

But she paid no heed to them; on the contrary, she lived as if lost in the anticipated delight of her coming happiness. It was an eternal subject for conversation with Rodolphe. She leaned on his shoulder, saying:

"Ah, when we are in the mail-coach! Do you think about it? Can it be? It seems to me that the moment I feel the carriage start it will be as if we were rising in a balloon, as if we were setting out for the clouds. Do you know that I count the hours? And you?"

Never had Madame Bovary been so beautiful as at this period; she had that indefinable beauty that results from joy, from enthusiasm, from success, and which is only the harmony of temperament with circumstances. Her desires, her sorrows, the experience of pleasure, and her ever-young illusions, had gradually developed her, as the soil and rain and winds and the

sun make flowers grow, and she at length blossomed forth in all the plenitude of her nature. Her eyelids seemed chiselled expressly for her long, amorous looks in which the pupil disappeared, while a strong inspiration expanded her delicate nostrils and raised the fleshy corner of her lips, shaded in the light by a little black down. One would have thought that an artist apt in conception had arranged the curls of hair upon her neck; they fell in a thick mass, negligently, and with the changing chances of their caresses, which unbound them every day. Her voice now took more mellow inflections, her figure also; something subtle and penetrating escaped even from the folds of her gown and from the line of her foot. Charles, as when they were first married, thought her delicious and irresistible.

When he came home in the middle of the night, he did not dare to wake her. The porcelain night-light threw a round trembling gleam upon the ceiling, and the drawn curtains of the little cot formed a kind of white hut standing out in the shade, and by the bedside Charles looked at them. He seemed to hear the light breathing of his child. She would grow larger now; every season would bring rapid progress. He already saw her coming from school as the day closed, laughing, with ink-stains on her jacket, and carrying her basket on her arm. Then she would have to be sent to a boarding-school; that would cost much; how was it to be done? He reflected. He thought of hiring a small farm in the neighbourhood, which he would superintend every morning on his way to his patients. He would save what he brought in; he would put it in the bank. Then he would buy shares somewhere, no matter where; besides, his practice would increase; he counted upon that, for he wanted Berthe to be well-educated, to be accomplished, to

learn to play the piano. Ah, how pretty she would be later, when she was fifteen, when, resembling her mother, she would, like her, wear large straw hats in the summer-time; from a distance they would be taken for two sisters. He pictured her to himself working in the evening by their side beneath the light of the lamp; she would embroider him slippers; she would look after the house; she would fill all the home with her charm and her gaiety. At last, they would think of her marriage; they would find her some good young fellow with a steady business; he would make her happy; this would last forever.

Emma was not asleep; she pretended to be; and while he dozed off beside her she awakened to other dreams.

To the gallop of four horses she was carried away for a week toward a new land, whence they would return no more. She and Rodolphe went on and on, their arms entwined, without a word. Often from the top of a mountain they caught sudden glimpses of some splendid city with domes, and bridges, and ships, forests of citron trees, and cathedrals of white marble, on whose pointed steeples were storks' nests. But then the child began to cough in her cot or Bovary snored more loudly, and Emma did not fall asleep till morning, when the dawn whitened the windows, and when young Justin was already in the square taking down the shutters of the chemist's shop.

She had sent for Monsieur Lheureux, and said:

"I want a cloak—a large, lined cloak with a deep collar."

"You are going on a journey?" he asked.

"No; but—never mind. I may count on you, may I not, and soon?"

He bowed.

"Besides, I shall want," she continued, "a trunk—not too heavy—a good one."

"Yes, yes, I understand. About three feet by a foot and a half, as they are being made just now."

"And a travelling bag."

"Decidedly," thought Lheureux, "there's some trouble in the family."

"And," said Madame Bovary, taking her watch from her belt, "take this; you can pay yourself out of it."

But the tradesman exclaimed that she was wrong; they knew one another; did he doubt her? What childishness!

She insisted, however, on his taking the chain, at least, and Lheureux had already put it in his pocket and was about to go, when she called him back.

"You will leave everything at your place. As to the cloak"—she seemed to be reflecting—"do not bring that here, either; you can give me the maker's address, and tell him to have it ready for me."

They were to run away the next month. She was to leave Yonville as if going on some business to Rouen. Rodolphe would have booked the seats, procured the passports, and even have written to Paris in order to have the whole mail-coach reserved for them as far as Marseilles, where they would buy a carriage, and go on thence without stopping to Genoa. She would take care to send her luggage to Lheureux', whence it would be taken direct to the "Hirondelle," so that no one would have any suspicion. In all this there never was any allusion to the child. Rodolphe avoided speaking of her; perhaps he no longer thought about it.

First, he wished to have two more weeks before him to arrange some affairs; then at the end of a week he

wanted two more; then he said he was ill; next he went on a journey. The month of August passed, and, after all these delays, they decided that their flight was to be fixed for the fourth of September—a Monday.

At length the Saturday before that date arrived.

Rodolphe came in the evening earlier than usual.

"Everything is ready?" she asked him.

"Yes."

They walked round a garden-bed, and went to sit down near the terrace on the copestone of the wall.

"You are sad," said Emma.

"No; why?"

Yet he looked at her strangely in a tender fashion.

"Is it because you are going away?" she went on; "because you are leaving what is dear to you—your life? Ah, I understand. I have nothing in the world! You are all to me; so shall I be to you. I will be your people, your country; I will tend, I will love you!"

"How sweet you are!" he said, seizing her in his arms.

"Really!" she said, with a voluptuous laugh. "Do you love me? Swear it, then!"

"Do I love you—love you? I adore you, my love!"

The moon, full and purple, was rising out of the earth at the end of the meadow. She rose quickly between the branches of the poplars, which hid her here and there like a black curtain pierced with holes. Then she appeared dazzling white in the clear heavens, and now, sailing more slowly along, she let fall upon the river a great stain that broke up into an infinity of stars; and the silver sheen seemed to writhe through the very depths like a headless serpent covered with luminous scales.

"Ah, what a lovely night!" said Rodolphe.

"We shall have others," replied Emma; and, as if

speaking to herself, "Yes, it will be good to travel. And yet, why should my heart be so heavy? Is it dread of the unknown? The effect of habits left? Or rather——? No; it is the excess of happiness. How weak I am, am I not? Forgive me!"

"There is still time!" he cried. "Reflect! perhaps you may repent!"

"Never!" she cried impetuously. And coming closer to him: "What ill could come to me? There is no desert, no precipice, no ocean I would not traverse with you. The longer we live together the more it will be like an embrace, every day closer, more heart to heart. There will be nothing to trouble us, no cares, no obstacle. We shall be alone, all to ourselves eternally. Oh, speak! Answer me!"

At regular intervals he answered, "Yes—Yes—" She had passed her hands through his hair, and she repeated in a childlike voice, despite large tears that were falling, "Rodolphe! Rodolphe! Ah, Rodolphe! dear little Rodolphe!"

Midnight struck.

"Midnight!" said she. "Come! it is to-morrow! One day more!"

He rose to go; and as if the movement he made had been the signal for their flight, Emma said, suddenly assuming a gay air:

"You have the passports?"

"Yes."

"You are forgetting nothing?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly."

"It is at the Hôtel de Provence, is it not, that you will wait for me at mid-day?"

He nodded.

"Till to-morrow then!" said Emma in a last caress; and she watched him depart.

He did not turn. She ran after him, and, leaning over the water's edge between the bulrushes:

"To-morrow!" she cried.

He was already on the other side of the river and walking rapidly across the field.

After a few moments Rodolphe stopped; and when he saw her with her white gown gradually fade away in the shade like a ghost, he was seized with such a beating of the heart that he leaned against a tree lest he should fall.

"What an imbecile I am!" he said with a terrible oath. "No matter! she was a pretty mistress!"

And immediately Emma's beauty, with all the pleasures of their love, came back to him. For a moment he softened; then he rebelled against her.

"For, after all," he exclaimed, gesticulating, "I can't exile myself—have a child on my hands."

He said these things to give himself firmness.

"And besides, the worry, the expense! Ah! no, no, no, no! a thousand times no! It would have been too stupid!"

CHAPTER XIII

RODOLPHE RIDES AWAY

AS soon as Rodolphe reached home he sat down quickly at his desk under the stag's head that hung as a trophy on the wall. But after he had taken the pen between his fingers, he could think of nothing to write, so that, resting on his elbows, he

began to reflect. Emma seemed to him to have receded into a far-off past, as if the resolution he had taken had suddenly placed a distance between them.

To bring back something of her, he took from the cupboard at the bedside an old Rheims biscuit-box, in which he usually kept his letters from women, and from it came an odour of dry dust and withered roses. First, he saw a handkerchief with pale little spots. It was a handkerchief of Emma's. Once when they were walking her nose had bled; he had forgotten it. Near it, chipped at all the corners, was a miniature given him by Emma: her toilette seemed to him pretentious, and her languishing look in the worst possible taste. From looking at this image and recalling the memory of its original, little by little Emma's features grew confused in his remembrance, as if the living and the painted face, rubbing one against the other, had effaced each other. Finally, he read some of her letters; they were full of explanations relating to their journey, short, technical, and urgent, like business notes. He wished to read the long ones again, those of earlier times. In order to find them at the bottom of the box, Rodolphe disturbed all the others, and mechanically began rummaging amid this mass of papers and things, finding bouquets, garters, a black mask, pins, and hair—hair! dark and fair; some of it, catching in the hinges of the box, broke when the lid was opened.

Thus dallying with his souvenirs, he examined the writing and the style of the letters, as varied as their orthography. They were tender or merry, facetious, melancholy; some asked for love, others for money. A word recalled faces to him, certain gestures, the sound of a voice; sometimes, however, he remembered nothing at all.

In fact, all these women, rushing together into his thoughts, cramped one another and lessened, as reduced to a uniform level of love that equalised them all. So, taking handfuls of the letters, he amused himself for some moments with letting them fall in cascades from his right hand into his left. At last, bored and weary, Rodolphe took back the box to the cupboard, saying to himself, "What a mass of rubbish!" This summed up his opinion; for pleasures, like schoolboys in a school courtyard, had so worn his heart that no green thing grew there, and that which passed through it, more heedless than children, did not even, like them, leave a name carved upon the wall.

"Come," said he, "we must begin."

He wrote:

"Courage, Emma! courage! I would not bring misery into your life."

"And that is true," thought Rodolphe. "I am acting in her interest; I am honest."

"Have you weighed your resolution carefully? Do you realise to what an abyss I was dragging you, poor angel? No, you do not, do you? You were coming confident and fearless, believing in happiness in the future. Ah! unhappy that we are—insensate!"

Rodolphe stopped here to think of some good excuse for breaking off with her.

"Suppose I tell her all my fortune is lost? No! Besides, that would stop nothing. It would all have to be begun over again later. As if one could make women like that listen to reason!" He reflected, then continued:

"I shall not forget you, oh! believe it; and I shall always have a profound devotion for you; but some day, sooner or

later, this ardour (such is the fate of human things) would have cooled, no doubt. Lassitude would have come to us, and who knows whether I should not even have had the atrocious pain of witnessing your remorse, of sharing it myself, since I should have been its cause? The mere idea of the grief that would come to you tortures me, Emma. Forget me! Why did I ever know you? Why were you so beautiful? Is it my fault? O my God! No, no! Accuse only fate."

"That's a word that always tells," he said.

"Ah! if you had been one of those frivolous women that one often sees, certainly I might, through egotism, have made an experiment, in that case without danger for you. But that delicious exaltation, at once your charm and your torment, has prevented you from understanding, adorable woman that you are, the falseness of our future position. Nor did I reflect upon this at first; I rested in the shade of that ideal happiness as beneath that of the manchineel tree, without foreseeing the consequences."

"Perhaps she'll think I'm giving it up from stinginess. Ah, well! so much the worse; it must be stopped!"

"The world is cruel, Emma. Wherever we might have gone, it would have persecuted us. You would have had to suffer from indiscreet questions, calumny, contempt, insult perhaps. Insult to you! Oh! And I, who would place you on a throne! I, who bear with me your memory as a talisman! For I am about to punish myself by exile for all the evil I have done you. I am going away. Whither I know not. I am mad. Adieu! Be good always. Preserve the memory of the unfortunate who has lost you. Teach my name to your child; let her repeat it in her prayers."

The candle-wicks flickered. Rodolphe rose to close the window, and when he had sat down, he muttered:

"I think that will do. Ah! and I will add this for fear she should come and hunt me up."

"I shall be far away when you read these sad lines, for I have wished to flee as quickly as possible to shun the temptation of seeing you again. No weakness! Some time I shall

return, and perhaps later we shall talk together very coldly of our former love. Adieu!"

And there was a last "adieu" divided into two words: "A Dieu!"—which he thought in very excellent taste.

"Now shall I sign it, he said to himself, "'Yours devotedly?' No! 'Your friend?' Yes, that will do"—

—"Your friend."

He read his letter over once more. He thought it very good.

"Poor little woman!" he said with emotion. "She will think me harder than a stone. There ought to have been some tears on this; but I can't weep; it isn't my fault." He emptied some water into a glass, dipped his finger into it, and let a big drop fall on the paper; it made a pale stain on the ink. Looking for a seal, he came upon the one inscribed *Amor nel cor.*

"That doesn't quite suit the circumstances! Bah! never mind!"

After which he smoked three pipes and went to bed.

The next day when he arose (at about two o'clock—he had slept late), Rodolphe had a basket of apricots gathered. He put his letter at the bottom under some vine leaves, and at once ordered Girard, his ploughman, to take it with care to Madame Bovary. He had made use of this means before for corresponding with her, sending fruits or game, according to the season.

"If she asks for me," he said, "you will tell her that I have gone on a journey. You must give the basket to her herself, into her own hands. Go now, and be careful!"

Girard put on his new blouse, spread his handker-

chief over the apricots, and, walking heavily in his thick iron-bound shoes, made his way to Yonville.

When he reached Madame Bovary's house, she was arranging a bundle of linen on the kitchen-table with Félicité.

"Here," said the ploughboy, "is something for you from master."

She was seized with apprehension, and as she sought in her pocket for some coppers, she looked at the peasant with wild eyes, while he himself looked at her with amazement, not understanding how such a present could so move anyone. At last he departed. Félicité remained. Emma could bear it no longer; she ran into the sitting-room as if to take the apricots there, overturned the basket, tore away the leaves, found the letter, opened it, and, as if some fearful fire were behind her, flew to her room terrified.

Charles was there; she saw him; he spoke to her; she heard nothing, but went on quickly up the stairs, breathless, distraught, dumb, holding this horrible piece of paper, which crackled between her fingers like a plate of sheet-iron. On the second floor she stopped before the attic-door, which was closed.

Then she tried to calm herself; she recalled the letter; she must finish it; she did not dare. And where? How? She would be seen! "Ah, no! here," she thought, "I shall be safe."

She pushed open the door and entered.

The slate roof threw down a heavy heat that pressed her temples, stifled her; she dragged herself to the closed garret-window. She drew back the bolt, and the dazzling light burst in.

Opposite, beyond the roofs, stretched the open country till it was lost to sight. Below, the village square was empty; the stones of the pavement glittered, the

weathercocks on the houses were motionless. At the corner of the street, from a lower story, rose a kind of humming with strident modulations. It was Binet turning.

She leaned against the casement of the window, and read the letter again with angry sneers. But the more she fixed her attention upon it, the more confused were her ideas. She saw him again, heard him, encircled him with her arms, and the throbs of her heart, beating against her breast like blows of a hammer, grew faster and faster, with uneven intervals. She looked about her with the wish that the earth might crumble into pieces. Why not end it all? What restrained her? She was free. She advanced, looked at the paving-stones, saying to herself, "Come! come!"

The luminous ray that came from below drew her toward the abyss. It seemed to her that the ground of the oscillating square was mounting the walls, and that the floor stood on end like a tossing boat. She was close to the edge, almost hanging, surrounded by vast space. The blue of the heavens suffused her, the air was whirling in her dizzy head; she had but to yield, to let herself go; and the humming of the lathe never ceased, like an angry voice calling her.

"Emma! Emma!" cried Charles.

She turned.

"Where are you? Come!"

The thought that she had just escaped from death almost made her faint with terror. She closed her eyes; then she shivered at the touch of a hand on her sleeve; it was Félicité.

"Master is waiting for you, Madame; the soup is on the table."

And she had to go down to sit at table.

She tried to eat. The food choked her. She un-

folded her napkin as if to examine the darns, and she really thought of applying herself to this work, counting the threads in the linen. Suddenly the remembrance of the letter returned to her. Where had she dropped it? Where could she find it? But she felt such weariness of spirit that she could not even invent a pretext for leaving the table. Then she became a coward; she was afraid of Charles; he knew all, that was certain! Indeed he pronounced these words in a strange manner:

"We are not likely to see Monsieur Rodolphe soon again, it seems."

"Who told you?" she asked, trembling.

"Who told me!" he replied, rather astonished at her abrupt tone. "Why, Girard, whom I met just now at the door of the Café Français. He has gone on a journey, or is to go."

Emma gave a sob.

"What surprises you in that? He absents himself like that from time to time for a change, and, *ma foi*, I think he is right, when one has a fortune and is a bachelor. Besides, he has jolly times, has our friend. He's a bit of a rake. Monsieur Langlois told me——"

He stopped for propriety's sake because the servant entered. She put back into the basket the apricots scattered on the sideboard. Charles, without noticing his wife's colour, had them brought to him, took one, and bit into it.

"Ah, perfect!" said he; "just taste!"

And he handed her the basket, which she pushed from her gently.

"Do just smell! What an odour!" he remarked, passing it under her nose several times.

"I am choking!" she exclaimed, springing up. But by an effort of will the spasm passed; then——

"It is nothing," she said. "It is only nervousness. Sit down and go on eating." For she dreaded lest he should begin questioning her, attending to her, that she should not be left alone.

Charles sat down again, and he spat the stones of the apricots into his hands, afterward putting them on his plate.

Suddenly a blue tilbury passed across the square at a rapid trot. Emma uttered a cry and fell to the floor.

In fact, Rodolphe, after many reflections, had decided to set out for Rouen. Now, as from La Huchette to Buchy there is no other way than by Yonville, he had to go through the village, and Emma had recognised him by the rays of the lanterns, which flashed like lightning through the twilight.

The chemist, at the tumult which broke out in the Bovary house, ran thither. The table with all the plates was upset; sauce, meat, knives, the salt, and cruet-stand were strewn over the room. Charles was calling for help; Berthe, scared, was crying; and Félicité, whose hands trembled, was unlacing her mistress, whose body shivered convulsively.

"I'll run to my laboratory for some aromatic vinegar," said the chemist.

Then, as Emma opened her eyes on smelling the bottle:

"I was sure of it," he remarked; "that would wake a dead person!"

"Speak to us," said Charles; "collect yourself; it is I—your Charles, who loves you. Do you know me? See! here is your little girl. Oh, kiss her!"

The child stretched out her arms to her mother to cling to her neck. But, turning away her head, Emma said in a broken voice:

"No, no! no one!"

She swooned again. They carried her to her bed. She lay there at full length, her lips apart, her eyelids closed, her hands open, motionless, and white as a waxen image. Two streams of tears flowed from her eyes and fell slowly upon the pillow.

Charles was standing at the back of the alcove, and the chemist, near him, maintained that meditative silence that is becoming on the serious occasions of life.

"Do not be uneasy," he said, touching Charles's elbow; "I think the paroxysm is past."

"Yes, she is resting a little now," answered Charles, watching her sleep. "Poor girl! poor girl! She is dozing now!"

Then Homais asked how the accident had come about. Charles answered that she had been taken ill suddenly while eating some apricots.

"Extraordinary!" continued the chemist. "But it might be that the apricots brought on the syncope. Some natures are very sensitive to certain smells; and it would be a fine question to study in both its pathological and physiological relation. The priests know the importance of it, they who have introduced aromatics into all their ceremonies. It is to stupefy the senses and to bring on ecstasies—a thing, moreover, very easy to do with persons of the weaker sex, who are more delicate than the other. Some are cited who faint at the smell of burned hartshorn, of new bread——"

"Take care; you'll wake her!" said Bovary in a low voice.

"And not only are human beings subject to such anomalies, but animals also," the chemist continued. "Thus you are not ignorant of the singularly aphrodisiac effect produced by the *Nepeta cataria*, vulgarly called catnip, on the feline race; and, on the other

hand, to quote an example whose authenticity I can answer for, Bridaux (one of my old comrades, at present established in the Rue Malpalu) possesses a dog that falls into convulsions as soon as a snuff-box is held out to him. He often makes the experiment before his friends at his summer-house at Guillaume Wood. Would any one believe that a simple sternutation could produce such ravages on a quadrupedal organism? It is extremely curious, is it not?"

"Yes," said Charles, who was not listening to him.

"This shows us," continued the other, smiling with benign self-sufficiency, "the innumerable irregularities of the nervous system. With regard to Madame, she has always seemed to me, I confess, very susceptible. And so I should by no means recommend to you, my dear friend, any of those so-called remedies that, under the pretence of attacking the symptoms, attack the constitution. No; no useless physic! Diet, that is all; sedatives, emollients, dulcification. Then, don't you think that her imagination should be worked upon?"

"In what way? How?" said Bovary.

"Ah, that is it. Such is indeed the question. 'That is the question,' as I lately read in a newspaper."

But suddenly Emma awoke and cried:

"The letter! the letter!"

They thought she was delirious; and she was so by midnight. Brain-fever had set in.

For forty-three days Charles did not leave her. He gave up all his patients; he no longer went to bed; he was constantly feeling her pulse, putting on sinapisms and cold-water compresses. He sent Justin as far as Neufchâtel for ice; the ice melted on the way; he sent him back again. He called Monsieur Canivet into consultation; he sent for Dr. Larivière, his old master, from Rouen; he was in despair. What alarmed him

most was Emma's prostration, for she did not speak, did not listen, did not even seem to suffer, as if body and soul were resting together after all their trials.

About the middle of October she could sit up in bed supported by pillows. Charles wept when he saw her eat her first bread-and-jelly. Her strength returned; she rose for a few hours of an afternoon, and one day, when she felt stronger, Charles tried to take her, leaning on his arm, for a walk round the garden. The sand of the paths was disappearing beneath the dead leaves; she walked slowly, dragging her slippers along, and leaning against Charles's shoulder. She smiled all the time.

They went thus to the bottom of the garden near the terrace. She drew herself up slowly, shading her eyes with her hand to look. She looked far off, as far as she could, but on the horizon were only great bonfires of grass smoking on the hills.

"You will tire yourself, my darling!" said Bovary. And, pushing her gently to make her go into the arbour, "Sit down on this seat; you'll be comfortable."

"Oh, no; not there!" she said in a faltering voice.

She was seized with dizziness, and from that evening her illness began again, with a more uncertain character, it is true, and more complex symptoms. Now she suffered in her heart, then in the chest, the head, the limbs; she had vomitings, in which Charles thought he saw the first signs of cancer.

Besides all this trouble, the poor fellow was worried about money matters.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION

HE did not know how he could pay Monsieur Homais for all the medicine supplied by him, and though, as a physician, he was not compelled to pay for it, he blushed a little at the thought of such an obligation. Then the expenses of the household, now that the servant was mistress, became alarming. Bills rained in upon the house; the tradesmen grumbled; Monsieur Lheureux especially harassed him. In fact, at the height of Emma's illness, the latter, taking advantage of the circumstances to make his bill larger, had hastily brought the cloak, the travelling-bag, two trunks instead of one, and several other things. It was of no use for Charles to say he did not want them. The tradesman answered arrogantly that these articles had been ordered, and that he would not take them back; besides, it would vex Madame in her convalescence; the doctor had better reconsider; in short, he was resolved to sue him rather than give up his rights and take back his goods. Charles subsequently ordered them to be sent back to the shop. But Félicité forgot to send them; he had other things to attend to; then thought no more about them. Monsieur Lheureux returned to the charge, and, by turns threatening and whining, so managed that Bovary ended by signing a bill at six months. But hardly had he signed this bill than a bold idea occurred to him; it was to borrow a thousand francs from Lheureux. So, with an embarrassed air, he asked whether it were possible to obtain this sum, adding that it would be for a year,

at any interest he wished. Lheureux ran off to his shop, brought back the money, and dictated another bill, whereby Bovary undertook to pay to his order on the first day of the following September the sum of one thousand and seventy francs, which, with the one hundred and eighty already agreed to, made just twelve hundred and fifty, thus lending at six per cent. in addition to one fourth for commission; and, the things bringing him in a good third at the least, this in twelve months should give him a profit of a hundred and thirty francs. He hoped that the business would not stop there; that the bills would not be paid; that they would be renewed; and that his poor little money, having thriven at the doctor's as at a hospital, would come back to him one day considerably more plump, indeed, fat enough to burst the bag.

Charles asked himself several times by what means he should next year be able to pay back so much money. He reflected, imagined expedients, such as applying to his father or selling something. But his father would not lend him anything, and he—he had nothing to sell. Then he foresaw such worries that he quickly dismissed so disagreeable a subject from his mind. He reproached himself with forgetting Emma, as if, all his thoughts belonging to this woman, it was robbing her of something not to be continually thinking of her.

The winter was severe, and Madame Bovary's convalescence slow. When it was fine they wheeled her armchair to the window that overlooked the square, for she now had an antipathy to the garden, and the blinds on that side were always down. She wished the horse to be sold; what she had liked formerly displeased her now. All her ideas seemed to be limited to the care of herself. She stayed in bed taking little

meals, rang for the servant to inquire about her gruel or to chat with her. The snow on the market-roof threw a white, still light into the room; then the rain began to fall; and Emma waited daily with a mind full of eagerness for the inevitable return of some trifling events which nevertheless had no relation to her. The most important was the arrival of the "Hirondelle" in the evening. Then the landlady shouted, other voices answered, while Hippolyte's lantern, as he fetched the boxes from the boot, was like a star in the darkness.

Monsieur Bournisien usually came to see her at this hour. He inquired after her health, gave her news, exhorted her to religion in a coaxing little gossip that was not without its charm. The mere thought of his cassock comforted her.

One day, when at the height of her illness, she had thought herself dying, and had asked for the communion; and, while they were making the preparations in her room for the sacrament, while they were turning the night-table covered with sirups into an altar, and while Félicité was strewing dahlia flowers on the floor, Emma felt some power passing over her that freed her from her pains, from all perception, from all feeling. Her body, relieved, no longer thought; another life was beginning; it seemed to her that her being, mounting toward God, would be annihilated in that love as in a burning incense that melts into vapour. The bedclothes were sprinkled with holy water, the priest drew from the holy pyx the white wafer; and, fainting with a celestial joy, she put out her lips to accept the body of the Saviour presented to her. The curtains of the alcove floated gently round her like clouds, and the rays of the two tapers burning on the night-table seemed to shine like dazzling halos. Then she let her head fall back, fancying she heard in space the music

of seraphic harps, and perceiving in an azure sky, on a golden throne in the midst of saints holding green palms, God the Father, resplendent with majesty, who with a sign sent to earth angels with fiery wings to bear her away in their arms.

This splendid vision dwelt in her memory as the most beautiful thing that it was possible to dream, so that now she strove to recall her sensation, which still lasted, but in a less exclusive fashion and with a deeper sweetness. Her soul, tortured by pride, at length found rest in Christian humility, and tasting the joy of weakness, she saw within herself the destruction of her will, that must have left a wide entrance for the inroads of heavenly grace. There existed, then, in the place of happiness, still greater joys—another love beyond all loves, without pause and without end, one that would grow eternally! She saw amid the illusions of her hope a state of purity floating above the earth mingling with heaven, to which she aspired. She longed to become a saint. She bought chaplets and wore amulets; she wished to have in her room, beside her bed, a reliquary set in emeralds that she might kiss it every evening.

The curé marvelled at this humour, although Emma's religion, he thought, might, from its fervour, end by touching on heresy in its extravagance. But not being much versed in these matters, as soon as they went beyond a certain limit he wrote to Monsieur Boulard, bookseller to Monsignor, to send him "something good for a lady who was very clever." The bookseller, who was as indifferent as if he had been sending off hardware to negroes, packed up, pell-mell, everything of a pious nature that was then the fashion in the book trade. There were little manuals in questions and answers, pamphlets of aggressive tone after the manner

of Monsieur de Maistre, and certain novels in rose-coloured bindings and with a honeyed style manufactured by troubadour seminarists or penitent blue-stockings. There were the *Think of it*; *the Man of the World at Mary's Feet*, by Monsieur de * * *, decorated with many Orders; *The Errors of Voltaire, for the Use of the Young*, and similar works.

Madame Bovary's mind was not yet sufficiently clear to apply herself seriously to anything; moreover, she began this reading too hastily. She grew vexed at the doctrines of religion; the arrogance of the polemic writings displeased her by their inveteracy in attacking people of whom she knew nothing; and the secular stories, relieved with religion, seemed to her written in such ignorance of the world that they insensibly estranged her from the truths for whose proof she was looking. Nevertheless, she persevered; and when the volume slipped from her hands, she fancied herself seized with the finest Catholic melancholy that an ethereal soul could conceive.

As for the memory of Rodolphe, she had thrust it back to the bottom of her heart, and it remained there as solemn and motionless as a king's mummy in a catacomb. But an exhalation escaped from this embalmed love, which, penetrating through everything, perfumed with tenderness the immaculate atmosphere in which she longed to live. When she knelt on her Gothic *prie-Dieu*, she addressed to the Lord the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the outpourings of illicit love. It was to make faith come; but no delights descended from heaven, and she arose with tired limbs and a vague feeling of being the victim of a gigantic dupery.

This searching after faith, she thought, was only one merit the more, and in the pride of her devoutness

Emma compared herself to those grand ladies of long ago whose glory she had dreamed of over a portrait of La Vallière, and who, trailing with so much majesty the lace-trimmed trains of their long gowns, retired into solitude to shed at the feet of Christ all the tears of hearts that life had wounded.

Then she gave herself up to excessive charity. She sewed for the poor, she sent wood to women in childbed; and Charles one day, on coming home, found three tramps in the kitchen seated at the table eating soup. She had her little girl, whom during her illness her husband had sent back to the nurse, brought home. She wished to teach her to read; even when Berthe cried, she was not vexed. She had made up her mind to resignation, to universal indulgence. Her language about everything was full of ideal expressions. She said to her child, "Is your stomach-ache better, my angel?"

Madame Bovary senior found nothing to censure except perhaps this mania of making jackets for orphans instead of mending her own house-linen; but, harassed with domestic quarrels, the good woman took pleasure in this quiet house, and she even stayed there till after Easter, to escape the sarcasms of old Bovary, who never failed on Good Friday to order chitterlings.

Besides the society of her mother-in-law, who strengthened her a little by the rectitude of her judgment and her grave ways, Emma almost every day had other visitors. These were Madame Langlois, Madame Caron, Madame Dubreuil, Madame Tuvache, and regularly from two to five o'clock the excellent Madame Homais, who, for her part, never had believed any of the gossip about her neighbour. The little Homais also came to see her; Justin accompanied them. He went up with them to her bedroom, and

remained standing near the door, motionless and mute. Often Madame Bovary, taking no heed of him, would begin her toilette. She began by taking out her comb, shaking her head with a quick movement, and when he for the first time saw all that mass of hair that fell to her knees unrolling in black ringlets, it was to him, poor boy! like a sudden entrance into something new and strange, the splendour of which terrified him.

Emma, no doubt, did not notice his silent attentions or his timidity. She had no suspicion that the love vanished from her life was there, palpitating by her side, beneath that coarse holland shirt, in that youthful heart open to the emanations of her beauty. Besides, she now regarded all things with such indifference, she had words so affectionate with looks so haughty, such contradictory ways, that one could no longer distinguish egotism from charity, or corruption from virtue. One evening, for example, she was angry with the servant, who had asked to go out, and stammered as she tried to find some pretext.

"So you love him?" said Emma suddenly.

And without waiting for any answer from Félicité, who was blushing, she added, "There! run along; enjoy yourself!"

In the beginning of spring she had the garden turned up from end to end, despite Bovary's remonstrances. However, he was glad to see her at last manifest a wish of any kind. As she grew stronger she displayed more wilfulness. First, she found occasion to expel Mère Rollet, the nurse, who during Emma's convalescence had contracted the habit of coming too often to the kitchen with her two nurslings and her boarder, better off for teeth than a cannibal. Then she got rid of the Homais family, successively dismissed all other vis-

itors, and even frequented church less assiduously, to the great approval of the chemist, who said to her in a friendly way:

"You were getting very fond of the cassock!"

As formerly, Monsieur Bournisien dropped in every day when he came out after catechism class. He preferred staying out of doors to taking the air "in the grove," as he called the arbour. This was the time when Charles came home. They were warm; some sweet cider was brought out, and they drank together to Madame's complete restoration.

Binet was there; that is to say, a little farther down against the terrace wall, fishing for crayfish. Bovary invited him to have a drink, and he thoroughly understood the uncorking of the stone bottles.

"You must," he said, throwing a satisfied glance all round him, "hold the bottle perpendicularly on the table, and after the strings are cut, press up the cork with little thrusts, gently, gently, as indeed they do with seltzer-water at restaurants."

But during his demonstration the cider often spurted right into their faces, and then the priest, with a thick laugh, never missed saying:

"Its goodness strikes the eye!"

He was, in fact, a good fellow, and one day he was not even scandalised at the chemist, who advised Charles to give Madame some distraction by taking her to the theatre at Rouen to hear the illustrious tenor, Lagardy. Homais, surprised at this silence, wished to know his opinion, and the priest declared that he considered music less dangerous than literature.

But the chemist took up the defence of letters. The theatre, he contended, served for railing at prejudices, and, beneath a mask of pleasure, taught virtue.

"*Castigat ridendo mores*, Monsieur Bournisien!

Thus, consider the greater part of Voltaire's tragedies; they are cleverly strewn with philosophical reflections, that make them a very school of morals and diplomacy for the people."

"I once saw a piece," said Binet, "called the *Gamin de Paris*, in which there was the character of an old general that was really hit off exactly. He punishes a young swell who had seduced a working girl, who at the end——"

"Certainly," continued Homais, "there is bad literature as there is bad pharmacy, but to condemn in a lump the most important of the fine arts seems to me a stupidity, a Gothic idea, worthy of the abominable time that imprisoned Galileo."

"I know very well," objected the priest, "that there are good works, good authors. However, if it were only the uniting of those persons of different sexes in a bewitching apartment, decorated with worldly pomp, and those pagan disguises, that rouge, those lights, those effeminate voices—all that must, in the long-run, engender a certain mental libertinage, give rise to immodest thoughts and impure temptations. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of all the Fathers. Finally," he added, suddenly assuming a mystic tone of voice, while he rolled a pinch of snuff between his fingers, "if the Church has condemned the theatre, she must be right; we must submit to her decrees."

"Why," asked the chemist, "should she excommunicate actors? For once they openly took part in religious ceremonies. Yes, in the middle of the chancel they acted; they performed a kind of farce called 'Mysteries,' which often offended against the laws of decency."

The priest contented himself with uttering a groan, and the chemist continued:

"It's just as it is in the Bible; there—there are, you know, more than one piquant detail, matters really libidinous!"

And on a gesture of irritation from Monsieur Bournisien—

"Ah! you'll admit that it is not a book to place in the hands of a young girl, and I should be sorry if Athalie——."

"But it is the Protestants, and not we," cried the other impatiently, "who recommend the Bible."

"No matter," said Homais. "I am surprised that in our days, in this century of enlightenment, any one should still persist in proscribing an intellectual relaxation that is inoffensive, moral, and sometimes even hygienic; is it not, doctor?"

"No doubt," replied the doctor carelessly, either because, sharing the same ideas, he wished to offend no one, or else because he had not any ideas.

The conversation seemed at an end when the chemist thought fit to shoot a Parthian dart.

"I've known priests who put on ordinary clothes to go and see dancers kicking about."

"Come, come!" said the priest.

"Ah! I've known some!" And separating the words of his sentence, Homais repeated, "I—have—known—some!"

"Well, they did wrong," said Bournisien, resigned to anything.

"By Jove! they go in for more than that," exclaimed the chemist.

"Sir!" replied the priest, with such angry eyes that the chemist was intimidated by them.

"I only mean to say," he replied, in a tone less brutal, "that toleration is the surest way to draw people to religion."

"That is true! that is true!" agreed the good fellow, sitting down again on his chair. But he stayed only a few moments.

As soon as he had gone, Monsieur Homais said to the doctor:

"That's what I call a cock-fight. I beat him, did you see, in a way!—Now take my advice. Take Madame to the theatre, if it were only for once in your life, to enrage one of these black crows, hang it! If any one could take my place, I would accompany you myself. Be quick about it. Lagardy will give only one performance; he's engaged to go to England at a high salary. From what I hear, he's a regular dog; he's rolling in money; he's taking three sweethearts and a cook along with him. All these great artists burn the candle at both ends; they require a dissolute life, which stirs the imagination to some extent. But they die in the hospital, because they haven't the sense to save money when young. Well, a pleasant dinner! Good-bye till to-morrow."

The idea of the theatre quickly germinated in Bovary's head, and he at once communicated it to his wife, who at first refused, pleading the fatigue, the worry, the expense; but, for a wonder, Charles did not yield, so sure was he that this recreation would be good for her. He saw nothing to prevent it: his mother had sent them three hundred francs which he had no longer expected; the current debts were not very large, and the falling in of Lheureux's bills was still so far off that there was no need to think about them. Besides, imagining that she was refusing from delicacy, he insisted the more; so that after his teasing her she at last made up her mind, and the next day at eight o'clock they set out in the "Hirondelle."

The chemist, whom nothing whatever kept at Yon-

ville, but who thought himself bound not to budge from it, sighed as he saw them go.

"Well, a pleasant journey!" he said to them; "happy mortals that you are!"

Then addressing himself to Emma, who was wearing a blue silk gown with four flounces:

"You are as lovely as a Venus. You'll cut a figure at Rouen."

The diligence stopped at the Croix-Rouge in the Place Beauvoisine. It was the inn that is in every provincial faubourg, with large stables and small bedrooms, where one sees in the middle of the court chickens pilfering the oats under the muddy gigs of the commercial travellers;—a good old house, with worm-eaten balconies that creak in the wind on winter nights, always full of people, noise, and feeding, whose black tables are sticky with coffee and brandy, the thick windows made yellow by the flies, the damp napkins stained with cheap wine; this sort of place always smells of the village, like ploughboys dressed in Sunday-clothes, has a café on the street, and toward the countryside a kitchen-garden.

Charles at once set out for the theatre. He muddled the stage-boxes with the gallery, the pit with the boxes; asked for explanations, did not understand them; was sent from the box-office to the acting-manager; came back to the inn, returned to the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre to the boulevard.

Madame Bovary bought a bonnet, gloves, and a bouquet. The doctor was much afraid of missing the beginning, and, without having had time to swallow a plate of soup, they presented themselves at the doors of the theatre, which were still closed.

CHAPTER XV

THE MIRROR OF PASSION

A GREAT throng was standing against the wall, symmetrically enclosed between the balustrades. At the corners of the neighbouring streets huge posters announced in quaint letters "*Lucia di Lammermoor*—Lagardy—Opera—&c." The weather was fine, the people were warm; perspiration trickled amid curls, and handkerchiefs taken from pockets were mopping red foreheads; now and then a warm wind that blew from the river gently stirred the border of the awnings hanging from the doors of the public-houses.

In fear of seeming ridiculous, Emma wished to have a little stroll in the harbour before going in, and Bovary prudently kept his tickets in his hand, in the pocket of his trousers, which he pressed against his stomach.

Emma's heart began to throb faster as soon as she reached the vestibule. She involuntarily smiled with vanity on seeing the crowd rushing to the right by the other corridor while she went up the staircase to the reserved seats. She was as pleased as a child to push open with her fingers the large tapestried door. She inhaled deeply the dusty odour of the lobbies, and when she was seated in her box she leaned back with the air of a duchess.

The theatre was beginning to fill; opera-glasses were taken from their cases, and the subscribers, catching sight of one another, were bowing. They came to seek relaxation in the fine arts after the anxieties of business, but "business" was not forgotten; they still talked of cottons, wines, or indigo.

Now the lights of the orchestra shone out; the lustre, let down from the ceiling, throwing by the glimmering of its facets a sudden gaiety over the theatre; then the musicians came in one after another; and there was the protracted hubbub of the basses grumbling, violins squeaking, cornets trumpeting, flutes and flageolets whistling. Presently three knocks were heard on the stage, a rolling of drums began, the brass instruments played some chords, and the curtain rising discovered a country-scene.

It was a cross-roads in a wood, with a fountain shaded by an oak to the left. Peasants and lords with plaids on their shoulders were singing a hunting-song together; then a captain suddenly came on, who evoked the spirit of evil by lifting both his arms to heaven. Another appeared; they went away, and the hunters began afresh.

She felt herself transported to the reading of her youth, into the midst of Walter Scott's tales. She seemed to hear through the mist the sound of the Scotch bagpipes reëchoing over the heather. Her remembrance of the novel helped her to understand the libretto, and she followed the story phrase by phrase, while vague thoughts that came back to her dispersed at once again with the bursts of music. She gave herself up to the lulling effect of the melodies, and felt all her being vibrate as if the violin bows were drawn over her nerves. She had not eyes enough to look at the costumes, the scenery, the actors, the painted trees that shook when any one walked, and the velvet caps, cloaks, swords—all those imaginary things that floated amid the harmony as in the atmosphere of another world. But a young woman stepped forward, throwing a purse to a squire in green. She was left alone, and the flute was heard like the murmur of a fountain

or the warbling of birds. Lucia attacked her cavatina in G major bravely. She sang of love; she longed for wings. Emma too, fleeing from life, would have liked to fly away in an embrace. Suddenly Edgar-Lagardy appeared.

He had that splendid pallor that gives something of the majesty of marble to the ardent races of the South. His vigorous form was clad in a tight brown-coloured doublet; a small chiselled poniard hung against his left hip, and he cast laughing looks, showing his white teeth. They said that a Polish princess having heard him sing one night on the beach at Biarritz, where he mended boats, had fallen in love with him, and had ruined herself for him. He had deserted her for other women; and this sentimental celebrity did not fail to enhance his reputation as an artist. The diplomatic mummer took care always to slip into his advertisements some poetic phrase on the fascination of his person and the susceptibility of his soul.

From the first scene he evoked enthusiasm. He clasped Lucia in his arms, he left her, he came back, he seemed desperate; he had outbursts of rage, then elegiac gurglings of infinite sweetness, the notes escaping from his bare white throat full of sobs and kisses. Emma leaned forward to see him, clutching the velvet of the box with her nails. She was filling her heart with these melodious lamentations that were drawn out to the accompaniment of the double-basses, like the cries of the drowning in the tumult of a tempest. She recognised all the intoxication and the anguish that had almost killed her. The voice of the prima donna seemed to her to be but echoes of her conscience, and this illusion that charmed her as some actual thing in her own life. But no one on earth had loved her with such love. Rodolphe had not wept like Edgar that last

moonlit night when they said, "To-morrow! to-morrow!" The theatre rang with cheers; they sang again the entire movement; the lovers spoke of the flowers on their tomb, of vows, exile, fate, hopes; and when they uttered the final adieu, Emma gave a sharp cry that mingled with the vibrations of the last chords.

"But why," asked Bovary, "does that gentleman persecute her?"

"No, no!" she answered; "he is her lover!"

"Yet he vows vengeance on her family, while the other one who came on before said, 'I love Lucia and she loves me!' Besides, he went off with her father arm in arm. For he certainly is her father, isn't he—the ugly little man with a cock's feather in his hat?"

Despite Emma's explanations, as soon as the recitative duet began in which Gilbert lays bare his abominable machinations to his master, Ashton, Charles, seeing the false troth-ring that is to deceive Lucia, thought it was a love-gift sent by Edgar. He confessed, moreover, that he did not understand the story because of the music, which interfered very much with the words.

"What does it matter?" said Emma. "Do be quiet!"

"Yes, but you know," he went on, leaning against her shoulder, "I like to understand things."

"Be quiet! be quiet!" she cried impatiently.

Lucia advanced, half supported by her women, a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, and paler than the white satin of her gown. Emma dreamed of her own marriage-day; she saw herself at home again amid the corn in the little path as they walked to the church. Oh, why had not she, like this woman, resisted, implored? She, on the contrary, had been joyous, without seeing the abyss into which she was throwing herself. Ah, if, in the freshness of her beauty, before the

soiling of marriage and the disillusions of adultery, she could have anchored her life upon some great, strong heart, then, virtue, tenderness, voluptuousness, and duty blending, she never would have fallen from so high a happiness. But such happiness, no doubt, was a lie invented for the despair of all desire. She now knew the smallness of the passions that are exaggerated. So, striving to divert her thoughts, Emma determined now to see in this reproduction of her sorrows only a plastic fantasy, well enough to please the eye, and she even smiled with disdainful pity when at the back of the stage under the velvet hangings a man appeared in a black coat.

His large Spanish hat fell at a gesture he made, and immediately the instruments and the singers began the sextet. Edgar, flashing with fury, dominated all the others with his clearer voice; Ashton hurled homicidal provocations at him in deep notes; Lucia uttered her piercing plaint, Arthur at one side, his modulated tones in the middle register, and the bass of the clergyman pealed forth like an organ, while the voices of the women repeating his words took them up in chorus delightfully. They stood in a row gesticulating, and anger, vengeance, jealousy, terror, and stupefaction breathed forth at once from their half-opened mouths. The outraged lover brandished his naked sword; his guipure ruffle rose tumultuously with the movements of his chest, and he stalked from right to left with long strides, clanking against the boards the silver-gilt spurs of his soft boots, widening out at the ankles. Emma thought he must have an inexhaustible love to lavish it upon the crowd with such effusion. All her small fault-findings faded before the poetry of the character that absorbed her; and drawn toward the man by the illusion of that character, she tried to imagine his life—

that life resonant, extraordinary, splendid, which might have been hers if fate had willed it. They would have known one another, loved one another. With him, through all the kingdoms of Europe she would have travelled from capital to capital, sharing his fatigues and his pride, picking up the flowers thrown to him, herself embroidering his costumes. Then each evening, at the back of the box, behind the golden trellis-work, she would have drunk in eagerly the expansions of this soul that would have sung for her alone; from the stage, even as he acted, he would have looked at her. And then the mad idea seized her that he *was* looking at her; it was certain! She longed to run to his arms, to take refuge in his strength, as in the incarnation of love itself, and to say to him, to cry out, "Take me away! carry me with you! let us go! Thine, thine! all my ardour and all my dreams!"

The curtain fell.

The odour of gas mingled with that of breaths, and the waving of fans made the air more suffocating. Emma wanted to go out; the crowd filled the corridors, and she fell back in her armchair with palpitations that choked her. Charles, fearing that she would faint, ran to the refreshment-room to get a glass of barley-water.

He had great difficulty in getting back to his seat, for his elbows were jerked at every step because of the glass he held in his hands, and he even spilled three fourths on the shoulders of a Rouen lady in short sleeves, who feeling the cold liquid running down to her loins uttered cries like a peacock, as if she were being assassinated. Her husband, who was a mill-owner, railed at the clumsy fellow, and while with her handkerchief she was wiping the stains from her handsome cherry-coloured taffeta gown, he angrily mut-

tered something about indemnity, costs, reimbursement. At last Charles reached his wife, saying to her, quite out of breath:

"Dear me! I thought I should have had to stay there. There is such a crowd—*such* a crowd!"

He added:

"Just guess whom I met up there! Monsieur Léon!"

"Léon?"

"Himself! Here he comes to pay his respects." As he finished these words the ex-clerk of Yonville entered the box.

He held out his hand with the ease of a gentleman; and Madame Bovary extended hers, without doubt obeying the attraction of a stronger will. She had not felt it since that spring evening when the rain fell upon the green leaves, and they had said good-bye standing at the window. But soon recalling herself to the necessities of the situation, with an effort she shook off the torpor of her memories, and began stammering a few hurried words.

"Ah, good-evening! What! you here?"

"Silence!" cried a voice from the pit, for the third act was beginning.

"So you are at Rouen?"

"Yes."

"And since when?"

"Turn them out! turn them out!" People were looking at them. They were silent.

But from that moment she listened no more; and the chorus of the guests, the scene between Ashton and his servant, the grand duet in D major, all were for her as far off as if the instruments had grown less sonorous and the characters more remote. She remembered the games at cards at the chemist's, and the

walk to the nurse's, the reading in the arbour, the *tête-à-tête* by the fireside—all that poor love, so calm and so protracted, so discreet, so tender, which she had nevertheless forgotten. And why had he come back? What combination of circumstances had brought him back into her life? He was standing behind her, leaning with his shoulder against the wall of the box; now and again she felt herself trembling beneath his hot breath falling upon her hair.

"Does this amuse you?" he said, bending over her so closely that the end of his moustache brushed her cheek. She replied carelessly:

"Oh, dear me, no, not much."

Then he proposed that they should leave the theatre and go and take an ice somewhere.

"Oh, not yet; let us stay," said Bovary. "Her hair's undone; this is going to be tragic."

But the mad scene did not interest Emma at all, and the acting of the singer seemed to her exaggerated.

"She screams too loud," said she, turning to Charles, who was listening.

"Yes—perhaps—a little," he replied, undecided between the frankness of his pleasure and his respect for his wife's opinion.

Then, with a sigh, Léon said:

"The heat is unbearable! Yes!"

"Do you feel unwell?" asked Bovary.

"Yes, I am stifling; let us go."

Monsieur Léon put Emma's long lace shawl carefully about her shoulders, and all three went off to sit down in the harbour, in the open air, outside the windows of a café.

First they spoke of her illness, although Emma interrupted Charles from time to time, for fear, she said, of boring Monsieur Léon; and the latter told them that

he had come to spend two years at Rouen in a large office, in order to acquire practice in his profession, which was different in Normandy and Paris. Then he inquired after Berthe, the Homais, Mère Lefrançois, and as he and Emma had nothing more to say to one another in the husband's presence, the conversation soon came to an end.

People coming out of the theatre passed along the pavement, humming or shouting at the top of their voices, "*O bel ange, ma Lucie!*" Then Léon, playing the dilettante, began to talk music. He had seen Tamburini, Rubini, Persiani, Grisi, and, compared with them, Lagardy, despite his grand outbursts, was nowhere.

"Yet," interrupted Charles, who was slowly sipping his rum-sherbet, "they say that he is quite admirable in the last act. I regret leaving before the end, because it was beginning to amuse me."

"Well," said the clerk, "he will soon give another performance."

But Charles replied that they were returning home the next day. "Unless," he added, turning to his wife, "you would like to stay alone, my love?"

Changing his tactics at this unexpected opportunity which presented itself to his hopes, the young man sang the praises of Lagardy in the last number. It was really superb, sublime. Then Charles insisted:

"You would get home on Sunday. Come, make up your mind. You are wrong not to stay if you feel that this is doing you the least good."

The tables round them, however, were being deserted; a waiter came and stood discreetly near them. Charles, who understood, took out his purse; the clerk held back his arm, and did not forget to leave two more pieces of silver that he made chink on the marble.

" I am really sorry," said Bovary, " about the money which you are——"

The other made a careless gesture full of cordiality, and taking his hat said:

" It is settled, isn't it? To-morrow at six o'clock!"

Charles explained once more that he could not absent himself longer, but that nothing prevented Emma——

" But," she stammered, with a strange smile, " I am not sure——"

" Well, you must think it over. We'll see. The night brings counsel." Then to Léon, who was walking along with them, " Now that you are in our part of the world, I hope you'll come and ask us for some dinner occasionally."

The clerk declared he would not fail to do so, being obliged, moreover, to go to Yonville on some business for his office. They parted before the Saint-Herbland Passage just as the cathedral clock struck half-past eleven.

PART III

CHAPTER I

A DREAM AND A DRIVE

WHILE studying law, Léon had frequented the dance-halls, where he was even a great success amongst the grisettes, who thought he had a distinguished air. He had the best manners of all the students; he wore his hair neither too long nor too short, did not spend all his quarter's money on the first day of the month, and kept on good terms with his professors. As for excesses, he had always abstained from them, as much from cowardice as from refinement.

Often, when he stayed in his room to read, or when sitting of an evening under the lime-trees of the Luxembourg, he let his Code fall to the ground, and the memory of Emma returned to him. But gradually this feeling grew weaker, and other desires gathered over it, although it still persisted through them all. For Léon did not lose all hope; there was for him, as it were, a vague promise floating in the future, like a golden fruit hanging from some fantastic tree.

Then, seeing her again after three years of absence, his passion reawakened. He must, he thought, at last make up his mind to possess her. Moreover, his timidity had worn off by contact with gay companions, and he returned to the provinces despising everyone who had not trodden the asphalt of the boulevards with

varnished shoes. Beside a Parisienne in her laces, in the drawing-room of some illustrious physician, a person driving his own carriage and wearing many orders, the poor clerk would no doubt have trembled like a child; but here, at Rouen, in the harbour, with the wife of this small doctor he felt at his ease, sure beforehand that he would shine. Self-possession depends on its environment. We don't speak on the first floor as on the fourth; and the wealthy woman seems to have about her, to guard her virtue, all her bank-notes, like a cuirass, in the lining of her corset.

On leaving the Bovarys the night before, Léon had followed them through the streets at a distance; having seen them stop at the Croix-Rouge, he went home, and spent the night meditating a plan.

So the next day about five o'clock he walked into the kitchen of the inn, with a choking sensation in his throat, pale cheeks, and that resolution of cowards that stops at nothing.

"The gentleman isn't in," answered a servant.

This seemed a good omen. He went upstairs.

Emma was not disturbed at his approach; on the contrary, she apologised for having neglected to tell him where they were staying.

"Oh, I divined it!" said Léon.

He pretended he had been guided toward her by chance, by instinct. She began to smile; and at once, to repair his folly, Léon told her that he had spent his morning in looking for her in all the hotels in the town, one after another.

"So you have made up your mind to stay?" he added.

"Yes," she said, "and I am wrong. One ought not to accustom oneself to impossible pleasures when there are a thousand demands upon her."

"Oh, I can imagine!"

"Ah, no! for you—you are a man!"

But men too had their trials, and the conversation went off into certain philosophical reflections. Emma expatiated much on the misery of earthly affections and the eternal isolation in which the heart remains entombed.

To show off, or from a naïve imitation of this melancholy which called forth his own, the young man declared that he had been awfully bored during the whole course of his studies. The law irritated him, other vocations attracted him, and his mother never ceased worrying him in every one of her letters. As they talked they explained more and more fully the motives of their sadness, working themselves up in their progressive confidence. But they sometimes stopped short of the complete exposition of their thought, and then sought to invent a phrase that still might express it. She did not confess her passion for another; he did not say that he had forgotten her.

Perhaps he no longer remembered his suppers with girls after masked balls; and no doubt she did not recollect the rendezvous of old when she ran across the fields in the morning to her lover's house. The noises of the town hardly reached them, and the room seemed small, as if on purpose to hem in their solitude more closely. Emma, in a dimity dressing-gown, leaned her head against the back of the old arm-chair; the yellow wall-paper formed, as it were, a golden background behind her, and her head was mirrored in the glass with the white parting in the middle, and the tips of her ears peeping out from the folds of her luxuriant hair.

"But pardon me!" she said. "This is wrong of me. I weary you with my eternal complaints."

"No, never, never!"

"If you knew," she went on, raising toward heaven her beautiful eyes, in which a tear was trembling, "all that I had dreamed!"

"And I! Oh, I too have suffered! Often I went out; I went away. I dragged myself along the quays, seeking distraction amid the din of the crowd without being able to banish the heaviness that weighed upon me. In an engraver's shop on the boulevard there is an Italian print of one of the Muses. She is draped in a tunic, and she is looking at the moon, with forget-me-nots in her flowing hair. Something drove me there continually; I stayed there hours together." Then, in a trembling voice, he added: "She resembled you a little."

Madame Bovary turned away her head that he might not see the irrepressible smile rising to her lips.

"Often," he went on, "I wrote you letters that I tore up."

She did not answer. He continued:

"I sometimes fancied that some chance would bring you. I thought I recognised you at street-corners, and I ran after all the carriages through whose windows I saw a shawl fluttering, or a veil like yours."

She seemed resolved to let him go on speaking without interruption. Crossing her arms and bending down her face, she looked at the rosettes on her slippers, and at intervals made little movements with her toes inside the satin tips.

At last she sighed.

"But the most wretched thing—is it not?—is to drag out, as I do, a useless existence. If our pains were only of some use to some one, we should find consolation in the thought of the sacrifice."

He began a eulogy of virtue, duty, and silent immo-

lation, having himself an incredible longing for self-sacrifice that he could not satisfy.

"I should much like," she said, "to be a nurse at a hospital."

"Alas! men have none of these holy missions, and I see nowhere any calling—unless perhaps that of a doctor."

With a slight shrug of her shoulders, Emma interrupted him to speak of her illness, which had almost killed her. What a pity it had not! She should not be suffering now! Léon at once expressed envy of the calm of the tomb, and said that one evening he had even made his will, asking to be buried in that beautiful rug with velvet stripes he had received from her. For this was how they would have wished to be, each setting up an ideal to which they were now adapting their past life. Besides, speech is a rolling-mill that always thins out sentiment.

At this invention of the rug, however, she asked, "But why?"

"Why?" he hesitated. "Because I loved you so!" And congratulating himself at having surmounted the difficulty, Léon watched her face.

It was like the sky when a gust of wind drives the clouds away. The mass of sad thoughts that darkened them seemed to be lifted from her blue eyes; her whole face shone. He waited. At last she replied:

"I always suspected it."

Then they recalled all the trifling events of that far-off existence, the joys and sorrows of which they had just summed up in one phrase. They recalled the arbour with the clematis, the gowns she had worn, the furniture of her room, the whole of her house.

"And our poor cactuses, where are they?" Léon asked.

"The cold killed them this winter."

"Ah! how I have thought of them, do you know? I often saw them again as of old, when on the summer mornings the sun beat down upon your blinds, and I saw your two bare arms passing out among the flowers."

"Poor friend!" she said, holding out her hand.

Léon swiftly pressed his lips to it. Then, when he had taken a deep breath, he continued:

"At that time you were to me I know not what incomprehensible force that took captive my life. Once, for instance, I went to see you; but you, no doubt, do not remember it."

"I do," she said; "go on."

"You were downstairs in the ante-room, ready to go out, standing on the last step; you were wearing a bonnet with small blue flowers; and without any invitation from you, in spite of myself, I went with you. Every moment, however, I grew more and more conscious of my folly, and I went on walking by you, not daring to follow you completely, yet unwilling to leave you. When you went into a shop, I waited in the street, and I watched you through the window taking off your gloves and counting the change on the counter. Then you rang at Madame Tuvache's; you were let in, and I stood like an idiot in front of the great heavy door that had closed after you."

Madame Bovary, as she listened to him, wondered that she was so old. All these things reappearing before her seemed to widen out her life; it was like some immensity of sentiment to which she returned; and from time to time she said in a low voice:

"Yes, it is true—true—true!"

They heard eight strike on the different clocks of the Beauvoisine quarter, which is full of schools, churches,

and large empty hotels. They spoke no longer, but felt as they looked upon each other a buzzing in their heads, as if something sonorous had escaped from the fixed eyes of each. They were hand in hand now, and the past, the future, reminiscences and dreams, all were confounded in the sweetness of this ecstasy.

She rose to light two wax-candles on the table, then she sat down again.

"Well!" said Léon.

"Well!" she replied.

He was thinking how he could resume the interrupted conversation, when she said to him:

"How is it that no one until now ever has expressed such sentiments to me?"

The clerk said that ideal natures were difficult to understand. He had loved her from the first moment, and he despaired when he thought of the happiness that would have been theirs if, thanks to fortune, meeting her earlier, they had been indissolubly bound to each other.

"I have sometimes thought of it," she ventured.

"What a dream!" murmured Léon. And, fingering gently the blue edge of her long white sash, he added, "And what prevents us from beginning now?"

"No, my friend," she replied; "I am too old; you are too young. Forget me! Others will love you; you will love them."

"Not as I love you!" he cried.

"What a child you are! Come, let us be sensible. I wish it."

She explained to him the impossibility of their love, and said that they must remain, as formerly, on the simple terms of a fraternal friendship.

Did she say this seriously? No doubt Emma herself did not know, absorbed as she was by the charm of

the seduction, and the necessity of defending herself from it; and, contemplating the young man with a moved look, she gently repelled the timid caresses that his trembling hands attempted.

"Ah, forgive me!" he cried, drawing back.

Emma was seized with a vague fear at this shyness, more dangerous to her than the boldness of Rodolphe when he advanced to her open-armed. No man ever had seemed to her so beautiful. An exquisite candour emanated from his being. He lowered his long, fine eyelashes, which curled upward. His soft cheek was reddened, she thought, with desire of her person, and Emma felt an invincible longing to press her lips to it. Then, leaning toward the clock as if to see the time—

"Ah, how late it is!" she said; "how we do chatter!"

He understood the hint and took up his hat.

"It has even made me forget the theatre. And poor Bovary left me here especially for that. Monsieur Lormeaux, of the Rue Grand-Pont, was to take me with his wife."

So the opportunity seemed lost, as she was to leave the next day.

"Really!" said Léon.

"Yes."

"But I must see you again," he went on. "I wanted to tell you——"

"What?"

"Something—important—serious. Oh, no! Besides, you will not go; it is impossible! If you should —listen to me. Then you have not understood me; you have not guessed——"

"Yet you speak plainly," said Emma.

"Ah, you can jest! Enough! enough! Oh, for pity's sake, let me see you once—only once!"

"Well——" She stopped; then, as if thinking better of it, "Oh, not here!"

"Where you will."

"Will you——" She seemed to reflect; then abruptly, "To-morrow at eleven o'clock in the cathedral."

"I shall be there," he cried, seizing her hands, which she disengaged.

And as they were both standing up, he behind her, and Emma with her head bent, he stooped over her, and pressed long kisses on her neck.

"You are mad! Ah, you are mad!" she said, with ringing little laughs, while the kisses multiplied.

Bending his head over her shoulder, he seemed to beg the consent of her eyes. They fell upon him full of icy dignity.

Léon stepped back to go out. He stopped on the threshold; then he whispered with a trembling voice, "To-morrow!"

She answered with a nod, and disappeared like a bird into the next room.

In the evening Emma wrote the clerk an interminable letter, in which she cancelled the rendezvous; all was over; they must not, for the sake of their happiness, meet again. But when the letter was finished, as she did not know Léon's address, she was puzzled.

"I'll give it to him myself," she said; "he will come."

The next morning, at the open window, and humming on his balcony, Léon himself varnished his pumps with several coatings. He put on white trousers, fine socks, a green coat, poured all the scent he had into his handkerchief, then having had his hair curled, he uncurled it to give it a more natural elegance.

"It is still too early," he thought, looking at the hairdresser's cuckoo-clock, which pointed to the hour of

nine. He read an old fashion journal, went out, smoked a cigar, walked up three streets, thought it was time, and went toward the porch of Notre Dame.

It was a beautiful summer morning. Silver plate sparkled in the jewellers' windows, and the light falling obliquely on the cathedral made mirrors of the corners of the grey stones; a flock of birds fluttered in the grey sky round the trefoil bell-turrets; the square, resounding with cries, was fragrant with the flowers that bordered its pavement: roses, jasmines, pinks, narcissi, and tuberoses, unevenly spaced out between moist grasses, catnip, and chickweed for the birds; the fountains gurgled in the centre, and under large umbrellas, amid melons piled up in heaps, bare-headed flower-women were twisting paper round bunches of violets.

The young man took a cluster. It was the first time that he had bought flowers for a woman, and his breast, as he smelled them, swelled with pride, as if this homage that he meant for another had recoiled upon himself.

But he was afraid of being seen; he resolutely entered the church. The beadle, who was just then standing on the threshold in the middle of the left doorway, under the "Dancing Marianne," with feather cap, and rapier dangling against his calves, came in, more majestic than a cardinal, and as shining as a saint on a holy pyx.

He went toward Léon, and, with that smile of wheedling benignity assumed by ecclesiastics when they question children:

"The gentleman, no doubt, does not belong to these parts? The gentleman would like to see the curiosities of the church?"

"No!" said the other.

And he first walked through the lower aisles. Then

he went out to look at the square. Emma was not coming yet. He went up again to the choir.

The nave was reflected in the full fonts with the foot of the arches and some portions of the glass windows. But the reflections of the paintings, broken by the marble rim, were continued farther on upon the flagstones, like a many-coloured carpet. The broad daylight from without streamed into the church in three enormous rays from the three wide-open portals.

Léon walked solemnly along by the walls. Life never had seemed so good to him. She would come directly, charming, agitated, looking back at the glances that followed her, wearing her flounced gown, her gold eyeglass, her dainty shoes, all sorts of elegant trifles that he never had enjoyed, and exhaling the ineffable seduction of yielding virtue. The church like a huge boudoir would encompass her; the arches would bend down to gather in the shade the confession of her love; the windows would shine resplendent to illumine her face, and the censers would burn that she might appear like an angel amid the fumes of the sweet-smelling odours.

But she did not come! He sat down on a chair, and his eyes fell upon a blue stained window representing boatmen carrying baskets.

The beadle, standing at a distance, was inwardly angry at this individual who took the liberty of admiring the cathedral by himself. He seemed to him to be conducting himself in a monstrous fashion, to be robbing him in a way, and almost committing a sacrilege.

Presently there was a rustle of silk on the flags, the tip of a bonnet appeared, a lined cloak—it was she! Léon rose and ran to meet her.

Emma was pale. She had walked fast.

"Read!" she said, holding out a paper to him. "Oh, no!"

And she abruptly withdrew her hand to enter the chapel of the Virgin, where, kneeling on a chair, she began to pray.

The young man was irritated at this bigot's fancy; then he experienced a certain pleasure in seeing her, in the midst of a rendezvous, thus lost in her devotions, like an Andalusian marchioness; then he grew bored, for it seemed that she never would come to an end.

Emma prayed, or rather tried to pray, hoping that some sudden resolution might descend to her from heaven; and to draw down divine aid she filled her eyes with the splendours of the tabernacle. She inhaled the perfumes of the full-blown flowers in the large vases, and listened to the stillness of the church, which only heightened the tumult of her heart.

At last she rose, and they were about to go, when the beadle came forward, hurriedly saying:

"Madame, no doubt, does not belong to these parts? Madame would like to see the curiosities of the church?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Léon.

"Why not?" said she. For she clung with her expiring virtue to the Virgin, the sculptures, the tombs—to anything.

Then, in order to proceed "by rule," the beadle conducted them first to the entrance near the square, where he pointed out with his cane a large circle of blockstones without inscription or carving.

"This," he said majestically, "is the circumference of the beautiful bell of Amboise. It weighed forty thousand pounds. There was not its equal in all Europe. The workman who cast it died of the joy——"

"Let us go on," said Léon.

The old fellow set off again; then, having returned to the chapel of the Virgin, he stretched forth his arm with an all-embracing gesture of demonstration, and, prouder than a country squire exhibiting his espaliers, continued:

"This simple stone covers Pierre de Brézé, Lord of Varenne and of Brissac, Grand Marshal of Poitou, and Governor of Normandy, who died at the battle of Montlhéry on the sixteenth of July, fourteen hundred and sixty-five."

Léon bit his lips, fuming with impatience.

"And on the right, this gentleman all encased in iron, on the prancing horse, is his grandson, Louis de Brézé, Lord of Breval and of Montchauvet, Count de Maulevrier, Baron de Mauny, Chamberlain to the king, Knight of the Order, and also Governor of Normandy; died on the twenty-third of July, fifteen hundred and thirty-one—on a Sunday, as the inscription specifies; and below, this figure, about to descend into the tomb, portrays the same person. It is not possible, is it, to see a more perfect representation of annihilation?"

Madame Bovary put up her eyeglasses. Léon, motionless, looked at her, no longer even attempting to speak a single word, to make a gesture, so discouraged was he at this two-fold obstinacy of gossip and indifference.

The everlasting guide went on:

"Near him, this kneeling woman who weeps is his spouse, Diane de Poitiers, Countess de Brézé, Duchess de Valentinois, born in fourteen hundred and ninety-nine, died in fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and to the left, the woman with the child is the Holy Virgin. Now turn to this side; here are the tombs of the Amboise. They were both cardinals and archbishops of Rouen. That one was minister under Louis Twelfth.

He did a great deal for the cathedral. In his will he left thirty thousand gold crowns for the poor."

And without stopping, still talking, he pushed them into a chapel full of balustrades, put some away, and disclosed a kind of block that certainly might once have been an ill-made statue.

"Truly," he said with a groan, "it adorned the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England and Duke of Normandy. It was the Calvinists, sir, who reduced it to this condition. They buried it for spite in the earth, under the episcopal seat of Monsignor. See! this is the door by which Monsignor passes to his house. Let us pass on to see the gargoyle windows."

But Léon hastily took some silver from his pocket and seized Emma's arm. The beadle stood dumfounded, not able to understand this untimely munificence when there were still so many things for the stranger to see. So calling him back, he cried:

"Sir! sir! The steeple! the steeple!"

"No, thank you," said Léon.

"You are wrong, sir! It is four hundred and forty feet high, nine less than the great pyramid of Egypt. It is all cast; it——"

Léon was fleeing, for it seemed to him that his love, which for nearly two hours had become petrified in the church like the stones, would vanish like a vapour through that sort of truncated funnel, oblong cage, or open chimney that rises so grotesquely from the cathedral like the extravagant attempt of some fantastic brazier.

"But where are we going?" Emma inquired.

Making no answer, he walked on with a rapid step; and Madame Bovary was already dipping her finger in the holy water when behind them they heard a panting

breath interrupted by the regular tapping of a cane. Léon turned back.

"Monsieur!"

"What is it?"

He recognised the beadle, holding under his arms and balancing against his stomach twenty large sewn volumes. They were works "which treated of the cathedral."

"Idiot!" growled Léon, rushing out of the church.

A lad was playing about the close.

"Go and get me a cab!"

The child bounded off like a ball toward the Rue Quatre-Vents; then they were alone a few minutes, face to face, and a little embarrassed.

"Ah, Léon! Really—I don't know—whether I ought," she whispered. Then with a more serious air, "Do you know, it is very improper?"

"How so?" said Léon. "It is done in Paris."

And that, as an irresistible argument, decided her.

But the cab was long in coming. Léon was afraid she might reënter the church. At last it came.

"At all events, go out by the north porch," cried the beadle, who was left alone on the threshold, "so as to see the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, Paradise, King David, and especially the Condemned in Hell-flames."

"Where to, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Where you like," said Léon, hurrying Emma into the cab.

And the lumbering machine set out. It went down the Rue Grand-Pont, crossed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoleon, the Pont Neuf, and stopped before the statue of Pierre Corneille.

"Go on," cried a voice from within the cab.

The vehicle went on again, and as soon as it reached

the Carrefour Lafayette, it set off down-hill, and entered the station at a gallop.

"No, go straight on!" called the same voice.

The cab came out by the gate, and soon having reached the Cours, rolled quietly beneath the elm-trees. The coachman wiped his brow, put his leather hat between his knees, and drove his carriage beyond the side alley by the meadow to the margin of the water.

It went along by the river, along the towing-path paved with sharp pebbles, and ambled for a long while in the direction of Oyssel, beyond the isles.

But suddenly it turned with a dash across Quatremares, Sotteville, La Grande-Chaussée, the Rue d'Elbeuf, and made its third stop in front of the Jardin des Plantes.

"Go on, will you?" cried the voice more furiously.

At once resuming its course, it passed by Saint-Sever, by the Quai des Curandiers, the Quai aux Meules, once more over the bridge, by the Place au Champ de Mars, and behind the hospital gardens, where old men in black coats were walking in the sunshine along the terrace all green with ivy. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the Boulevard Cauchoise, then through the whole of Mont-Riboudet to the Deville hills.

It returned; and then, without any fixed plan or direction, wandered about at hazard. That fiacre was seen at Saint-Pol, at Lescure, at Mont Gargan, at La Rouge-Marc and the Place du Gaillardbois; in the Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, before Saint-Romain, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise—in front of the Customs, at the Vieille Tour, the Trois Pipes, and the Monumental Cemetery. At times the coachman on his box cast despairing eyes at the public-houses. He could not understand what furious desire for locomo-

tion urged these persons to go on and never wish to stop. He tried to do so now and then, and at once exclamations of anger burst forth behind him. Then he lashed his perspiring jades afresh, but was indifferent to their jolting; he ran up against things here and there, not caring whether he did, demoralised, and almost weeping with thirst, fatigue, and depression.

On the streets along the harbour, in the midst of drays and casks, the good folk opened large, wonder-stricken eyes at this sight, so extraordinary in the provinces—a cab with blinds drawn, appearing to be shut more closely than a tomb, and tossing like a vessel.

Once, in the middle of the day, in the open country, just as the sun beat most fiercely against the old plated lanterns, a bared hand passed beneath the small blinds of yellow canvas, and threw out some scraps of paper that scattered in the wind, and farther off alighted like white butterflies on a field of red clover in bloom.

At about six o'clock the carriage stopped in a back street of the Beauvoisine Quarter, and a woman got out, who walked rapidly away with her veil down, and without turning her head.

CHAPTER II

DISCORDS AND DIPLOMACY

WHEN Madame Bovary reached the inn she was surprised not to see the diligence. Hivert, who had waited for her fifty-three minutes, had at last set forth without her.

Nothing forced her to go; but she had said positively that she would return that evening. Besides, Charles

expected her, and in her heart she felt already that cowardly docility which is for some women at once the chastisement and the atonement of adultery.

She packed her bag quickly, paid her bill, took a cab in the yard, hurrying the driver, urging him on, every moment inquiring about the time and the miles traversed. He succeeded in overtaking the "Hirondelle" as it approached the first houses of Quincampoix.

Hardly was she seated in her corner than she closed her eyes; she opened them at the foot of the hill, where from afar she recognised Félicité, who was watching in front of the farrier's shop. Hivert pulled in his horses, and the maid, climbing up to the window, said mysteriously:

"Madame, you must go at once to Monsieur Homais. It is for something important."

The village was as quiet as usual. At the corner of the streets were small pink heaps that steamed in the air, for this was the time of year for jam-making, and everyone in Yonville prepared a supply on the same day. In front of the chemist's shop one might admire a much larger heap, which surpassed the others with the superiority that a laboratory must have over ordinary shops, a general need over individual fancy.

Emma went in. The large armchair was upset, and even the *Fanal de Rouen* lay on the ground, outspread between two pestles. She pushed open the lobby door, and in the middle of the kitchen, amid brown jars full of currants, powdered sugar and lump sugar, with scales on the table, and pans on the fire, she saw all the Homais family, small and large, with aprons reaching to their chins, and with forks in their hands. Justin was standing with bowed head, and the chemist was screaming:

"Who told you to go and fetch it in the Capharnaüm?"

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked Emma.

"What is it?" replied the chemist. "We are making preserves; they are simmering; but they were about to boil over, because there is too much juice, and I ordered another pan. Then he, from indolence, from laziness, went and took, hanging on its nail in my laboratory, the key of the Capharnaüm."

Thus the chemist called a small room under the leads, filled with the utensils and goods of his trade. He often spent long hours there alone, labelling, decanting, and doing up again; and he looked upon it not as a simple store but as a veritable sanctuary, whence afterward issued, elaborated by his hands, all sorts of pills, boluses, infusions, lotions, and potions, that would spread his celebrity far and wide. No one set foot there, and he respected it so much that he swept it himself. Finally, if the pharmacy, open to all comers, was the spot where he displayed his pride, the Capharnaüm was the refuge where, egoistically concentrating himself, Homais delighted in the exercise of his predilections, so that Justin's thoughtlessness seemed to him a monstrous piece of irreverence, and, redder than the currants, he repeated:

"Yes, from the Capharnaüm! The key that locks up the acids and caustic alkalis! To go and get a spare pan! a pan with a lid! which perhaps I shall never use! Everything is of importance in the delicate operations of our art! But, devil take it! one must make distinctions, and not employ for almost domestic purposes that which is meant for pharmaceutical! It is as if one were to carve a fowl with a scalpel; as if a magistrate——"

"Now be calm," said Madame Homais.

And Athalie, pulling at his coat, cried "Papa! papa!"

"No, let me alone," continued the chemist, "let me alone, hang it! Good heavens! One might as well set up for a grocer. That's it! go it! respect nothing! break, smash, let loose the leeches, burn the mallow-paste, pickle the gherkins in the window-jars, tear up the bandages!"

"I thought you had——" said Emma.

"Yes, yes, Madame! Do you know to what you exposed yourself? Didn't you see anything in the corner, on the left, on the third shelf? Speak, answer, articulate something."

"I—don't—know," stammered the young fellow.

"Ah, you don't know! Well, then, I do know! You saw a jar of blue glass, sealed with yellow wax, which contains a white powder, on which I have even written 'Dangerous!' And do you know what is in it? Arsenic! And you go and touch it! You take a pan that was next to it!"

"Next to it!" cried Madame Homais, clasping her hands. "Arsenic! You might have poisoned us all."

The children began howling as if already they had frightful pains in their stomachs.

"Or poisoned a patient!" continued the chemist. "Do you wish to see me in the prisoner's dock with criminals in a court of justice? To see me dragged to the scaffold? Don't you know what care I take in managing things, although I am so thoroughly used to it? Often I am horrified myself when I think of my responsibility; for the Government persecutes us, and the absurd legislation that rules us is a veritable Damocles' sword over our heads."

Emma no longer dreamed of asking what they wanted her for, and the chemist went on in breathless phrases:

"That is your return for all the kindnesses we have shown you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! For without me where would you be? What would you be doing? Who provides you with food, education, clothes, and all the means of figuring one day with honour in the ranks of society? But you must pull hard at the oar if you are to do that, and, as they say, get callosities upon your hands. *Fabricando fit faber, age quod agis.*"

He was so exasperated he quoted Latin. He would have quoted Chinese or Greenlandish had he known those two languages, for he was in one of those crises in which the whole soul shows indistinctly what it contains, like the ocean, which, in the storm, opens itself from the seaweeds on its shores down to the sands of its abysses.

He persisted:

"I am beginning to repent terribly of having taken you up! I should certainly have done better to leave you to rot in your poverty and the dirt in which you were born. Oh, you'll never be fit for anything but to herd horned animals! You have no aptitude for science! You hardly know how to paste a label! And there you are, living with me snug as a parson, in clover, taking your ease!"

But Emma, turning to Madame Homais, said: "I was told to come here——"

"Oh, dear!" interrupted the good woman with a sad air, "how shall I tell you? It is a misfortune!"

She could not go on, for the chemist was thundering: "Empty it! Clean it! Take it back at once! Be quick!"

Seizing Justin by the collar of his blouse, he shook a book out of his pocket. The youth stooped, but Ho-

mais was the quicker, and having picked up the volume, contemplated it with wide eyes and open mouth.

"*Conjugal—love!*" he said, slowly separating the two words. "Ah! very good! very fine! very pretty! And with illustrations! Oh, this is too much!"

Madame Homais came forward.

"No, do not touch it!" he commanded.

The children wanted to look at the pictures.

"Leave the room!" he said imperiously; and they went out.

He walked up and down with the open book in his hand, rolling his eyes, choking, tumid, apoplectic. Then he approached his pupil, and, planting himself in front of him with crossed arms, he said:

"Have you every vice, then, little wretch? Take care! you are on a downward path. Did you not reflect that this infamous book might fall into the hands of my children, kindle a spark in their minds, tarnish the purity of Athalie, corrupt Napoléon? He is already formed like a man. Are you quite sure, anyhow, that they have not read it? Can you certify to me——"

"But really, sir," said Emma, "you wished to tell me——"

"Ah, yes! Madame. Your father-in-law is dead."

In fact, Monsieur Bovary senior had expired the evening before suddenly from an attack of apoplexy as he rose from dinner, and by way of greater precaution, on account of Emma's sensibility, Charles had begged Homais to break the terrible news to her gradually. Homais had pondered his speech; he had rounded, polished it, made it rhythmical; it was a masterpiece of prudence and transitions, of subtle turns and delicacy; but anger had got the better of rhetoric.

Emma, giving up all hope of hearing any details, left the pharmacy; for Monsieur Homais had taken up

the thread of his vituperations. But he was growing calmer, and was now grumbling in a paternal tone while he fanned himself with his skull-cap.

"It is not that I entirely disapprove of the work. Its author was a physician. There are certain scientific points in it which it is not wrong that a man should know, and I would even venture to say a man ought to know. But later—later! At any rate, not till you are a man yourself and your constitution is formed."

When Emma knocked at the door, Charles, who was waiting for her, came forward with open arms and said to her with tears in his voice:

"Ah, my dear!"

And he bent over her gently to kiss her. But at the contact of his lips the memory of the other seized her, and she passed her hand over her face, shuddering.

"Yes, I know, I know!" she replied.

He showed her the letter in which his mother told the event without any sentimental hypocrisy. She only regretted that her husband had not received the consolations of religion, as he had died at Daudeville, in the street, at the door of a café, after a patriotic dinner with some ex-officers.

Emma handed him back the letter; then at dinner, for appearance's sake, she affected a certain repugnance to eating. But as Charles urged her to try, she resolutely began, while opposite her he sat motionless in a dejected attitude.

At times he raised his head and gave her a long look full of distress. Once he sighed, "I should have liked to see him again!"

She was silent. At last, feeling that she must say something, she asked, "How old was your father?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Ah!"

And that was all.

A quarter of an hour later he added, "My poor mother! what will become of her now?"

Emma made a gesture signifying that she did not know. Seeing her so taciturn, Charles imagined she was deeply affected, and forced himself to keep silence, not to reawaken this sorrow which moved him. And, shaking off his own mood—

"Did you enjoy yourself yesterday?" he asked.

"Yes."

When the cloth was removed, Bovary did not rise, nor did Emma; and as she looked at him, the monotony of the spectacle gradually drove all pity from her heart. He seemed to her paltry, weak, a cipher—in a word, a poor thing in every way. How should she get rid of him? What an interminable evening! Something stupefying like the fumes of opium seized her.

They heard in the passage the sharp noise of a wooden leg on the boards. It was Hippolyte bringing back Emma's luggage. In order to put it down he described painfully a quarter of a circle with his stump.

"He doesn't even remember any more about that," she thought, looking at the poor wretch, whose coarse red hair was wet with perspiration.

Bovary was searching at the bottom of his purse for a centime, without appearing to understand all there was of humiliation for him in the mere presence of this man, who stood there like a personified reproach to the doctor's hopeless incapacity.

"Hallo! you have a pretty bouquet," he said, noticing Léon's violets on the chimney.

"Yes," she replied indifferently; "some flowers I bought just now from a beggar."

Charles picked up the flowers, and freshening his

eyes, red with tears, against them, inhaled their odour delicately.

Emma took them quickly from his hand and put them in a glass of water.

The next day Madame Bovary senior arrived. She and her son wept much. Emma, on the pretext of giving orders, disappeared. The following day they had a talk over the mourning. They sat with their workboxes by the waterside under the arbour.

Charles was thinking of his father, and was surprised to feel so much affection for this man, whom till then he had thought he cared little about. Madame Bovary senior was thinking of her husband. The worst days of the past seemed desirable to her. All evil was forgotten beneath the instinctive regret of long habit, and from time to time while she sewed, a big tear rolled along her nose and hung suspended there a moment. Emma was thinking that it was barely forty-eight hours since she and Léon had been together, far from the world, in a frenzy of joy, and not having eyes enough to gaze upon each other.

She was ripping the lining of a gown, and the strips were scattered around her. Madame Bovary senior was plying her scissors without looking up, and Charles, in his list slippers and his old brown surtout that he used as a dressing-gown, sat with both hands in his pockets, and did not speak either; near them Berthe, in a little white apron, was digging the sand in the walks with her spade.

Suddenly Emma saw Monsieur Lheureux, the linen-draper, enter through the gateway.

He came to offer his services "in these sad circumstances." Emma answered that she thought she could do without. The shopkeeper was not to be ignored.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I should like

to have a private talk with you." Then in a low voice, "It's about that affair—you know."

Charles crimsoned to his ears. "Oh, yes! certainly." And in his confusion, turning to his wife, "Couldn't you speak to him, my darling?"

She seemed to understand him, for she rose; and Charles said to his mother, "It is nothing particular. No doubt, some household trifle." He did not wish her to know the story of the bill, fearing her reproaches.

As soon as they were alone, Monsieur Lheureux in sufficiently clear terms began to congratulate Emma on the inheritance, then to talk of indifferent matters, of the espaliers, the harvest, and of his own health, which was always uncertain, having ups and downs. In fact, he had to work devilish hard, although he didn't make enough, in spite of all people said, to find butter for his bread.

Emma let him talk on. She had been so prodigiously bored the last two days.

"And so you're quite well again?" he went on. "Well, well! I saw your poor husband in a sad state. He's a good fellow, though we did have a little misunderstanding."

She asked what misunderstanding, for Charles had said nothing of the dispute about the goods supplied to her.

"Why, you know well enough," cried Lheureux. "It was about your little fancies—the travelling trunks."

He had drawn his hat over his eyes, and, with his hands behind his back, smiling and whistling, he looked straight at her in an unbearable manner. Did he suspect anything? She was lost in all kinds of apprehensions. At last, however, he resumed:

"We made it up, all the same, and I've come again to propose another arrangement."

This was to renew the bill Bovary had signed. The doctor, of course, would do as he pleased; he was not to trouble himself, especially just now, when he would have a great deal of worry. "And he would do better to hand over the business to some one else —to you, for example. With a power of attorney it could be easily managed, and then we (you and I) would have our little business transactions together."

She did not understand, and was silent. Then, passing to his trade, Lheureux declared that Madame must require something. He would send her a black barège, twelve yards, just enough to make a gown.

"The one you have on is good enough for the house, but you want another for calls. I saw that the moment I came. I have the eye of an American!"

He did not send the stuff; he brought it. Then he came again to measure it; he came again on other pretexts, always trying to make himself agreeable, useful, "enfeoffing himself," as Homais would have said, and always dropping some hint to Emma about the power of attorney. He never mentioned the bill; she did not think of it. Charles, at the beginning of her convalescence, had certainly said something about it to her, but so many emotions had passed through her head that she no longer remembered it. Besides, she took care not to talk of any money matters. Madame Bovary seemed surprised at this, and attributed the change in her ways to the religious sentiments she had professed during her illness.

But as soon as she was gone, Emma greatly astounded Bovary by her practical good sense. It would be necessary to make inquiries, to look into mortgages, and see whether there were any occasion for a sale

by auction or a liquidation. She quoted technical terms casually, pronounced the grand words of "order," "the future," "foresight," and constantly exaggerated the difficulties of settling his father's affairs so much that at last one day she showed him the rough draft of a power of attorney to manage and administer his business, arrange all loans, sign and endorse all bills, pay all sums, and so on. She had profited by Lheureux's lessons.

Charles naïvely asked her whence this paper came.

"Monsieur Guillaumin;" and with the utmost coolness she added, "I don't trust him overmuch. Notaries have such a bad reputation. Perhaps we ought to consult——only we know—no one."

"Unless Léon——" replied Charles, who was reflecting.

But it was difficult to explain matters by letter. Then she offered to make the journey to Rouen, but he thanked her and said no. She insisted. It was quite a contest of mutual consideration. At last she cried, with affected waywardness—

"No, I *will* go!"

"How good you are!" he said, kissing her forehead.

The next morning she set out in the "Hirondelle" to go to Rouen to consult Monsieur Léon, and she stayed there three days.

CHAPTER III

ANOTHER HONEYMOON

THERE they spent three full, exquisite days—a true honeymoon.

They stayed at the Hôtel-de-Boulogne, on the harbour; and they lived there, with drawn curtains and closed doors, with flowers on the floor, and iced drinks that were brought them early in the morning.

Toward evening they took a covered boat and went to dine on one of the islands.

They rowed down in the midst of moored boats, whose long oblique cables grazed lightly against the bottom of their boat. The din of the town gradually grew distant; the rolling of carriages, the tumult of voices, the yelping of dogs on the decks of vessels. She took off her bonnet, and they landed on their island.

They sat down in the low-ceilinged room of an inn, at the door of which hung black nets. They ate fried smelts, cream, and cherries. They lay down upon the grass; they kissed behind the poplars; and they would fain, like two Robinson Crusoes, have lived forever in this little place, which seemed to them in their beatitude the most magnificent on earth.

At night they returned. The boat glided along the shores of the islands. They sat at the bottom, both hidden by the shade, in silence. The square oars rang in the iron rowlocks, and seemed to mark time in the stillness like the beating of a metronome, while at the stern the trailing rudder never ceased its gentle splash against the water.

Once the moon rose; then they did not fail to make fine phrases, finding the orb melancholy and full of poetry. Emma even began to sing:

"One night, do you remember, we were sailing,"

Her musical but weak voice died away along the waves, and the winds carried off the trills that Léon heard pass like the quiver of wings about him.

Emma was opposite him, leaning against the partition of the shallop, through one of the raised blinds of which the moon streamed in. Her black dress, with drapery spread out like a fan, made her seem more slender, taller. Her head was raised, her hands were clasped, her eyes lifted toward heaven. At times the shadow of the willows hid her completely; then she reappeared suddenly, like a vision in the moonlight.

Yet they had to part. The adieux were sad. He was to send his letters to Mère Rollet, and she gave him such precise instructions about using a double envelope that he admired her amorous astuteness.

"So you can assure me it is all right?" she said with her last kiss.

"Yes, certainly."

"But why," he thought afterward, as he went through the streets alone, "is she so very anxious to get this power of attorney?"

CHAPTER IV

A VISIT AT HOME

LÉON soon put on superior airs among his comrades, avoided their society, and neglected his work.

He waited for Emma's letters; he re-read them; he wrote to her. He called her to mind with all the strength of his desires and his memories. Instead of lessening with absence, this longing to see her again increased, so that at last on Saturday morning he escaped from his office.

When, from the top of the hill, he saw in the valley the church-spire with its weather-vane swinging in the wind, he felt that delight mingled with triumphant vanity and egoistic tenderness that millionaires must experience when they revisit their native village.

He went rambling round Emma's house. A light was burning in the kitchen. He watched for her shadow behind the curtains, but nothing appeared.

Mère Lefrançois, when she saw him, uttered many exclamations. She thought he had grown and was thinner, while Artémise, on the contrary, thought him stouter and darker.

He dined in the little room as of old, but alone, without the tax-gatherer; for Binet, tired of waiting for the "Hirondelle," had definitely put forward his meal one hour, and now he dined punctually at five, yet he declared that "the ricketty old concern" was late.

Léon, however, made up his mind, and at last knocked at the doctor's door. Madame was in her room, but did not come down for a quarter of an hour. The doctor seemed delighted to see him, but he never stirred out that evening, nor all the next day.

Léon saw her alone in the evening, very late, behind the garden in the lane—in the lane, as she had met the other man! It was a stormy night, and they talked under an umbrella by lightning flashes.

Their separation was becoming intolerable. "I would rather die!" said Emma. She was writhing in his arms, weeping. "Adieu! adieu! When shall I see you again?"

They ran back again to embrace once more, and then she promised him to find soon, by no matter what means, a regular opportunity for seeing each other in freedom at least once a week. Emma never doubted she should be able to do this. Besides, she was full of hope. Some money was coming to her.

On the strength of this, she bought a pair of yellow curtains, with large stripes, for her room, the cheapness of which Monsieur Lheureux had commended; she dreamed of getting a carpet, and Lheureux, declaring that it wasn't "drinking the sea," politely undertook to supply her with one. She could no longer do without his services. Twenty times a day she sent for him, and he at once laid aside his business without a murmur. The neighbours could not understand either why Mère Rollet breakfasted with her every day, and even paid her private visits.

It was about this time, that is to say, the beginning of the winter, that she seemed seized with great musical fervour.

One evening when Charles was listening to her, she began the same piece four times over, each time with

much vexation, while he, not noticing any difference, cried:

"Bravo! very good! You are wrong to stop. Go on!"

"Oh, no; it is execrable! My fingers are quite rusty."

The next day he begged her to play him something again.

"Very well; to please you!"

And Charles confessed she had gone off in her execution a little. She played wrong notes and blundered; then, stopping short, said:

"Ah! it is of no use. I ought to take some lessons; but——" She bit her lips and added, "Twenty francs a lesson, that's too dear!"

"Yes, so it is—rather," said Charles, giggling stupidly. "But it seems to me that one might be able to do it for less; for there are artists of no reputation, who are often better than the celebrities."

"Find them!" said Emma.

The next day when he came home he looked at her shyly, and at last could no longer keep back the words.

"How obstinate you are sometimes! I went to Barfeuchères to-day. Well, Madame Liégeard assured me that her three young ladies, who are at La Miséricorde, have lessons at fifty sous apiece, and that from an excellent mistress!"

She shrugged her shoulders and did not open her piano again. But when she passed by it (if Bovary were there), she sighed—

"Ah! my poor piano!"

And when anyone came to see her, she did not fail to inform them that she had given up music, and could not begin again now for important reasons. Then people commiserated her—

"What a pity! she had so much talent!"

They even spoke to Bovary about it. They put him to shame, and especially the chemist.

"You are wrong. One should never let any of the faculties of nature lie fallow. Besides, just think, my good friend, that by inducing Madame to study, you are economizing on the subsequent musical education of your child. For my own part, I think that mothers ought themselves to instruct their children. That is an idea of Rousseau's, still rather new perhaps, but which will end by triumphing, I am certain of it, just like that of mothers nursing their own children and the value of vaccination."

So Charles returned once more to this question of the piano. Emma replied bitterly that it would be better to sell it. This poor piano, which had given her vanity so much satisfaction—to see it go was to Bovary like the indefinable suicide of a part of herself.

"If you like," he said, "to take a lesson from time to time, that wouldn't, after all, be very ruinous."

"But lessons," she replied, "are of use only when followed up."

Thus it was she set about obtaining her husband's permission to go to town once a week to see her lover. At the end of a month she was even considered to have made considerable progress in her music.

CHAPTER V

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE

EMMA went to Rouen on Thursdays. She rose and dressed silently, in order not to awaken Charles, who would have made remarks about her getting up too early. She walked to and fro, went to the windows, and looked out at the square.

When it was a quarter past seven, she went off to the Lion d'Or, the door of which Artémise opened, yawning. The girl then raked out the coals covered by the cinders, and Emma remained alone in the kitchen. From time to time she went out. Hivert was leisurely harnessing his horses, listening, meanwhile, to Mère Lefrançois, who, passing her head and nightcap through a grating, was charging him with commissions and giving him explanations that would have confused anyone else.

At last, when Hivert had eaten his soup, put on his cloak, lighted his pipe, and grasped his whip, he calmly installed himself on his seat.

The "Hirondelle" set out on a slow trot, and for about a mile stopped here and there to take up passengers who waited for it, standing at the border of the road, in front of their gates.

Those who had engaged seats the evening before kept it waiting; some even were still in bed in their houses. Hivert called, shouted, swore; then he descended from his seat and knocked loudly at the doors. The wind blew through the cracked windows.

The four seats, however, filled up. The coach rolled on; rows of apple trees followed one upon another,

and the road between its two long ditches, full of yellow water, rose, narrowing toward the horizon.

Emma knew it from end to end; she knew that after a meadow there was a sign-post, next an elm, a barn, or the hut of a lime-kiln tender.

At last the brick houses began to follow one another more closely, the earth resounded beneath the wheels, the "Hirondelle" rolled between gardens, where through an opening one saw statues, periwinkle plants, clipped yews, and swings. Then suddenly the town appeared.

A dizziness seemed to Emma to detach itself from this mass of existence, and her heart swelled as if the hundred and twenty thousand souls that palpitated there had suddenly sent into it the vapour of the passions she fancied theirs. Her love increased in the presence of this vastness, and expanded with tumult to the vague murmurings that rose toward her. She poured it out upon the square, on the walks, on the streets, and on the old Norman city outspread before her eyes as an enormous capital, as a Babylon into which she was entering.

They stopped at the barrier; Emma took off her overshoes, put on other gloves, rearranged her wrap, and twenty paces farther along she descended from the "Hirondelle."

The town was awakening. Shop-boys in caps were cleaning up the shop-fronts, and women, with baskets against their hips, at intervals uttered sonorous cries at the corners of streets. Emma walked with downcast eyes, close to the walls, and smiling with pleasure under her lowered black veil.

Fearing observation, she did not usually take the most direct road. She plunged into dark alleys, and, perspiring, reached the foot of the Rue Nationale, near

the fountain that stands there. It is the quarter for theatres, inns, and courtesans.

Emma turned down a street; she recognised Léon by his curling hair that escaped from beneath his hat.

Léon walked quickly along the pavement, and Emma followed him to the hotel. He went up the steps, opened the door, entered—What an embrace!

After the kisses, words gushed forth. They told each other the trials of the week, their presentiments, their anxiety for letters; but now all was forgotten; they gazed into each other's eyes with voluptuous laughs and tender names.

The bed was large, of mahogany, in the shape of a boat. The curtains were of red levantine; they hung from the ceiling and bulged out too much toward the rounded bedside; and nothing in the world was so lovely as Emma's brown head and white skin against this deep colour, when, with a movement of modesty, she crossed her bare arms, hiding her face in her hands.

The warm room, with its discreet carpet, its gay ornaments, and its soft light, seemed made for the intimacies of passion. The curtain-rods, ending in arrows, their brass pegs, and the great balls of the andirons gleamed suddenly when the sunlight entered. On the chimney between the candelabra gleamed two of those pink shells in which one hears the murmur of the sea if one holds them to the ear.

How they loved that dear room, so full of gayety, despite its rather faded splendour! They always found the furniture in the same place, and sometimes hair-pins, which she had forgotten the Thursday before, under the pedestal of the clock. They lunched by the fireside on a little round table, inlaid with rosewood.

Emma carved, put bits on Léon's plate with all sorts of coquettish ways, and she laughed with a ringing and libertine laugh when the froth of the champagne ran over from the glass to the rings on her fingers. They were so completely lost in the possession of each other that they thought themselves in their own house, and that they would live there till death, like two spouses eternally young. They said "our room," "our carpet," she even said "our slippers," alluding to a gift of Léon's to gratify one of her whims. They were of pink satin, bordered with swansdown. When she sat on his knee, her shortened leg swung in the air, and the dainty shoe, which had no back to it, was held to her bare foot only by the toes.

For the first time Léon enjoyed the inexpressible delicacy of feminine refinements. He never had met this grace of language, this reserve of clothing, these poses like a weary dove. He admired the exaltation of her soul and the lace on her petticoat. Besides, was she not "a lady" and a married woman—a real mistress, in short?

By the diversity of her moods, in turn mystical or mirthful, talkative, taciturn, passionate, careless, she awakened in him a thousand desires, called up instincts or memories. She was the sweetheart of all the novels, the heroine of all the dramas, the vague "she" of all the volumes of verse. He found again on her shoulder the amber colouring of the "odalisque bathing"; she had the long waist of feudal châtelaines, and she resembled the "pale woman of Barcelona." But above all she was the Angel!

Often, when looking at her, it seemed to him that his soul, escaping toward her, spread like a wave about the outline of her head, and descended into the whiteness of her bosom. He knelt on the floor before her,

and with both elbows on her knees looked at her with a smile, his face upturned.

She leaned over him, and murmured, as if suffocated with intoxication:

"Oh, do not move! do not speak! look at me! Something so sweet comes from your eyes that helps me so much!"

She called him "child." "Child, do you love me?"

She did not listen for his answer in the haste of her lips that met his own.

On the clock there was a bronze cupid, who smirked as he bent his arm beneath a golden wreath. They laughed at it many a time, but when they had to part everything seemed serious to them.

Motionless before each other, they kept repeating, "Till Thursday, till Thursday!"

Suddenly she would seize his head between her hands, kiss him hurriedly on the forehead, crying, "Adieu!" and rush down the stairs.

She went to a hairdresser's in the Rue de la Comédie to have her hair arranged. Night fell; the gas was lighted in the shop. She heard the bell at the theatre calling the mummers to the performance, and she saw, passing opposite, men with pale faces and women in faded gowns entering the stage-door.

It was hot in the hairdresser's, which was a room, small, and too low; the stove was hissing in the midst of wigs and pomades. The smell of the tongs, together with the greasy hands that handled her head, slightly overcame her, and she dozed a little in her wrapper. Often, as he dressed her hair, the man offered her tickets for a masked ball.

Then she departed. She went up the streets; reached the Croix-Rouge, put on her overshoes, which she had hidden in the morning under the seat, and

sank into her place among the impatient passengers. Some got out at the foot of the hill. She remained alone in the coach. At every turning all the lights of the town were seen more and more completely, making a great luminous vapour about the dim houses. Emma knelt on the cushions, and her eyes wandered over the dazzling light. She sobbed; called on Léon, sent him tender words and kisses lost in the wind.

On the hillside a poor wretch wandered about with his stick among the diligences. A mass of rags covered his shoulders, and an old battered tall hat, bent out like a basin, hid his face; but when he took it off he showed in the place of eyelids only empty and bloody orbits. The flesh hung in red shreds, and from it flowed liquids that congealed into greenish scales down to the nose, whose black nostrils sniffed convulsively. To speak to a person he threw back his head with an idiotic laugh; then his bluish eyeballs, always rolling, beat at the temples against the edge of the open wound. He sang a little song as he followed the carriages—

> "Maids in the warmth of a summer day
> Dream of love, and of love alway."

The rest of the song was about birds and sunshine and green leaves.

Sometimes he appeared suddenly behind Emma, bareheaded, and she recoiled with a cry. Hivert made fun of him. He would advise him to take a booth at the Saint Romain fair, or ask him, laughing, how his young woman was.

Often they had started when, with a sudden movement, the beggar's hat entered the diligence through the small window, while he clung with his other arm to the footboard, between the wheels splashing mud.

His voice, feeble at first and quavering, grew sharp; it resounded in the night like the indistinct moan of some vague distress; and above the ringing of bells, the murmur of trees, and the rumbling of the empty vehicle, it had a far-off sound that disturbed Emma. It went to the bottom of her soul, like a whirlwind in an abyss, and carried her away into the vague distance of a boundless melancholy. But Hivert, noticing a weight behind, gave the blind man sharp cuts with his whip. The thong lashed his wounds, and he fell back into the mud with a yell.

Charles was waiting for her at home; the "Hirondelle" was always late on Thursdays. Madame arrived at last, but barely kissed the child. The dinner was not ready. No matter! She excused the servant. This maid now seemed allowed to do just as she liked.

Once her husband, noting her pallor, asked whether she were ill.

"No," said Emma.

"But," he replied, "you seem so strange to-night."

"Oh, it's nothing! nothing!"

There were even days when she had no sooner come in than she went up to her room; and Justin, happening to be there, moved about noiselessly, quicker at helping her than the best of maids. He laid the matches ready, the candlestick, a book, arranged her nightgown, turned back the bedclothes.

"Come!" said she, "that will do. You may go."

For he stood there, his hands hanging and his eyes wide open, as if entangled in the innumerable threads of a sudden reverie.

The day following the rendezvous was always frightful, and those that came after still more unbearable, because of Emma's impatience to seize her happiness once again; an ardent lust, inflamed by the images of

past experience, which burst forth freely on the seventh day beneath Léon's caresses. His ardours were hidden beneath outbursts of wonder and gratitude. Emma tasted his love in a discreet, absorbed fashion, maintained it by all the artifices of her tenderness, and trembled a little lest later it should be lost.

She often said to him, with her sweet, melancholy voice:

"Ah, you too, you will leave me! You will marry! You will be like all the others."

"What others?" he asked.

"Why, like all men," she replied. Then added, repelling him with a languid movement:

"You are all evil!"

One day, as they were talking philosophically of earthly disillusions, in order to experiment on his jealousy, or yielding, perhaps, to an over-strong need to pour out her heart, she told him that formerly she had loved some one before him. "Not as I love you," she added quickly, protesting by the head of her child that nothing serious had passed between them.

The young man believed her, but none the less questioned her to find out what *he* was.

"He was a ship's captain, my dear," said she.

Was this not preventing any inquiry, and, at the same time, assuming a higher ground by implying this pretended fascination exercised over a man who must have been of warlike nature and accustomed to receive homage?

The clerk felt the lowliness of his own station; he longed for epaulettes, crosses, titles. That sort of thing would please her—he gathered that from her spendthrift habits.

Emma nevertheless concealed many of these extravagant fancies, such as her wish to have a blue tilbury

to drive into Rouen, drawn by an English horse and driven by a groom in top-boots. It was Justin who had inspired her with this whim, by begging her to take him into her service as *valet-de-chambre*, and if the lack of it did not lessen the pleasure of her arrival at each rendezvous, it certainly augmented the bitterness of her return.

Often, when they talked together of Paris, she ended by murmuring, "Ah, how happy we should be there!"

"Are we not happy?" gently answered the young man, passing his hands over her hair.

"Yes, that is true," she said. "I am mad. Kiss me!"

To her husband she was more charming than ever. She made him pistachio-creams and played him waltzes after dinner. So he thought himself the most fortunate of men, and Emma was without uneasiness, when, one evening, suddenly he said:

"It is Mademoiselle Lempereur, isn't it, who gives you lessons?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw her just now," Charles went on, "at Madame Liégeard's. I spoke to her about you, and she doesn't know you."

This came like a thunderclap. But she replied quite naturally:

"Ah! no doubt she forgot my name."

"But perhaps," said the doctor, "there are several Demoiselles Lempereur at Rouen who are music-mistresses."

"Possibly!" Then quickly—"But I have my receipts here. See!"

And she went to the writing-desk, ransacked all the drawers, rummaged the papers, and at last lost her head so completely that Charles earnestly begged her

not to take so much trouble about those wretched receipts.

"Oh, I will find them," she said.

On the following Friday, as Charles was putting on one of his boots in the dark closet where his clothes were kept, he felt a piece of paper between the leather and his stocking. He took it out and read—

"Received, for three months' lessons and several pieces of music, the sum of sixty-three francs.—FÉLICIE LEMPEREUR, professor of music."

"How the devil did it get into my boots?"

"It must," she replied, "have fallen from the old box of bills that is on the edge of the shelf."

From that moment her existence was one long tissue of lies, in which she enveloped her love as in veils to hide it. It was a necessity, a mania, a pleasure carried to such an extent that if she said she had the day before walked on the right side of the road, one might know she had taken the left.

One morning, when she had gone, as usual, rather lightly clothed, it suddenly began to snow, and as Charles was watching the weather from the window, he caught sight of Monsieur Bournisien in the chaise of Monsieur Tuvache, who was driving him to Rouen. He went down to give the priest a heavy wrap which he was to hand to Emma as soon as he reached the Croix-Rouge. When he got to the inn, Monsieur Bournisien asked for the wife of the Yonville doctor. The landlady replied that she very rarely came to her establishment. So that evening, when he recognised Madame Bovary in the "Hirondelle," the priest told her his dilemma, but without appearing to attach much importance to it, for he began praising a preacher who was doing wonders at the Cathedral, and whom all the ladies were rushing to hear.

Still, if he did not ask for any explanation, others might prove less discreet. So she thought it wise to stop every time at the Croix-Rouge, so that the good folk of her village who saw her on the stairs should suspect nothing.

One day, however, Monsieur Lheureux met her coming out of the Hôtel de Boulogne on Léon's arm; and she was frightened, thinking he would gossip. He was not such a fool. But three days later he came to her room, closed the door, and said, "I must have some money."

She declared she could not give him any. Lheureux burst into lamentations, and reminded her of all the favours he had shown her.

In fact, of the two bills signed by Charles up to that time Emma had paid only one. As to the second, the shopkeeper, at her request, had consented to replace it by another, which again had been renewed for a long date. Then he drew from his pocket a list of goods not paid for; to wit, the curtains, the carpet, material for the armchairs, several gowns, and various articles of dress, the bills for which amounted to about two thousand francs.

She bowed her head. He continued:

"Well, if you haven't any ready money, you have an estate." And he reminded her of a miserable little hovel situated at Barneville, near Aumale, which brought in almost nothing. It had formerly been part of a small farm sold by Monsieur Bovary senior; for Lheureux knew everything, even to the number of acres and the names of the neighbours.

"If I were in your place," he said, "I should clear myself of my debts, and have some money left over."

She pointed out the difficulty of finding a purchaser.

He held out the hope of finding one; but she asked him how she should manage to sell it.

"Haven't you your power of attorney?" he replied.

The phrase came to her like a breath of fresh air. "Leave me the bill," said Emma.

"Oh, it isn't worth while," answered Lheureux.

He came back the following week and boasted of having, after much trouble, at last discovered a certain Langlois, who, for a long time, had had an eye on the property, but without mentioning his price.

"Never mind the price!" she cried.

But they would have to wait, to sound the fellow. The thing was worth a journey, and, as she could not undertake it, he offered to go to the place to have an interview with Langlois. On his return he announced that the purchaser would give four thousand francs.

Emma was radiant at this news.

"Frankly," Lheureux added, "that's a good price."

She drew half the sum at once, and when she was about to pay her account the shopkeeper said:

"It really grieves me, I declare, to see you depriving yourself all at once of such a large sum as that."

Then she looked at the bank-notes, and dreaming of the unlimited number of rendezvous represented by those two thousand francs, she stammered:

"What! what do you say?"

"Oh!" he went on, laughing good-naturedly, "one puts anything he likes on receipts. Don't you think I know what household affairs are?" He looked at her fixedly, while in his hand he held two long papers that he slid between his nails. At last, opening his pocket-book, he spread out on the table four bills to order, each for a thousand francs.

"Sign these," he said, "and keep it all!"

She cried out, scandalised.

"But if I give you the surplus," replied Monsieur Lheureux impudently, "is not that helping you?"

And taking a pen he wrote at the bottom of the account, "Received of Madame Bovary four thousand francs."

"Now who can trouble you, since in six months you'll draw the arrears for your cottage, and I don't make the last bill due till after you've been paid?"

Emma grew rather confused in her calculations, and her ears tingled as if gold pieces, bursting from their bags, rang all round her on the floor. At last Lheureux explained that he had a very good friend, Vinçart, a broker at Rouen, who would discount these four bills. Then he himself would hand over to Madame the remainder after the actual debt was paid.

But instead of two thousand francs he brought only eighteen hundred, for the friend Vinçart (which was *only fair*) had deducted two hundred francs for commission and discount. Then he carelessly asked for a receipt.

"You understand—in business—sometimes. And with the date, if you please, with the date."

A vista of realisable whims opened before Emma. She was prudent enough to lay by a thousand crowns, with which the first three bills were paid when they fell due; but the fourth, by chance, came to the house on a Thursday and Charles, quite upset by it, patiently awaited his wife's return for an explanation.

If she had not told him about this bill, she said, it was only to spare him such domestic worries; she sat on his knees, caressed him, cooed to him, gave a long enumeration of all the indispensable things that had been got on credit.

"Really, you must confess, considering the quantity, it isn't too dear."

Charles, at his wit's end, soon had recourse to the eternal Lheureux, who swore he would arrange matters if the doctor would sign him two bills, one of which was for seven hundred francs, payable in three months. In order to arrange for this he wrote his mother a pathetic letter. Instead of sending a reply she came herself; and when Emma asked whether he had got anything out of her, "Yes," he replied; "but she wants to see the account." The next morning at daybreak Emma ran to Lheureux to beg him to make out another account for not more than a thousand francs, for to show the one for four thousand it would be necessary to say that she had paid two thirds, and confess, consequently, the sale of the estate—a negotiation admirably carried out by the shopkeeper, and which, in fact, was only actually known some time later.

Despite the low price of each article, Madame Bovary senior of course thought the expenditure extravagant.

"Couldn't you do without a carpet? Why have re-covered the armchairs? In my time there was a single armchair in a house, for elderly persons—at any rate, it was so at my mother's, who was a good woman, I can tell you. Not everybody can be rich! No fortune can hold out against waste! I should be ashamed to coddle myself as you do! And yet I am old. I need looking after. And there! there! fitting of gowns! fallals! What! silk for lining at two francs, when you can get jaconet for ten sous, or even for eight, that would do well enough!"

Emma, lying on a lounge, replied as quietly as possible: "Ah, Madame, enough! enough!"

The other went on lecturing her, predicting they would end in the workhouse. But it was Bovary's

fault. Luckily he had promised to destroy that power of attorney.

"What?"

"Ah, he swore he would," said the good woman.

Emma opened the window, called Charles, and the poor fellow was obliged to confess the promise torn from him by his mother.

Emma disappeared, then came back quickly, and majestically handed her a thick piece of paper.

"Thank you," said the old woman. And she threw the power of attorney into the fire.

Emma began to laugh, a strident, piercing, continuous laugh; she had an attack of hysterics.

"Oh, my God!" cried Charles. "Ah, you really are wrong! You come and make scenes with her!"

His mother, shrugging her shoulders, declared it was "all put on."

But Charles, rebelling for the first time, took his wife's part, so that Madame Bovary senior said she would leave. She went the very next day, and on the threshold, as he was trying to detain her, she replied:

"No, no! You love her better than me, and you are right. It is natural. For the rest, so much the worse! You will see. Good-by—for I am not likely to come soon again, as you say, to make scenes."

Charles nevertheless was very crestfallen before Emma, who did not hide the resentment she still felt at his want of confidence, and it needed many prayers before she would consent to have another power of attorney. He even accompanied her to Monsieur Guillaumin to have a second one drawn up just like the other.

"I understand," said the notary; "a man of science cannot be worried with the practical details of life."

Charles felt relieved by this comfortable reflection,

which gave his weakness the flattering appearance of higher preoccupation.

What an outburst there was the next Thursday with Léon at the hotel in their room! She laughed, cried, sang, sent for sherbets, wanted to smoke cigarettes, seemed wild and extravagant, but adorable, superb.

He did not know what reaction of her whole being drove her more and more to plunge into the pleasures of life. She was becoming irritable, greedy, voluptuous; and she walked about the streets with him carrying her head high, without fear, so she said, of compromising herself. At times, however, Emma trembled at the sudden thought of meeting Rodolphe, for it seemed to her that, although they were separated forever, she was not completely free from her subjugation to him.

One night she did not return to Yonville at all. Charles lost his head with anxiety, and little Berthe would not go to bed without her mamma, and sobbed enough to break her heart. Justin went out searching the road at random. Monsieur Homais even left his pharmacy.

At last, at eleven o'clock, not able to bear it longer, Charles harnessed his chaise, jumped in, whipped up his horse, and reached the Croix-Rouge about two o'clock in the morning. No one there. He thought that perhaps Léon had seen her; but where did he live? Happily, Charles remembered his employer's address, and rushed off there.

Day was breaking, and he could distinguish the escutcheons over the door, and knocked. Some one, without opening the door, shouted out the required information, adding a few insults to those who disturb people in the middle of the night.

The house inhabited by Léon had neither bell,

knocker, nor janitor. Charles knocked loudly at the shutters with his hands. A policeman happened to pass by. Then he was frightened, and went away.

"I am mad," he said; "no doubt they kept her to dinner at Monsieur Lormeaux.'" But the Lormeaux no longer lived at Rouen.

"She probably stayed to visit Madame Dubreuil. Why, no—Madame Dubreuil has been dead these ten months! Where can she be?"

An idea occurred to him. At a café he asked for a directory, and hurriedly looked for the name of Mademoiselle Lempereur, who lived at No. 74 Rue de la Renelle-des-Maroquiniers.

As he was turning into the street, Emma herself appeared at the other end of it. He threw himself upon her rather than embraced her, crying:

"What kept you yesterday?"

"I was not well."

"What was it? Where? How?"

She passed her hand over her forehead and answered, "At Mademoiselle Lempereur's."

"I was sure of it! I was going there."

"Oh, it isn't worth while," said Emma. "She went out just now; but for the future don't worry. I do not feel free, you see, if I know that the least delay upsets you like this."

This was a sort of permission that she gave herself, so as to have perfect freedom of her escapades. She profited by it freely, fully. When she was seized with the desire to see Léon, she set out upon any pretext; and if he did not expect her on that day, she went to fetch him from his office.

This was a great delight at first, but soon he no longer concealed the truth, which was, that his chief complained very much about these interruptions.

"Never mind, come along," she said.

And he slipped out.

She wished him to dress all in black, and grow a pointed beard, to look like the portraits of Louis XIII. She asked to see his lodgings, and thought them poor. He blushed at them, but she did not notice this; then she advised him to buy some curtains like hers, and as he objected to the expense—

"Ah! you care for your money," she said, laughing.

Every time Léon had to tell her everything that he had done since their last meeting. She asked him for some verses—some verses for herself, a "love poem" in honour of her. But he never succeeded in getting a rhyme for the second verse; and at last ended by copying for her a sonnet in a "Keepsake." This was less from vanity than from the one desire of pleasing her. He did not question her ideas; he accepted all her tastes; he was rather becoming her mistress than she his. She had tender words and kisses that thrilled his soul. Where could she have learned this corruption almost incorporeal in the strength of its profundity and dissimulation?

CHAPTER VI

DELIRIUM AND DANGER

WHEN he made journeys to see Emma, Léon often dined at the chemist's, and he felt obliged from politeness to invite him to visit him in turn.

"With pleasure!" Monsieur Homais replied; "besides, I must invigorate my mind, for I am growing

rusty here. We'll go to the theatre, to the restaurant; we'll make a night of it!"

"Oh, my dear!" tenderly murmured Madame Homais, alarmed at the thought of the vague perils he was preparing to brave.

"Well, what? Do you think I'm not sufficiently ruining my health living here amid the continual emanations of the pharmacy? But there! that is the way with women! They are jealous of science, and then are opposed to our taking even the most legitimate amusements. No matter! Count upon me. One of these days I shall turn up at Rouen, and we shall go the pace together."

The chemist would once have taken good care not to use such an expression, but he was cultivating a gay Parisian style, which he thought in the best taste; and, like his neighbour, Madame Bovary, he questioned the clerk curiously about the customs of the capital; he talked slang to dazzle the *bourgeois*, saying *chump*, *joint, swell, a bum, cut my stick,* and *I'll beat it*, for "I am going."

So one Thursday Emma was surprised to meet Monsieur Homais in the kitchen of the Lion d'Or, wearing a traveller's costume, that is to say, wrapped in an old cloak which no one knew he had, while he carried a valise in one hand and the foot-warmer of his establishment in the other. He had confided his intentions to no one, for fear of causing the public anxiety by his absence.

The idea of seeing again the place where his youth had been spent no doubt excited him, for during the whole journey he never ceased talking, and as soon as he had arrived, he jumped quickly out of the diligence to go in search of Léon. In vain Léon tried to get rid of him. Monsieur Homais dragged him off to the

large Café de la Normandie, which he entered majestically, not lifting his hat, thinking it very provincial to uncover in any public place.

Emma waited for Léon three quarters of an hour. At last she ran to his office, and lost in all sorts of conjectures, accusing him of indifference, and reproaching herself for her weakness, she spent the afternoon alone, her face pressed against the window-panes.

At two o'clock the two men were still at table opposite each other. The large room was clearing; the stove-pipe, in the shape of a palm-tree, spread its gilt leaves over the white ceiling, and near them, outside the window, in the bright sunshine, a little fountain gurgled in a white basin.

Homais was enjoying himself. Although he was even more intoxicated with the luxury than the rich fare, the Pomard wine all the same rather excited his faculties; and when the rum omelette appeared, he began expressing immoral theories about women. What seduced him above all else was *chic*, he said. He admired an elegant toilette in a well-furnished apartment, and as to bodily qualities, he didn't dislike a young girl.

Léon watched the clock in despair. The chemist went on drinking, eating, and talking.

"You must be very lonely," he said suddenly, "here at Rouen. To be sure, your lady-love doesn't live far away."

And as the other blushed:

"Come now, be frank. Can you deny that at Yonville——"

The young man stammered something.

"At Madame Bovary's, you're not making love to——"

"To whom?"

"The servant!"

He was not joking; but, vanity getting the better of all prudence, Léon, in spite of himself, protested. Besides, he only liked dark women.

"I approve of that," said the chemist; "they have more passion."

And whispering into his friend's ear, he pointed out the symptoms by which one could find out whether a woman had passion. He even launched into an ethnographic digression: the German was vapourish, the French woman licentious, the Italian passionate.

"And negresses?" asked the clerk.

"They are a cultivated taste!" said Homais. "Waiter! two cups of coffee!"

"Are we going?" at last asked Léon impatiently.

"*Ja!*"

But before leaving he desired to see the proprietor of the establishment and made him a few compliments. Then the young man, to be alone, alleged that he had some business engagement.

"Ah, I will escort you," said Homais.

And while he was walking through the streets with Léon he talked of his wife, his children, of their future, and of his business; told him in what a decayed condition it had formerly been, and to what a degree of success he had raised it.

Arrived in front of the Hôtel de Boulogne, Léon left him abruptly, ran up the stairs, and found his sweetheart in great excitement. At mention of the chemist she flew into a passion. But Léon gave good reasons; it wasn't his fault; didn't she know Homais—did she believe that he would prefer his company? But she turned away; he drew her back, and, sinking on his knees, clasped her waist with his arms in a languorous pose, full of longing and supplication.

She was standing, her large, flashing eyes looked at him seriously, almost terribly. Then tears obscured them, her red eyelids were lowered, she gave him her hands, and Léon was pressing them to his lips when a servant appeared to tell the gentleman that he was wanted.

"You will come back?" she said.

"Yes."

"But when?"

"Immediately."

"This is a trick," said the chemist, when he saw Léon. "I wanted to interrupt this visit, which seemed to me to annoy you. Let's go and have a glass of *garus* at Bridoux'."

Léon vowed that he must get back to his office. Then the chemist rallied him about quill-drivers and the law.

"Leave Cujas and Barthole alone a bit. Who the devil prevents you? Be a man! Let's go to Bridoux'. You'll see his dog. It's very interesting."

And as Léon still insisted——

"I'll go with you. I'll read a paper while I wait for you, or turn over the leaves of a 'Code.'"

Léon, bewildered by Emma's anger, Monsieur Homais' chatter, and, perhaps, by the heaviness of the luncheon, was undecided, and, as it were, hypnotised by the chemist, who kept repeating——

"Let's go to Bridoux'. It is quite near here, in the Rue Malpalu."

So, through cowardice, or stupidity, through that indefinable feeling that drags us into the most distasteful acts, he allowed himself to be led off to see Bridoux, whom they found in his small yard, superintending three workmen, who panted as they turned the large wheel of a machine for making seltzer-water. Homais,

gave them some good advice. He embraced Bridoux; they took some *garus*. Twenty times Léon tried to escape, but the other seized him by the arm saying:

"Presently! I'm coming! We'll go to the *Fanal de Rouen* to see the fellows there. I'll introduce you to Thomassin."

At last Léon managed to get rid of him, and rushed straight to the hotel. Emma was no longer there. She had just gone in a fit of anger. She detested him now. This failing to keep their rendezvous seemed to her an insult, and she tried to find other reasons to separate herself from him. She called him incapable of heroism, weak, banal, more spiritless than a woman, avaricious too, and cowardly.

Then, growing calmer, she at length discovered that she had, no doubt, calumniated him. But the disparaging of those we love always alienates us from them to some extent. We must not touch our idols; the gilt sticks to our fingers.

They gradually came to talking more frequently of matters outside their love, but in the letters that Emma wrote him she spoke of flowers, verses, the moon and the stars, naïve resources of a waning passion striving to keep itself alive by all external aids. She was constantly promising herself profound felicity on her next journey. Then she confessed to herself that she felt nothing extraordinary. This disappointment quickly gave way to a new hope, and Emma returned to him more inflamed, more eager than ever.

Yet there was upon that brow covered with cold drops, on those quivering lips, in those wild eyes, in the strain of those arms, something vague and dreary that seemed to Léon to glide between them subtly as if to separate them.

He did not dare to question her; but, seeing her so

skilled, she must have passed, he thought, through every experience of suffering and of pleasure. What had once charmed now alarmed him a little. Besides, he rebelled against his absorption, by her personality daily more marked. He begrudged Emma this constant victory. He even tried not to love her; then, when he heard the sound of her shoes, he turned coward, like drunkards at the sight of strong drink.

She did not fail, in truth, to lavish all sorts of attentions upon him, from the delicacies of food to the coquetries of dress and languishing looks. She brought roses in her breast from Yonville, which she threw into his face; was anxious about his health, gave him advice as to his conduct; and, in order the more surely to keep her hold on him, hoping perhaps that heaven would take her part, she tied a medal of the Virgin round his neck. She inquired like a virtuous mother about his companions. She said to him:

"Don't see them; don't go there; think only of ourselves; love me!"

One day, when they had parted early and she was returning alone along the boulevard, she saw the walls of her convent; then she sat down on a bench in the shade of the elm-trees. How calm that time had been! How she longed for the ineffable sentiments of love which she had tried to figure to herself out of books! The first month of her marriage, her rides in the wood, the Viscount who waltzed with her, and Lagardy singing, all passed again before her eyes. And Léon suddenly appeared to her as far distant as the others.

"Yet I love him," she said to herself.

No matter! She was not happy—she never had been. Whence came this insufficiency in life—this instantaneous turning to decay of everything on which she leaned? But if there were somewhere a being

strong and beautiful, a valiant nature, full at once of exaltation and refinement, a poet's heart in an angel's body, a lyre with sounding chords ringing out elegiac epithalamia to heaven, why, perchance, should she not find him? Ah, how impossible! Besides, nothing was worth the trouble of seeking it; everything was a lie. Every smile hid a yawn of ennui, every joy a curse, all pleasure, satiety, and the sweetest kisses left upon the lips only an unattainable desire for a greater delight.

A metallic clang droned through the air, and four strokes were heard from the convent-clock. Four o'clock! It seemed to her that she had been there on that bench an eternity. But an infinity of passions may be contained in a minute, like a crowd in a small space.

Emma lived absorbed in hers, and troubled herself no more about money matters than an archduchess.

Once, however, a miserable-looking man, florid and bald, came to her house, saying he had been sent by Monsieur Vinçart of Rouen. He took out the pins that held together the side-pockets of his long green top-coat, stuck them into his sleeve, and politely handed her a paper.

It was a bill for seven hundred francs, signed by her, which Lheureux, in spite of all his professions, had paid away to Vinçart. She sent her servant for Lheureux. He could not come. Then the stranger, who had remained standing, casting right and left curious glances, which his thick red eyebrows hid, asked with a naïve air:

"What answer am I to take Monsieur Vinçart?"

"Oh," said Emma, "tell him that I haven't the money. I will send next week; he must wait; yes, till next week."

The man went without another word.

But the next day at twelve o'clock she received a

summons, and the sight of the stamped paper, on which appeared several times in large letters, "Maitre Hareng, bailiff at Buchy," so frightened her that she rushed in hot haste to the linendraper's. She found him in his shop, tying up a parcel.

"Your obedient servant!" he said; "I am at your disposal."

But he went on with his work, helped by a young girl of about thirteen, somewhat hunchbacked, who was at once his clerk and his servant.

Then, his clogs clattering on the boards of the floor, he went up ahead of Madame Bovary to the first floor, and introduced her into a narrow closet, where, in a large desk in sapon-wood, lay some ledgers, protected by a horizontal padlocked iron bar. Against the wall, under some remnants of calico, was seen a safe, but of such dimensions that it must contain something besides bills and money. Monsieur Lheureux, in fact, was also a pawnbroker, and it was there that he had put Madame Bovary's gold chain, together with the earrings of poor old Tellier, who, at last forced to sell out, had bought a meagre store of groceries at Quincampoix, where he was dying of catarrh among his candles, which were less yellow than his face.

Lheureux sat down in a large cane armchair, saying, "What news?"

"See!"

She showed him the paper.

"Well, how can I help it?"

Then she grew angry, reminding him of the promise he had made not to pay away her bills. He acknowledged it.

"But I was pressed myself; the knife was at my own throat," said he.

"And what will happen now?" she inquired.

"Oh, it's very simple; a judgment and then a distraint—something like that."

Emma kept down a desire to strike him, and asked gently whether there was no way of quieting Vinçart.

"I think not! Quiet Vinçart! You don't know him; he's more ferocious than an Arab!"

"Still Monsieur Lheureux must interfere," she said.

"Well, listen. It seems to me that so far I've been very good to you." And opening one of his ledgers, "See," he said. Then running up the page with his finger, "Let's see! let's see! August third, two hundred francs; June seventeenth, a hundred and fifty; March twenty-third, forty-six. In April——"

He stopped, as if afraid of making some mistake.

"Not to speak of the bills signed by Monsieur Bovary, one for seven hundred francs, and another for three hundred. As to your little instalments, with the interest, why, there's no end to them; I get quite confused over them. I'll have nothing more to do with it."

She wept; she even called him "my good Monsieur Lheureux." But he always fell back upon "that rascal Vinçart." Besides, he said, he hadn't a brass farthing; no one was paying him now-a-days; they were eating his coat off his back; a poor shopkeeper like him couldn't advance money.

Emma was silent, and Monsieur Lheureux, who was biting the feathers of a quill, no doubt became uneasy at her silence, for he continued:

"Unless one of these days I have something coming in, I might——"

"Besides," Emma interposed, "as soon as the balance of Barneville——"

"What!"

And on hearing that Langlois had not yet paid he seemed surprised. Then, in a honeyed voice, he said:

"And we agree, you say?"

"Oh! to anything you like."

On this he closed his eyes to reflect, made a few figures, and declaring it would be very difficult for him, that the affair was shady, and that he was being bled, he wrote out four bills for two hundred and fifty francs each, to fall due month by month.

"Provided that Vinçart will listen to me! However, it's settled. I don't play the fool; I'm straight enough."

Next he carelessly showed her several pieces of new goods, not one of which, however, was in his opinion worthy of Madame.

"When I think that there's a gown at threepence-half-penny a yard, and warranted fast colours! And yet they actually swallow it! Of course, you understand one doesn't tell them what it really is!" He hoped by this confession of dishonesty to others to convince her of his good faith to herself.

Then he called her back to show her three yards of guipure that he had lately picked up "at a sale."

"Isn't it lovely?" said Lheureux. "It is very much used now for the backs of armchairs. It's quite the rage."

And, as quick as a juggler, he wrapped up the guipure in some blue paper and put it in Emma's hands.

"But at least let me know——"

"Yes, another time," he replied, turning on his heel.

That same evening she urged Bovary to write to his mother, to ask her to send as soon as possible the whole of the balance due from the father's estate. The mother-in-law replied that she had nothing more for him; the winding up was over, and there was due to them, besides Barneville, an income of six hundred francs, which she would pay them punctually.

Then Emma sent accounts to two or three patients, and she made large use of this method, which was very successful. She was always careful to add a postscript: "Do not mention this to my husband; you know how proud he is. Excuse me. Yours obediently." Complaints followed this action; she intercepted them.

To obtain money she began selling her old gloves and hats, odds and ends, and she bargained rapaciously, her peasant blood standing her in good stead. Then on her journey to town she picked up knick-knacks second-hand, which, in default of anyone else, Monsieur Lheureux would certainly take off her hands. She bought ostrich feathers, Chinese porcelain, and trunks; she borrowed from Félicité, from Madame Lefrançais, from the landlady at the Croix-Rouge, from everybody, no matter where. With the money she at last received from Barneville she paid two bills; the other fifteen hundred francs fell due. She renewed the bills, and thus things ran on.

The house was very dreary now. Tradesmen were seen leaving it with angry faces. Handkerchiefs were lying about on the stoves, and little Berthe, to the great scandal of Madame Homais, wore stockings with holes in them. If Charles timidly ventured a remark, Emma answered roughly that it wasn't her fault.

What was the meaning of all these fits of temper? Charles explained everything through her old nervous illness, and reproaching himself with having taken her infirmities for faults, accused himself of egotism, and longed to go and take her in his arms.

"Ah, no!" he said; "I should annoy her."

And he did not attempt it.

After dinner he walked about alone in the garden; he took little Berthe on his knees, and, unfolding his

medical journal, tried to teach her to read. But the child, who never had had any lessons, soon looked up with large, sad eyes and began to cry. Then he comforted her; went to bring water in her can to make rivers on the sand path, or broke off branches from the privet hedges to plant trees in the beds. This did not spoil the garden much, all choked now with long weeds. They owed Lestiboudois for many days' work. Then the child grew cold and asked for her mother.

"Call the maid," said Charles. "You know, dearie, that mamma does not like to be disturbed."

Madame was in her room, which no one entered. She stayed there all day long, torpid, half dressed, and from time to time burning Turkish pastilles which she had bought at Rouen in an Algerian's shop. In order not to have at night this sleeping man stretched at her side, by dint of maneuvring, she at last succeeded in banishing him to the second floor, while she read till morning extravagant books, full of pictures of orgies and thrilling situations. Often, seized with fear, she cried out, and Charles hurried to her.

"Oh, go away!" she would say.

Or at other times, consumed more ardently than ever by that inner flame to which her sin added fuel, panting, tremulous, all desire, she threw open her window, breathed in the cold air, shook loose in the wind her too heavy mass of hair, and, gazing upon the stars, longed for some princely love. She thought of him, of Léon. She would then have given anything for a single one of those meetings that had surfeited her.

Those were her gala days. She wanted them to be sumptuous, and when he alone could not pay the expenses, she made up the deficit liberally, which happened almost every time. He tried to make her understand that they would be quite as comfortable else-

where in a smaller hotel, but she always found some objection.

One day she drew six small silver-gilt spoons from her bag (they were old Ronault's wedding present), begging him to pawn them at once for her, and Léon obeyed, though the request annoyed him. He was afraid of compromising himself.

On reflection, he began to think his sweetheart's ways were growing odd, and that perhaps they were not wrong in wishing to separate him from her.

In fact, some one had sent his mother a long anonymous letter to warn her that Léon was "ruining himself with a married woman," and the good lady at once conjuring up the eternal bugbear of families, the vague, pernicious creature, the siren, the monster, who dwells fantastically in depths of love, wrote to Lawyer Dubocage, his employer, who behaved perfectly in the affair. He talked to him for three quarters of an hour, trying to open his eyes, to warn him of the abyss into which he was falling. Such an intrigue would damage him later, when he set up for himself. He implored him to break with the woman, and, if he would not make this sacrifice in his own interest, to do it at least for his, Dubocage's sake.

At last Léon swore that he would not see Emma again, and he reproached himself with not having kept his word, considering all the worry and lectures this woman might still draw down upon him, without counting the jests made by his companions as they sat round the stove in the morning. Besides, he was soon to be head-clerk; it was time to settle down. So he gave up his flute, exalted sentiments, and poetry; for every *bourgeois* in the flush of his youth, were it but for a day, a moment, has believed himself capable of immense passions, of lofty enterprises. The most medi-

ocre libertine has dreamed of possessing sultanas; every notary bears within his soul the débris of a poet.

He was bored now when Emma suddenly began to sob on his breast, and his heart, like the people who can endure only a certain amount of music, was deaf to the words of a love the delicacies of which he no longer noted.

They knew each other too well for any of those surprises of possession that increase its joys a hundredfold. She was as tired of him as he was weary of her. Emma found again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

But how to get rid of him? Then, though she might feel humiliated at the baseness of such enjoyment, she clung to it from habit or from corruption, and each day she hungered after it the more, exhausting all felicity in wishing for too much of it. She accused Léon of her baffled hopes, as if he had betrayed her; and she even longed for some catastrophe that would bring about their separation, since she had not the courage to make up her mind to do it herself.

None the less she went on writing him love-letters, having a notion that a woman must write to her lover.

But while she wrote it was another man she saw, a phantom fashioned out of her most ardent memories, of her finest reading, her strongest desires, and at last he became so real, so tangible, that she palpitated wondering, but without the power to image him clearly, so lost was he, like a god, amid the abundance of his attributes. He dwelt in that azure land where silk ladders hang from balconies under the breath of flowers, in the light of the moon. She felt him near her; he was coming, and would carry her far away in a kiss.

Then she fell back exhausted, for these transports of vague love wearied her more than great debauchery.

She now felt a constant ache all over her. Often she even received summons, stamped paper, at which she hardly glanced. She would have liked not to be alive, or to be always asleep.

At mid-Lent she did not return to Yonville, but in the evening went to a masquerade ball. She wore velvet breeches, red stockings, a club wig, and a three-cornered hat cocked on one side. She danced all night to the wild tones of the trombones; people gathered round her, and in the morning she found herself on the steps of the theatre together with five or six masks, *débardeuses* and sailors, Léon's comrades, who were talking about having supper.

The neighbouring cafés were full. They caught sight of one on the harbour, a very indifferent restaurant, whose proprietor showed them to a little room on the fourth floor.

The men were whispering in a corner, no doubt consulting about expenses. There were a clerk, two medical students, and a shopman—what company for her! As to the women, Emma soon perceived from their voices that they must all belong to the lowest class. Then she was frightened, pushed back her chair, and cast down her eyes.

The others began to eat; she ate nothing. Her head was burning, her eyes smarted, and her skin was ice cold. In her head she seemed to feel the floor of the ball-room rebounding again beneath the rhythmical pulsation of the thousands of dancing feet. And now the smell of the punch, the smoke of the cigars, made her dizzy. She swooned, and they carried her to the window.

She revived, and began thinking of Berthe asleep yonder in the maid's room. Then a cart filled with long strips of iron passed by, and made a deafening

metallic vibration against the walls of the surrounding houses.

She slipped away suddenly, threw off her costume, told Léon she must get back, and at last was alone at the Hotel de Boulogne. Everything, even herself, was now unbearable to her. She wished that, taking wing like a bird, she could fly somewhere, far away to regions of purity, and there grow young again.

She went out, crossed the Boulevard, the Place Cauchoise, and the Faubourg, as far as an open street that overlooked some gardens. She walked rapidly, the fresh air calming her; and, little by little, the faces of the crowd, the masks, the quadrilles, the lights, the supper, those women, all, disappeared like mists fading away. Then, reaching the Croix Rouge, she threw herself on the bed in her little room on the second floor, where there were pictures of the *Tour de Nesle*. At four o'clock Hivert awoke her.

When she got home, Félicité showed her a grey paper behind the clock. She read:

"In virtue of the seizure in execution of a judgment."

What judgment? As a matter of fact, the evening before another paper had been brought which she had not yet seen, and she was stunned by these words:

"By order of the king, law, and justice, to Madame Bovary." Then, skipping several lines, she read, "Within twenty-four hours, without fail——" But what? "To pay the sum of eight thousand francs." And there was even at the bottom, "She will be constrained thereto by every form of law, and notably by a writ of distraint on her furniture and effects."

What was to be done? In twenty-four hours—tomorrow. Lheureux, she thought, wanted to frighten her again; for she saw, through all his devices, the ob-

ject of his kindnesses. What reassured her was the very magnitude of the sum.

However, by dint of buying and not paying, of borrowing, signing bills, and renewing these bills, which increased at each new falling-in, she had ended by preparing a capital for Monsieur Lheureux for which he was impatiently awaiting to use in his speculations.

She presented herself at his place with an unconcerned air.

"You know what has happened to me? No doubt this is a joke!"

"No."

"How so?"

He turned away slowly, and, folding his arms, said to her:

"My good lady, did you think I should go on to all eternity being your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? Now be just. I must get back what I have laid out. Now be just."

She cried out against the debt.

"Ah! so much the worse. The court has admitted it. There is a judgment. You have been notified. Besides, it isn't my fault. It's Vinçart's."

"Could you not——"

"Oh, I can do nothing whatever."

"But still, let us talk it over."

And she began beating about the bush; she had known nothing about it; it was a surprise.

"Whose fault is that?" said Lheureux, bowing ironically. "While I'm toiling like a slave, you go gallivanting about."

"Ah! no lecturing."

"It never does any harm," he replied.

She turned coward; she implored him; she even

pressed her pretty, white, and slender hand against the shopkeeper's knee.

"There, that will do! Anyone would think you wanted to seduce me!"

"You are a wretch!" she cried.

"Oh, oh! go on! go on!"

"I will expose you. I shall tell my husband."

"Very well! I, too, I'll show your husband something."

And Lheureux drew from his strong box the receipt for eighteen hundred francs which she had given him when Vinçart had discounted the bills.

"Do you think," he added, "that he will not understand your little theft, the poor, dear man?"

Emma collapsed, as overcome as if struck by the blow of a pole-axe. He was walking to and fro from the window to the desk, repeating all the while:

"Ah! I'll show him! I'll show him!" Then he approached her, and said gently:

"It isn't pleasant, I know; but, after all, no harm is done, and, since that is the only way that is left you for paying back my money——"

"But where am I to get any?" said Emma, wringing her hands.

"Bah! easy enough, when one has friends like you!"

And he looked at her with a gaze so keen and terrible, that she shuddered to her very heart.

"I promise you," she said, "to sign——"

"I've had enough of your signatures."

"I will sell something."

"Nonsense!" he said, shrugging his shoulders; "you haven't anything."

And he called through the little hole that looked down into the shop:

"Annette, don't forget the three coupons of Number Fourteen."

The servant appeared. Emma understood, and asked how much money would be wanted to put a stop to the proceedings.

"It is too late," he said.

"But if I should bring you several thousand francs —a quarter of the sum—a third—perhaps the whole?"

"No; it's no use!"

And he pushed her gently toward the staircase.

"I implore you, Monsieur Lheureux, only a few days more!"

She was sobbing.

"There! tears now!"

"You are driving me to despair!"

"What do I care?" said he, shutting the door.

CHAPTER VII

DESPERATION

EMMA showed a stoical calm the next day when Maître Hareng, the bailiff, with two assistants, appeared at her house to draw up an inventory for the distraint.

They began with Bovary's consulting-room, but did not include the phrenological head, which was considered an "instrument of his profession"; but in the kitchen they counted the plates, saucepans, chairs, and candlesticks, and in the bedroom all the knickknacks on the bureau. They examined Emma's gowns, the linen, the dressing-room; and her whole existence, to its most intimate details, like a corpse on whom a

post-mortem is made, was outspread before the eyes of these three men.

Maitre Hareng, buttoned up in his thin black coat, wearing a tall white collar and very tight foot-straps, repeated from time to time: "Allow me, Madame. You allow me?" Often he uttered exclamations: "Charming! very pretty!" Then he began writing again, dipping his pen into the horn inkstand in his left hand.

When they had gone through the rooms they went up to the attic. She kept a desk there in which Rodolphe's letters were locked. It had to be opened.

"Ah, a correspondence," said Maître Hareng, with a discreet smile. "But, allow me, for I must make sure the box contains nothing else." And he lifted the papers lightly, as if to shake out napoleons. Emma felt angry to see that coarse hand, with fingers red and pulpy like slugs, touching those pages against which her heart had throbbed.

They departed at last. Félicité came back. Emma had sent her out to watch for Bovary in order to keep him away, and they hurriedly installed the man in possession in the attic, where he swore he would remain.

During the evening Charles seemed careworn. Emma watched him with a look of anguish, fancying she saw an accusation in every line of his face. Then, when her eyes wandered over the mantel-piece ornamented with Chinese screens, over the large curtains, the armchairs, and all those things that had softened the bitterness of her life, remorse seized her, or rather an immense regret, which, far from crushing her passion, only irritated it. Charles placidly poked the fire with both his feet on the andirons.

Once the man upstairs, no doubt bored in his hiding-place, made a slight noise.

"Is any one walking upstairs?" Charles inquired.

"No," Emma replied; "it is a window that has been left open, and is rattling in the wind."

The next day, Sunday, she went to Rouen to call on all the brokers whose names she knew. They were at their country-places or out of town. She was not discouraged; and those whom she did manage to see she asked for money, declaring she must have some, and that she would pay it back. Some laughed in her face; all refused.

At two o'clock she hurried to Léon, and knocked at the door. No one answered. At last he appeared.

"What brings you here?"

"Do I disturb you?"

"No; but ——" And he admitted that his landlord didn't like his having "women" there.

"I must speak to you," she said.

He took down the key, but she stopped him.

"No, no! Down there, in our home!"

And they went to their room at the Hôtel de Boulogne.

On arriving she drank a large glass of water. She was very pale. Presently she said:

"Léon, you will do me a service?"

And, shaking him by both hands which she grasped tightly, she added:

"Listen, I want eight thousand francs."

"But you are mad!"

"Not yet."

Then, telling him the story of the distraint, she explained her distress to him; for Charles knew nothing of it; her mother-in-law detested her; old Rouault could do nothing; but he, Léon, he must set about finding this indispensable sum.

"How on earth can I?"

"What a coward you are!" she cried.

Then he said stupidly: "You are exaggerating the difficulty. Perhaps with a thousand crowns or so the fellow could be stopped."

All the greater reason to try to do something; it was impossible that they could not raise three thousand francs. Besides, Léon could be security instead of herself.

"Go, try, try! I will love you so!"

He went out, and returned at the end of an hour, saying, with solemn face:

"I have called on three people with no success."

They remained sitting face to face beside the fireplace, motionless, in silence. Emma shrugged her shoulders as she stamped her feet. He heard her murmuring:

"If I were in your place *I* should soon find some."

"But where?"

"At your office." And she gazed fixedly at him.

An infernal boldness looked out from her burning eyes, and their lids drew close together with a lascivious and encouraging look, so that the young men felt himself growing weak beneath the mute will of this woman who was urging him to commit a crime. Then he grew alarmed, and to avoid any explanation he struck his forehead, saying:

"Morel is to come back to-night; he will not refuse me, I hope" (this was one of his friends, the son of a very rich merchant); "and I will bring it you to-morrow," he added.

Emma did not appear to welcome this hope with the joy he had expected. Did she suspect the lie? He continued blushingly:

"But if you don't see me by three o'clock, do not wait for me, my darling. I must be off now; forgive me! Good-by!"

He pressed her hand, but it felt quite lifeless. Emma had no strength left to pretend any sentiment.

Four o'clock struck, and she rose to return to Yonville, mechanically obeying the force of habit.

The weather was fine. It was one of those March days, cold and sharp, when the sun shines in a perfectly clear sky. The people of Rouen, in Sunday-clothes, were walking about with happy looks. She reached the Place du Parvis. People were coming out after vespers; the crowd flowed through the three doors like a stream through the three arches of a bridge, and in the middle door, as motionless as a rock, stood the beadle.

She remembered the day when, all anxious and full of hope, she had entered beneath this large nave, which had opened out before her, less profound than her love; and she walked on weeping beneath her veil, dizzy, staggering, almost swooning.

On reaching the Croix-Rouge, she saw good Homais, who was watching a large box full of pharmaceutical stores being hoisted on the "Hirondelle." In his hand he held tied in a silk handkerchief six *cheminots* for his wife.

"Delighted to see you," he said, offering Emma a hand to help her into the "Hirondelle." Then he hung his *cheminots* to the cords of the netting, and remained bareheaded in an attitude pensive and Napoleonic.

But when the blind man appeared as usual at the foot of the hill he exclaimed:

"I can't understand why the authorities tolerate such culpable occupations. Such unfortunates should be locked up and compelled to work. Progress creeps at a snail's pace. We are still floundering about in mere barbarism."

The blind man held out his hat, which flapped about at the door, as if it were a bag in the lining that had come unfastened.

"This man," said the chemist, "has a scrofulous affection."

And though he knew the poor devil, he pretended to see him for the first time, murmured something about cornea," "opaque cornea," "sclerotic," "facies"; then he asked him in a paternal tone:

"My friend, have you long had this terrible infirmity? Instead of getting drunk at the public house, you would do better to diet yourself."

He advised him to take only good wine, good beer, and good joints. The blind man went on with his song; he appeared almost idiotic. At last Monsieur Homais opened his purse:

"Now there's a sou; give me back two liards, and don't forget my advice; you'll be the better for it."

Hivert openly cast some doubt on the efficacy of it. But the chemist said that he would cure him himself with an antiphlogistic pomade of his own composition, and he gave his address: "Monsieur Homais, near the market, rather well known."

"Now," said Hivert, "for all this trouble you'll give us your performance."

The blind man sank down on his haunches, with his head thrown back, while he rolled his greenish eyes, lolled out his tongue, and rubbed his stomach with both hands, uttering a kind of hollow yell like a famished dog. Emma, filled with disgust, threw him over her shoulder a five-franc piece. It was all her fortune. It seemed to her very fine thus to throw it away.

The coach had set out again when suddenly Monsieur Homais leaned out through the window, crying:

"No farinaceous or milk food, wear wool next the

skin, and expose the diseased parts to the smoke of juniper berries."

The sight of well-known objects defiling before her eyes gradually diverted Emma from her present trouble. An intolerable fatigue overwhelmed her, and she reached her home stupefied, discouraged, almost asleep.

"Come what may!" she said to herself. "And then, who knows? Why could not some extraordinary event occur at any moment? Lheureux might die!"

At nine o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the sound of voices in the square. There was a crowd round the market reading a large bill fixed to one of the posts, and she saw Justin, who was climbing on a stone and tearing down the bill. But at this moment the rural guard seized him by the collar. Monsieur Homais came out of his shop, and Mère Lefrançois, in the crowd, seemed to be perorating.

"Madame! Madame!" cried Félicité, running in, "this is abominable!"

And the poor girl, deeply moved, handed her a yellow paper which she had just torn off the door. Emma read at a glance that all her furniture was for sale.

They looked at each other silently. Servant and mistress had no secrets one from the other. At last Félicité sighed:

"If I were you, Madame, I should go to Monsieur Guillaumin."

"Do you think——"

And this question meant: "You who know the house through the servant, tell me, has the master spoken sometimes of me?"

"Yes, you would do well to go there."

She dressed, put on her black gown, and her hood with jet beads, and that she might not be seen (there

was still a crowd on the square), she took the path by the river, outside the village.

She arrived at the notary's gate out of breath. The sky was sombre, and a little snow was falling. At the sound of the bell, Théodore in a red waistcoat appeared on the steps; he came to open the door almost familiarly, as to an acquaintance, and showed her into the dining-room.

A large porcelain stove crackled beneath a cactus that filled a niche in the wall, and in black wood frames against the oak-stained paper hung Steuben's "Esmeralda" and Schopin's "Potiphar's Wife." The table carefully set, the two silver chafing-dishes, the crystal door-knobs, the polished floor and the furniture, all shone with a scrupulous, English cleanliness; the windows were ornamented at each corner with stained glass.

"Now this," thought Emma, "is the dining-room I should have."

The notary entered, pressing his palm-leaf dressing-gown to his breast with his left arm, while with the other hand he raised and quickly resumed his brown velvet cap, pretentiously cocked on the right side, whence peeped out the ends of three light curls drawn from the back of the head, following the line of his bald skull.

After he had offered her a seat he sat down to breakfast, apologising profusely for his rudeness.

"I have come," she said, "to beg you, Monsieur——"

"What, Madame? I am listening."

She began to explain her situation to him. Monsieur Guillaumin knew it, being secretly associated with the linen-draper, from whom he always got capital for the loans on mortgages that he was asked to make.

So he knew (and better than she herself) the long story of the bills, small at first, bearing different names as endorsers, made out at long intervals, and continually renewed up to the day, when, gathering together all the protested bills, the shopkeeper had bidden his friend Vinçart begin in his own name all the necessary proceedings, as he himself did not wish to pass for a tiger with his fellow-citizens.

She mingled her story with recriminations against Lheureux, to which the notary replied from time to time with some insignificant word. Eating his cutlet and drinking his tea, he buried his chin in his sky-blue cravat, into which were thrust two diamond pins, held together by a small gold chain; and he smiled a singular smile, in an amiable but ambiguous fashion. Presently, noticing that her feet were damp, he said:

"Do draw closer to the stove; put your feet up against the porcelain."

She said she was afraid of soiling it. The notary replied with a gallant air:

"Beautiful things spoil nothing."

Then she tried to move him, and, growing moved herself she began to tell him about the poorness of her home, her worries, her wants. He could understand that—such an elegant woman as she! Without leaving off eating, he had turned completely round toward her, so that his knee brushed against her boot, the sole of which curled as it smoked against the stove.

But when she asked for a thousand crowns, he closed his lips; then declared he was very sorry he had not had the management of her fortune before, for there were hundreds of convenient ways, even for a lady, of turning her money to account. Either in the peat-fields of Grumesnil or they might at Havre have ventured on some excellent speculations almost without

risk; and he let her consume herself with rage at the thought of the fabulous sums that she would certainly have made.

"How was it," he went on, "that you didn't come to me?"

"I hardly know," she said.

"How was that? Did I frighten you so much? It is I, on the contrary, who ought to complain. We hardly know each other; yet I am very devoted to you. You do not doubt that, I hope?"

He reached out his hand, took hers, covered it with a greedy kiss, then held it on his knee; and he toyed delicately with her fingers while he murmured a thousand blandishments. His insipid voice murmured like a running brook; a light shone in his eyes through the gleam of his spectacles, and his hand stole up Emma's sleeve to press her arm. She felt his panting breath against her cheek. This man oppressed her horribly.

She sprang up saying:

"Sir, I am waiting."

"For what?" said the notary, who suddenly became very pale.

"This money."

"But——" Then, yielding to the urging of too strong a desire, "Well, yes!"

He dragged himself toward her on his knees, regardless of his dressing-gown.

"For pity's sake, stay! I love you!"

He clasped her round her waist. Madame Bovary's face flushed. She recoiled with a terrible look, crying:

"You are taking a shameless advantage of my distress, sir! I am to be pitied—not sold."

And she left him.

The notary remained quite stupefied, his eyes fixed

on his fine embroidered slippers. They were a love gift, and the sight of them finally consoled him. Besides, he reflected that such an adventure might have carried him too far.

"What a wretch! what a scoundrel! what an infamy!" said Emma to herself, as she fled along with nervous steps under the aspens that bordered the path. A spirit of warfare transformed her. She would have liked to strike all men, to spit in their faces, to crush them; and she walked rapidly straight on, pale, trembling, maddened, searching the empty horizon with tear-dimmed eyes, and rejoicing, so to speak, in the hatred that was suffocating her.

When she saw her house a numbness came over her. She could not go on; and yet she must. Besides, whither could she flee?

Félicité was waiting for her at the door. "Well!"

"No!" said Emma.

For a quarter of an hour both reviewed the various persons in Yonville who might perhaps be inclined to help her. But every time that Félicité named some one Emma replied:

"Impossible! they will not!"

"And the master will soon come home."

"I know that well enough. Let me alone."

She had tried everything; nothing more could be done now; and when Charles came in she would have to say to him:

"You must go away! This carpet on which you are walking is no longer ours. In your own house you do not possess a chair, a pin, a straw, and it is I, poor man, who have ruined you!" He would utter a great sob; then he would weep abundantly, and at last, the surprise over, he would forgive her.

"Yes," she murmured, grinding her teeth, "he will

forgive me—he who would give me a million if I would forgive him for having married me! Never!"

This thought of Bovary's superiority to herself exasperated her. Besides, whether she confessed or did not confess, presently, immediately, to-morrow, he would know the catastrophe; so she must wait for this horrible scene, and bear the oppression of his magnanimity. A desire to return to Lheureux seized her —but what would be the use? Should she write to her father—it was too late; and perhaps she had begun to repent that she had not yielded to Guillaumin, when she heard the trot of a horse in the alley. It was Charles; he was opening the gate; he was whiter than the plaster wall. Rushing to the stairs, she ran out quickly to the square; and the wife of the mayor, who was talking to Lestiboudois in front of the church, saw her enter the tax-collector's.

She hurried off to tell Madame Caron, and the two ladies went up to the attic, and, hidden by some linen spread across props, stationed themselves comfortably for overlooking the whole of Binet's room.

He was alone in his garret, busy imitating in wood one of those indescribable bits of ivory, composed of crescents, of spheres hollowed out one within the other, the whole as straight as an obelisk, and of no use whatever; and he was beginning on the last piece —he was nearing his goal.

"Ah, there she is!" exclaimed Madame Tuvache.

But it was impossible to hear what she was saying because of the lathe.

At last these ladies thought they made out the word "francs," and Madame Tuvache whispered in a low voice:

"She is begging him to give her time for paying her taxes."

"Apparently!" replied the other.

They saw her walking to and fro, examining the napkin-rings, the candlesticks, the banister rails against the walls, while Binet stroked his beard with satisfaction.

"Do you think she wants to order something of him?" said Madame Tuvache.

"Why, he doesn't sell anything," objected her neighbour.

Now the tax-collector seemed to be listening with wide-open eyes, as if he did not understand. She assumed in a tender, suppliant manner. She came nearer to him, her breast heaving; they no longer spoke.

"Is she making him advances?" said Madame Tuvache.

Binet was scarlet to his very ears. She took hold of his hands.

"Oh, that is too much!"

And no doubt she was suggesting something abominable to him; for the tax-collector—yet he was brave, had fought at Bautzen and at Lutzen, had been through the French campaign, and had even been recommended for the cross—as at the sight of a serpent, suddenly recoiled as far as he could from her, crying:

"Madame! what do you mean?"

"Women like that ought to be whipped," said Madame Tuvache.

"But where is she?" continued Madame Caron, for she had disappeared while they spoke; then catching sight of her going up the Grande Rue, and turning to the right as if making for the cemetery, they were lost in conjectures.

"Nurse Rollet," she said on reaching the nurse's house, "I am choking; unlace me!" She fell on the

bed, sobbing. Nurse Rollet covered her with a petticoat and remained standing by her side. Then, as she did not answer, the good woman withdrew, took her wheel and began spinning flax.

"Oh, stop! stop!" murmured Emma, fancying she heard Binet's lathe.

"What's troubling her?" said the nurse to herself. "Why has she come here?"

She had rushed thither because she was impelled by a kind of horror that drove her from her home.

Lying on her back, motionless, and with staring eyes, she saw things but vaguely, although she tried to do so with a sort of idiotic persistence. She looked at the scales hanging on the wall, two brands smoking end to end, and a long spider crawling over her head in a rent in the beam. At last she began to collect her thoughts. She remembered——one day——Léon ——Oh! how long ago that was——the sun was shining on the river, and the clematis perfumed the air.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Mère Rollet went out, raised the fingers of her right hand to the side of the sky that was brightest, and came back slowly, saying:

"Nearly three."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

For Léon would come; he would have found some money. But perhaps he would go down yonder, not guessing she was here, and she told the nurse to run to her house to fetch him.

"Be quick!"

"Yes, my dear lady, I'm going, I'm going!"

She wondered now that she had not thought of him from the first. Yesterday he had given his word; he would not break it. Already she saw herself at Lheureux's, spreading out her three bank-notes on his desk.

Then she would have to invent some story to explain matters to Bovary. What should it be?

The nurse, however, was gone a long time. But, as there was no clock in the cottage, Emma feared she was perhaps exaggerating the length of time. The gate creaked; she sprang up. Before she had spoken Mère Rollet said to her—

"There is no one at your house!"

"What?"

"No, no one! And the doctor is crying. He is calling for you; they are all looking for you."

Emma made no answer. She gasped as she turned her eyes about her, while the peasant woman, frightened at her face, drew back instinctively, thinking her mad. Suddenly Emma struck her brow and uttered a cry; for the thought of Rodolphe, like a flash of lightning in a dark night, had passed into her soul. He was so good, so delicate, so generous! Besides, should he hesitate to do her this service, she would know well enough how to constrain him to it by rekindling, in a single moment, their lost love. So she set out toward La Huchette, not realizing that she was hastening to offer herself to that which but a short time ago had so angered her, not in the least conscious of her prostitution.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BLUE JAR

EMMA said to herself as she walked along, "What shall I say? How shall I begin?" And she recognised the thickets, the trees, the sea-rushes on the hill, the château yonder. All the sensations of

her first tenderness came back to her, and her poor aching heart opened out amorously.

She entered, as formerly, through the small gate.

She ascended the large straight staircase with a wooden railing that led to the corridor paved with dusty flags, into which several doors in a row opened, as in a monastery or an inn. Rodolphe's was at the top, at the end, on the left. When she laid her hand on the knob her strength suddenly deserted her. She was afraid, almost wished he would not be there, though he was her only hope, her last chance of salvation. She collected her thoughts for one moment, and, strengthening herself by the feeling of pressing necessity, she entered.

Rodolphe sat before the fire, with his feet on the mantelpiece, and was smoking a pipe.

"What! it is you!" said he, rising hurriedly.

"Yes, it is I, Rodolphe. I should like to ask your advice." But, despite all her efforts, it was impossible for her to say more.

"You have not changed; you are as charming as ever!"

"Oh," she replied bitterly, "they are poor charms, since you disdained them."

Then he began a long explanation of his conduct, excusing himself in vague terms, not being able to invent better.

She yielded to his words, still more to his voice and the sight of him, so that she pretended to believe, or perhaps believed, in the pretext he gave for their rupture; this was a secret on which depended the honour, the very life, of a third person.

"No matter!" she said, looking at him sadly. "I have suffered much."

"Such is life!" he replied philosophically.

"Has life," Emma went on, "been good to you at least, since our separation?"

"Oh, neither good nor bad."

"Perhaps it would have been better never to have parted."

"Yes, perhaps."

"You think so?" she said, drawing nearer, and she sighed. "Oh, Rodolphe! if you but knew! I loved you so!"

She took his hand, and they remained some time, their fingers intertwined, as on that first day at the agricultural fair. With a gesture of pride he struggled against this emotion. But, sinking upon his breast, she said to him:

"How did you think I could live without you? One cannot lose the habit of happiness. I was desperate. I thought I should die. I will tell you about all that and you will see. And you—you fled from me!"

For, all the three years, he had carefully avoided her in consequence of that natural cowardice which characterises the stronger sex. Emma went on with dainty little nods, more coaxing than an amorous kitten:

"You love others—confess it! Oh, I understand them, dear! I excuse them. You probably seduced them as you seduced me. You are indeed a man; you have everything to make one love you. But we'll begin again, shall we not? We will love one another. See! I am laughing; I am happy! Oh, speak!"

She was charming to see, with her eyes, in which trembled a tear, like the rain-drops in a blue corolla.

He had drawn her upon his knees, and with the back of his hand was caressing her smooth hair, where in the twilight was mirrored like a golden arrow one last ray of the sun. She bent down her brow; at last he kissed her on the eyelids quite gently with the tips of his lips.

"Why, you have been crying! What for?"

She burst into tears. Rodolphe thought this was an outburst of her love. As she did not speak, he took this silence for a last remnant of resistance, and then he cried out:

"Oh, forgive me! You are the only one that pleases me. I was imbecile and cruel. I love you. I will love you always. What is it? Tell me!" He was kneeling by her.

"Well, I am ruined, Rodolphe! You must lend me three thousand francs."

"But—but——" said he, getting up slowly, while his face assumed a grave expression.

"You know," she went on quickly, "that my husband had placed his whole fortune at a notary's. He ran away. So we borrowed; the patients don't pay us. Moreover, the settling of the estate is not yet finished; we shall have the money later. But to-day, for want of three thousand francs, we are to be sold up. It is to be at once, this very moment, and, counting upon your friendship, I have come to you."

"Ah!" thought Rodolphe, turning very pale, "that was what she came for." At last he said calmly:

"Dear Madame, I have not got them."

He did not lie. If he had had them, he would, no doubt, have given them, although it is usually disagreeable to do such fine things: a demand for money being, of all the winds that blow upon love, the coldest and most destructive.

She looked at him for some moments.

"You have not got them!" she repeated several times. "You have not got them! I ought to have spared myself this last shame. You never loved me. You are no better than the others."

She was betraying, ruining herself.

Rodolphe interrupted her, declaring he was embarrassed for money himself.

"Ah! I pity you," said Emma. "Yes—very much."

And, fixing her eyes upon an embossed carabine that shone against its panoply, she added: "But when one is so poor one doesn't have silver on the butt of one's gun. One doesn't buy a clock inlaid with tortoise-shell," she went on, pointing to a buhl timepiece, "nor silver-gilt whistles for one's whips," and she touched them, "nor charms for one's watch. Oh, he wants for nothing! even to a liqueur-stand in his room! For you love yourself; you live well. You have a château, farms, woods; you go hunting; you travel to Paris. Why, if it were but that," she cried, taking up two studs from the mantelpiece, "but the least of these trifles, one could get money for them. Oh, I do not want them; keep them!"

And she threw the two links away from her, their gold chain breaking as it struck against the wall.

"But I! I would have given you everything. I would have sold all, worked for you with my hands, I would have begged on the highroads for a smile, for a look, to hear you say 'Thanks!' And you sit there quietly in your armchair, as if you had not made me suffer enough already! But for you, and you know it, I might have lived happily. What made you do it? Was it a bet? Yet you loved me—you said so. And but a moment since—— Ah! it would have been better to drive me away. My hands are hot with your kisses, and there is the spot on the carpet where at my knees you swore an eternity of love! You made me believe you; for two years you wrapped me in the most magnificent, the sweetest dream! Eh! Our plans for the journey, do you remember? Oh, your letter! your letter! it tore my heart! And then when I come

back to him—to him, rich, happy, free—to implore the help the first stranger would give, a suppliant, and bringing back to him all my tenderness, he repulses me because it would cost him three thousand francs!"

"I haven't got them," replied Rodolphe, with that perfect calm with which resigned rage covers itself as with a shield.

She left him. The walls seemed to tremble, the ceiling was crushing her, and she passed back through the long alley, stumbling against the heaps of dead leaves scattered by the wind. At last she reached the hedge in front of the gate; she broke her nails against the lock in her haste to open it. A hundred steps farther on, breathless, almost falling, she stopped.

She remained lost in stupour, and having no more consciousness of herself than through the beating of her arteries, which seemed to her to burst forth like a deafening music filling all the fields. The earth beneath her feet was more yielding than the sea, and the furrows seemed to her immense brown waves breaking into foam. Everything in her head—memories, ideas—seemed to explode at once like a thousand pieces of fireworks. She saw her father, Lheureux's closet, their room at home, another landscape. Madness was coming upon her; she grew afraid, and managed to recover herself, in a confused way, it is true, for she did not in the least remember the cause of the terrible condition she was in, that is to say, the question of money. She suffered only in her love, and felt her soul passing from her in this memory, as wounded men, dying, feel life ebbing from their bleeding wounds.

Now her situation, like an abyss, opened before her. She was panting as if her heart would burst. Then in an ecstasy of heroism, which made her almost joyous, she ran down the hill, crossed the cow-plank, the foot-

path, the alley, the market, and reached the chemist's shop. She was about to enter, but at the sound of the bell some one might come, and slipping in by the gate, holding her breath, feeling her way along the walls, she went as far as the door of the kitchen, where a candle stuck on the stove was burning. Justin in his shirt-sleeves was carrying out a dish.

"Ah, they are dining; I will wait."

He returned; she tapped at the window. He went out.

"The key! the one for upstairs where he keeps the——"

"What?"

And he looked at her, astonished at the pallor of her face, which stood out white against the black background of the night. She seemed to him extraordinarily beautiful and majestic as a phantom. Without understanding what she wanted, he had the presentiment of something terrible.

She went on quickly in a low voice, in a sweet, melting voice, "I want it; give it to me."

As the partition wall was thin, they could hear the clatter of the forks on the plates in the dining-room.

She pretended that she wanted to kill the rats that kept her from sleeping.

"I must tell master."

"No, stay!" Then with an indifferent air, "Oh, it isn't worth while; I'll tell him presently. Come, light me upstairs."

She entered the corridor into which the laboratory door opened. Against the wall was a key labelled *Capharnaüm*.

"Justin!" called the chemist impatiently.

"Let us go up."

And Justin followed her. The key turned in the

lock, and she went straight to the third shelf, so well did her memory guide her, seized the blue jar, tore out the cork, plunged in her hand, and withdrew it full of a white powder, which she began to eat.

"Stop!" cried Justin, rushing at her.

"Hush! some one will come."

He was in despair, and began to call out.

"Say nothing, or all the blame will fall on your master."

Then she went home, suddenly calmed, and with something of the serenity of one that has performed a duty.

When Charles, distracted by the news of the distraint, returned home, Emma had just gone out. He cried aloud, wept, fainted, but she did not return. Where could she be? He sent Félicité to Homais, to Monsieur Tuvache, to Lheureux, to the Lion d'Or, everywhere, and in the intervals of his agony he saw his reputation destroyed, their fortune lost, Berthe's future ruined. By what?—Not a word! He waited till six in the evening. At last, unable to bear the suspense any longer, and fancying Emma had gone to Rouen, he set out along the highroad, walked a mile, met no one, again waited, and went home. She had returned.

"What was the matter? Why? Explain to me."

She sat down at her writing-table and wrote a letter, which she sealed slowly, adding the date and the hour. Then she said in a solemn tone:

"You are to read it to-morrow; till then, I pray you, do not ask me a single question. No, not one!"

"But——"

"Oh, leave me!"

She lay down at full length on her bed. A bitter

taste that she felt in her mouth awakened her. She saw Charles, and again closed her eyes.

She was studying herself curiously, to see whether she were not suffering. But no! nothing as yet. She heard the ticking of the clock, the crackling of the fire, and Charles breathing as he stood upright by her bed.

"Ah, it is but a little thing, death!" she thought. "I shall fall asleep and all will be over."

She drank a mouthful of water and turned to the wall. The frightful taste like ink continued.

"I am thirsty; oh, so thirsty!" she sighed.

"What is it?" said Charles, who was handing her a glass.

"It is nothing! Open the window; I am choking."

She was seized with a sickness so sudden that she had hardly time to draw her handkerchief from under the pillow.

"Take it away," she said quickly; "throw it away."

He spoke to her; she did not answer. She lay motionless, afraid that the slightest movement might make her vomit. But she felt an icy chill creeping from her feet to her heart.

"Ah! it is beginning," she murmured.

"What did you say?"

She turned her head from side to side with a gentle movement full of agony, while continually opening her mouth as if something very heavy were weighing upon her tongue. At eight o'clock the vomiting began again.

Charles noticed that at the bottom of the basin a sort of white sediment was sticking to the sides of the porcelain.

"This is extraordinary—very singular," he repeated.

But she said in a firm voice, "No, you are mistaken."

Then gently, and almost as if caressing her, he

passed his hand over her stomach. She uttered a sharp cry. He fell back terror-stricken.

Then she began to groan, faintly at first. Her shoulders were shaken by a strong shuddering, and she was growing paler than the sheets in which her clenched fingers buried themselves. Her unequal pulse was now almost imperceptible.

Drops of sweat oozed from her bluish face, which seemed as if rigid in the exhalations of a metallic-smelling vapour. Her teeth chattered, her dilated eyes looked vaguely about her, and to all questions she replied only with a shake of the head; she even smiled once or twice. Gradually, her moaning grew louder; a hollow shriek burst from her; then she pretended she was better and that she would get up presently. But she was seized with convulsions and cried out:

"Ah! my God! It is horrible!"

Charles threw himself on his knees by her bed.

"Tell me! what have you eaten? Answer, for heaven's sake!"

And he looked at her with a tenderness in his eyes such as she never had seen.

"Well, there—there!" she said in a faint voice, pointing. He flew to the writing-table, tore open the seal, and read aloud: "Accuse no one." He stopped, passed his hands across his eyes, and read it over again.

"What? help—help!"

He could only keep repeating the word: "Poisoned! poisoned!" Félicité ran to Homais, who proclaimed it in the market-place; Madame Lefrançois heard it at the Lion d'Or;" some rushed out to go and tell their neighbours, and all night the village was on the alert.

Distraught, faltering, reeling, Charles wandered about the room. He knocked against the furniture,

tore his hair, and the chemist never had believed there could be so terrible a sight.

He went home to write to Monsieur Canivet and to Dr. Larivière. He lost his head, and made more than fifteen rough copies. Hippolyte went to Neufchâtel, and Justin so spurred Bovary's horse that he left it foundered and three parts dead by the hill at Bois-Guillaume.

Charles tried to find his medical dictionary, but could not read it; the lines were dancing.

"Be calm," said the chemist; "we have only to administer a powerful antidote. What is the poison?"

Charles showed him the letter. It was arsenic.

"Very well," said Homais, "we must make an analysis."

For he knew that in cases of poisoning an analysis must be made; and Charles, who did not understand, answered:

"Oh, do anything! save her!"

Then going back to her, he sank upon the carpet, and lay there with his head leaning against the edge of her bed, sobbing.

"Don't cry," she said to him. "Soon I shall not trouble you any more."

"Why was it? Who drove you to it?"

She replied. "It had to be, my dear!"

"Weren't you happy? Is it my fault? I did all I could!"

"Yes, that is true—you are good—you."

And she passed her hand slowly over his hair. The sweetness of this sensation deepened his sadness; he felt his whole being dissolving in despair at the thought that he must lose her, just when she was confessing more love for him than she ever had acknowledged before. And he could think of nothing; he did not know,

he did not dare; the urgent need for some immediate resolution gave the finishing stroke to the turmoil of his mind.

So she had done, she thought, with all the treachery, and meanness, and numberless desires that had tortured her. She hated no one now; a twilight dimness was settling upon her thoughts, and, of all earthly sounds, Emma heard none but the intermittent lamentations of this poor heart, sweet and indistinct like the echo of a symphony dying away.

"Bring me the child," she said, raising herself on her elbow.

"You are not worse, are you?" asked Charles.

"No, no!"

The child, serious, and still half-asleep, was brought in on the servant's arm in her long white nightgown, from which her bare feet peeped out. She looked wonderingly at the disordered room, and half-closed her eyes, dazzled by the candles burning on the table. They reminded her, no doubt, of the morning of New Year's Day and mid-Lent, when thus awakened early by candlelight she came to her mother's bed to find her presents, for she began saying:

"But where is it, mamma?" And as everybody was silent, "But I can't see my little stocking."

Félicité held her over the bed while she kept looking toward the mantelpiece.

"Has nurse taken it?" she asked.

And at this name, which carried her back to the memory of her adulteries and her calamities, Madame Bovary turned away her head, as at the loathing of another bitterer poison that rose to her mouth. But Berthe remained perched on the bed.

"Oh, how big your eyes are, mamma! How pale you are! how hot you are!"

Her mother looked at her.

"I am frightened!" cried the child, recoiling.

Emma took her hand to kiss it; the child struggled.

"That will do. Take her away," cried Charles, who was sobbing in the alcove.

Then the symptoms ceased for a moment; she seemed less agitated; and at every insignificant word, at every respiration a little more easy, he regained hope. At last, when Canivet came in, he threw himself into his arms.

"Ah! it is you. Thanks! You are good! But she is better. See! look at her."

His colleague was by no means of this opinion, and, as he said of himself, he "never beat about the bush," he prescribed an emetic in order to empty the stomach.

She soon began vomiting blood. Her lips became drawn. Her limbs were convulsed, her whole body was covered with brown spots, and her pulse beat beneath the fingers like a stretched thread, like a harp-string nearly breaking.

After this she began to scream horribly. She cursed the poison, railed at it, and implored it to be quick, and thrust away with her stiffened arms everything that Charles, in more agony than herself, tried to make her drink. He stood up, his handkerchief to his lips, with a rattling sound in his throat, weeping, and choked by sobs that shook his whole body. Félicité was running hither and thither in the room. Homais, motionless, uttered great sighs; and Monsieur Canivet, always retaining his self-command, nevertheless began to feel uneasy.

"The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases——"

"The effect must cease," said Homais, "that is evident."

"Oh, save her!" cried Bovary.

And, without listening to the chemist, who was still venturing the hypothesis, "It is perhaps a salutary paroxysm," Canivet was about to administer some theriac, when they heard the cracking of a whip; all the windows rattled, and a post-chaise drawn by three horses abreast, up to their ears in mud, drove at a gallop round the corner of the market. It was the great Dr. Larivière.

The apparition of a god would not have caused more commotion. Bovary raised his hands; Canivet stopped short; and Homais pulled off his skull-cap long before the doctor entered.

He belonged to that great school of surgery begotten of Bichat, to that generation, now extinct, of philosophical practitioners, who, loving their art with a fanatical love, exercised it with enthusiasm and wisdom. Everyone in his hospital trembled when he was angry; and his students so revered him that they tried, as soon as they were themselves in practice, to imitate him as much as possible, so that in all the towns about they were found wearing a long wadded merino overcoat and black frock-coat, whose buttoned cuffs slightly covered his brawny hands—very beautiful hands, which never knew gloves, as if to be more ready to plunge into suffering. Disdainful of honours, of titles, and of academies, like one of the old Knights-Hospitaller, generous, fatherly to the poor, and practising virtue without believing in it, he would almost have passed for a saint had not the keenness of his intellect caused him to be feared as a demon. His glance, more penetrating than his bistouries, looked straight into the soul, and dissected every lie despite all assertions and all reticences. Thus he went along, full of that debonair majesty which is given by the consciousness of great

talent, of fortune, and of forty years of a laborious and irreproachable life.

He frowned as soon as he had passed the door when he saw the cadaverous face of Emma stretched out on her back with her mouth open. Then, while apparently listening to Canivet, he rubbed his fingers up and down beneath his nostrils, and repeated——

"Good! good!"

But he made a slow gesture with his shoulders. Bovary watched him; they looked at one another; and this man, accustomed as he was to the sight of pain, could not keep back a tear that fell on his shirt front.

He tried to take Canivet into the next room. Charles followed him.

"She is very ill, isn't she? If we put on sinapisms? Anything! Oh, think of something—you who have saved so many!"

Charles caught him in both his arms, and gazed at him wildly, imploringly, half-fainting against his breast.

"Come, my poor fellow, courage! There is nothing more to be done."

And Dr. Larivière turned away.

"You are going?"

"I will come back."

He went out only to give an order to the coachman, with Monsieur Canivet, who did not care either to have Emma die under his hands.

The chemist rejoined them in the square. He could not by temperament keep away from celebrities, so he begged Monsieur Larivière to do him the signal honour of accepting some breakfast.

He sent quickly to the Lion d'Or for some pigeons; to the butcher's for all the cutlets that were to be had; to Tuvache for cream; and to Lestiboudois for eggs;

and the chemist himself aided in the preparations, while Madame Homais was saying as she pulled together the strings of her jacket:

"You must excuse us, sir, for in this poor place, when one hasn't been told the night before——"

"Wine-glasses!" whispered Homais.

"If only we were in town, we could fall back upon stuffed trotters."

"Be quiet! Sit down, doctor!"

He thought fit, after the first few mouthfuls, to give some details as to the catastrophe.

"We first had a feeling of siccity in the pharynx, then intolerable pains at the epigastrium, super, purgation, coma."

"But how did she poison herself?"

"I don't know, doctor, and I don't even know where she can have procured the arsenious acid."

Justin, who was just bringing in a pile of plates, began to tremble.

"What's the matter?" said the chemist.

At this question the young man dropped the whole pile on the ground with a crash.

"Imbecile!" cried Homais, "awkward lout! blockhead! confounded ass!"

But suddenly controlling himself——

"I wished, doctor, to make an analysis, and *primo* I delicately introduced a tube——"

"You would have done better," said the physician, "to introduce your fingers into her throat."

His colleague was silent, having just before privately received a severe lecture about his emetic; so that this good Canivet, so arrogant and so verbose at the time of the operation on the club-foot, was to-day very modest. He smiled without ceasing in an approving manner.

Homais dilated in Amphytrionic pride, and the af-

fecting thought of Bovary vaguely contributed to his pleasure by a kind of egotistic reflex upon himself. Then the presence of the doctor transported him. He displayed his erudition, cited, pell-mell, cantharides, upas, the manchineel, vipers.

"I have even read that various persons have found themselves under toxicological symptoms, and, as it were, thunderstricken by black-pudding that had been subjected to a too vehement fumigation. At least, this was stated in a very fine report drawn up by one of our pharmaceutical chiefs, one of our masters, the illustrious Cadet de Gassicourt!"

Madame Homais reappeared, carrying one of those shaky machines that are heated with alcohol; for Homais liked to make his coffee at table, having, moreover, torrefied it, pulverised it, and mixed it himself.

"*Saccharum*, doctor?" said he, offering the sugar.

Then he had all his children brought down, anxious to have the physician's opinion on their constitutions.

At last Dr. Larivière was about to leave, when Madame Homais asked for a consultation about her husband. He was making his blood too thick by going to sleep every evening after dinner.

"Oh, it isn't his blood that's too thick," said the physician.

And, smiling a little at his unnoticed joke, the doctor opened the door. But the chemist's shop was full of people; he had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of Monsieur Tuvache, who feared his spouse would get inflammation of the lungs, because she was in the habit of spitting on the ashes; then of Monsieur Binet, who sometimes experienced sudden attacks of great hunger; and of Madame Caron, who suffered from tinglings; of Lheureux, who had vertigo; of Lestiboudois, who had rheumatism; and of Madame Lefrançois, who had

heartburn. At last the three horses started; and it was the general opinion that the great doctor had not shown himself at all obliging.

Public attention was distracted by the appearance of Monsieur Bournisien, who was crossing the market with the holy oil.

Homais, as was due to his principles, compared priests to ravens attracted by the odour of death. The sight of an ecclesiastic was personally disagreeable to him, for the cassock made him think of the shroud, and he detested the one from some fear of the other.

Nevertheless, not shrinking from what he called his mission, he returned to Bovary's in company with Canivet, whom Dr. Larivière, before leaving, had strongly urged to make this visit; and he would, but for his wife's objections, have taken his two sons with him, in order to accustom them to great occasions; that this might be a lesson, an example, a solemn picture, that should remain in their heads later.

When they went in the room was full of a mournful solemnity. On the work-table, covered over with a white cloth, were five or six small balls of cotton in a silver dish, near a large crucifix between two lighted candles.

Emma, her chin sunk upon her breast, had her eyes inordinately wide open, and her poor hands wandered over the sheets with that hideous, soft movement of the dying, which seems as if they wanted already to cover themselves with the shroud. Pale as a statue and with eyes red as fire, Charles, not weeping, stood opposite her at the foot of the bed, while the priest, bending one knee, was muttering words in a low voice.

She turned her face slowly, and seemed filled with joy on seeing suddenly the violet stole, no doubt finding again, in the midst of a temporary lull in her pain,

the lost voluptuousness of her early mystical transports, with the visions of eternal beatitude that were beginning.

The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched forward her neck as one who is athirst, and pressing her lips to the body of the Man-God, she laid upon it with all her expiring strength the fullest kiss of love that she had ever given. Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil, and began to give extreme unction. First, upon the eyes, that had so coveted all worldly pomp; then upon the nostrils, that had been greedy of the warm breeze and amorous odours; then upon the mouth, that had uttered lies, that had curled with pride and cried out in lewdness; then upon the hands, that had delighted in sensual touches; and finally upon the soles of the feet, so swift of yore, when she was running to satisfy her desires, and which would now walk no more.

The curé wiped his fingers, threw the bit of cotton dipped in oil into the fire, and came and sat down by the dying woman, to tell her that she must now blend her sufferings with those of Jesus Christ and abandon herself to the divine mercy.

Finishing his exhortations, he tried to place in her hand a blessed candle, symbol of the celestial glory with which she was soon to be surrounded. Emma was too weak to close her fingers round it, and the taper, but for Monsieur Bournisien would have fallen.

However, she was not quite so pale, and her face had a look of serenity as if the sacrament had cured her.

The priest did not fail to point this out; he even explained to Bovary that the Lord sometimes prolonged the life of persons when he thought it meet for their salvation; and Charles remembered the day when,

so near death, she had received the communion. Perhaps there was no need to despair, he thought.

In fact, she looked around her slowly, as one awakening from a dream; then in a distinct voice she asked for her hand-mirror, and remained some time gazing into it, until great tears fell from her eyes. Then she turned away her head with a sigh and fell back upon the pillows.

Her chest soon began panting rapidly; the whole of her tongue protruded from her mouth; her eyes, as they rolled, grew paler, like the two globes of a lamp that is going out, so that one might have thought her already dead but for the fearful labouring of her chest, shaken by violent breathing, as if the soul were struggling to free itself. Félicité knelt before the crucifix, and the chemist slightly bent his knees, while Monsieur Canivet looked out vaguely into the square. Bournisien had begun to pray again, his face bowed against the edge of the bed, his long black cassock trailing behind him on the floor. Charles was on the other side, on his knees, his arms outstretched toward Emma. He had taken her hands and pressed them, shuddering at every throb of her heart, as at the shaking of a falling ruin. As the death-rattle became stronger the priest prayed faster; his prayers mingled with the stifled sobs of Bovary, and sometimes all was lost in the muffled murmur of the Latin syllables that seemed to toll like a passing-bell.

Suddenly on the pavement was heard a loud noise of clogs and the clattering of a stick; and a voice rose—a raucous voice—that sang:

> "Maids in the warmth of a summer day
> Dream of love and of love alway."

Emma raised herself like a galvanised corpse, her hair streaming, her eyes fixed, staring.

"Where the sickle blades do glean,
Nannette, gathering ears of corn,
Passes, bending down, my queen,
To the earth where they were born."

"The blind man!" cried Emma. And she began to laugh, an atrocious, frantic, despairing laugh, thinking she saw the hideous face of the poor wretch standing out against the eternal night like a menace.

"The wind was strong that summer day,
And her petticoat flew away."

Emma fell back upon the mattress in a convulsion. They all drew near. She was dead.

CHAPTER IX

PRIEST AND PHILOSOPHER

ALWAYS after a death a kind of stupefaction comes upon us; so difficult is it to grasp this advent of nothingness and to resign ourselves to believe in it. But when he saw that his wife did not move, Charles threw himself upon her, crying:

"Farewell! farewell!"

Homais and Canivet dragged him from the room.

"Restrain yourself!" they said.

"Yes," said he, struggling, "I'll be quiet. I'll not do anything rash. But let me alone. I want to see her. She is my wife!"

And he wept.

"Weep," said the chemist; "let nature take her course; that will relieve you."

Weaker than a child, Charles allowed himself to be

led downstairs into the sitting-room, and Monsieur Homais soon went home. In the square he was accosted by the blind man, who, having dragged himself as far as Yonville in the hope of getting the antiphlogistic pomade, was asking every passer-by where the chemist lived.

"There now! as if I hadn't things to do. Well, so much the worse; you must come later."

And he entered his shop hastily.

He had to write two letters, to prepare a sedative for Bovary, to invent some false story that would conceal the truth about the poisoning, and write it up as an article for the *Fanal*, to say nothing of the people who were waiting to get the news from him; and when the Yonvillers had all heard his story of the arsenic that she had mistaken for sugar in making a vanilla cream, Homais once more returned to Bovary's.

He found him alone (Monsieur Canivet had gone), sitting in an armchair near the window, staring with an idiotic look at the floor.

"Now," said the chemist, "you ought yourself to fix the hour for the ceremony."

"Why? What ceremony?" Then, in a stammering, frightened voice, "Oh, no! not that. No! I want to see her here."

Homais, to keep himself in countenance, took a water-bottle from the table to water the geraniums.

"Ah, thanks," said Charles; "you are good."

But he did not finish, choked by the crowd of memories that this action of the chemist recalled to him.

To distract him, Homais thought fit to talk a little horticulture: plants wanted humidity. Charles bowed in sign of assent.

"Besides, the fine days will soon be here again."

"Ah!" said Bovary.

The chemist, at his wits' end, began softly to draw aside the small window-curtain.

"Ah! there's Monsieur Tuvache passing."

"Monsieur Tuvache passing!" Charles repeated like a machine.

Homais did not dare to speak to him again about the funeral arrangements; it was the priest who succeeded in reconciling him to them.

He shut himself up in his consulting-room, took a pen, and after sobbing for some time, wrote:

"I wish her to be buried in her wedding-dress, with white shoes, and a wreath. Her hair is to be spread out over her shoulders. Three coffins, one of oak, one of mahogany, one of lead. Let no one speak to me. I shall have strength. Over all is to be placed a large piece of green velvet. This is my wish; see that it is done."

The two men were much surprised at Bovary's romantic ideas. The chemist went to him and said:

"This velvet seems to me a stupefaction. Besides, the expense——"

"What's that to you?" cried Charles. "Leave me! You did not love her. Go!"

The priest took him by the arm for a turn in the garden. He discoursed on the vanity of earthly things. God was very great, was very good: one must submit to His decrees without a murmur; nay, must even thank Him.

Charles burst into blasphemies: "I hate your God!"

"The spirit of rebellion is still upon you," sighed the ecclesiastic.

Bovary was far away. He was walking with great strides beside the wall, near the espalier, and he ground his teeth; he raised to heaven looks of malediction, but not so much as a leaf stirred.

A fine rain was falling: Charles, whose chest was bare, at last began to shiver; he went in and sat down in the kitchen.

At six o'clock a noise like a clatter of old iron was heard in the square; it was the "Hirondelle" coming in, and he remained with his forehead against the window-pane, watching all the passengers alight, one after the other. Félicité put down a mattress for him in the drawing-room. He threw himself upon it and fell asleep.

Although a philosopher, Monsieur Homais respected the dead. So, bearing no grudge to poor Charles, he came back again in the evening to sit up with the body, bringing with him three volumes and a pocket-book for taking notes.

Monsieur Bournisien was there, and two large candles were burning at the head of the bed, which had been taken out of the alcove. The chemist, on whom the silence weighed, soon began to formulate some regrets about this "unfortunate young woman," and the priest replied that there was nothing to do now but pray for her.

"Yet," Homais went on, "one of two things: either she died in a state of grace (as the Church has it), and then she has no need of our prayers; or else she departed impenitent (that is, I believe, the ecclesiastical expression), and then——"

Bournisien interrupted him, replying testily that it was none the less necessary to pray.

"But," objected the chemist, "since God knows all our needs, what can be the good of prayer?"

"What!" cried the ecclesiastic, "prayer! Why, aren't you a Christian?"

"Excuse me," said Homais; "I admire Christianity.

To begin with, it enfranchised the slaves, introduced into the world a morality——"

"That isn't the question. All the texts——"

"Oh! oh! As to texts, look at history; it is known that all the texts have been falsified by the Jesuits."

Charles entered, and advancing toward the bed, slowly drew aside the curtains.

Emma's head was turned toward her right shoulder, the corner of her mouth, which was open, looked like a black hole at the lower part of her face; her thumbs were bent into the palms of her hands; a kind of white dust besprinkled her lashes, and her eyes were beginning to disappear in that viscous pallor that looks like a thin web, as if spiders had spun over it. The sheet was depressed from her breast to her knees, and then rose at the tips of her toes, and it seemed to Charles that infinite masses were weighing her down.

The church clock struck two. They could hear the loud murmur of the river flowing in the darkness at the foot of the terrace. From time to time Monsieur Bournisien blew his nose noisily, and Homais' pen was scratching over the paper.

"Come, my good friend," he said, "withdraw; this spectacle is tearing you to pieces."

Charles once gone, the chemist and the priest renewed their discussions.

"Read Voltaire," said the one, "read D'Holbach, read the Encyclopædia!"

"Read the 'Letters of some Portuguese Jews,'" said the other; "read 'The Meaning of Christianity,' by Nicolas, formerly a magistrate."

They grew warm, they grew red; both talked at once without listening to each other. Bournisien was scandalised at such audacity; Homais marvelled at such stupidity; and they were on the point of insulting each

other when Charles suddenly reappeared. A fascination drew him. He was continually stealing upstairs.

He stood opposite her, the better to see her, and lost himself in a contemplation so deep that it was no longer painful.

He recalled stories of catalepsy, and of the marvels of magnetism, and said to himself that by willing it with all his force he might perhaps succeed in reviving her. Once he even bent over her, and said in a low voice, "Emma! Emma!" His strong breathing made the flames of the candles tremble against the wall.

At daybreak Madame Bovary senior arrived. As he embraced her Charles burst into another flood of tears. She tried, as the chemist had, to make some remarks to him on the expenses of the funeral. He became so angry that she was silent, and he even commissioned her to go to town at once and buy what was necessary.

Charles remained alone all the afternoon; they had taken Berthe to Madame Homais'; Félicité was in the room upstairs with Madame Lefrançois.

In the evening some visitors came. He rose, pressed their hands, unable to speak. Then they sat down near one another, and formed a large semicircle in front of the fire. With lowered heads, and swinging one leg crossed over the other knee, each uttered deep sighs at intervals; each was inordinately bored, and yet none would be the first to go.

When Homais returned at nine o'clock (for the last two days Homais seemed to have lived on the square), he was laden with a stock of camphor, benzine, and aromatic herbs. He carried also a large jar full of chlorine water, to keep off all miasmata. Just then the servant, Madame Lefrançois, and Madame Bovary senior were busy about Emma, finishing dressing her,

and they were drawing down the long white veil that covered her to her satin shoes.

Félicité was sobbing: "Ah! my poor mistress! my poor mistress!"

"Look at her," said the landlady, sighing; "how pretty she is still! Now, couldn't you swear she was going to get up in a minute?"

They bent over her to put on her wreath. They had to raise the head a little, and a rush of black liquid issued from her mouth, as if she were vomiting.

"Oh, goodness! The dress; take care," cried Madame Lefrançois. "Now, just come and help," she said to the chemist. "Perhaps you're afraid?"

"I afraid?" replied he, shrugging his shoulders. "I think not! I've seen all sorts of things at the hospital when I was studying pharmacy. We used to make punch in the dissecting room! Nothingness does not terrify a philosopher; and, as I often say, I even intend to leave my body to the hospitals, in order to serve science."

The priest on his arrival inquired how Monsieur Bovary was, and, at the reply of the chemist, replied, "The blow, you see, is still too recent."

Then Homais congratulated him on not being exposed, like other people, to the loss of a beloved companion; whence followed a discussion on the celibacy of priests.

"Well," said the chemist, "it is unnatural that a man should do without women! There have been crimes——"

"But, good heaven!" cried the ecclesiastic, "how do you expect a man who is married to keep the secrets of the confessional, for example?"

Homais next attacked the confessional. Bournisien defended it; he enlarged on the acts of restitution that

it brought about. He cited various anecdotes about thieves who had suddenly become honest. Military men on approaching the tribunal of penitence had felt the scales fall from their eyes. At Fribourg there was a minister——

His companion was asleep. Then he felt somewhat stifled by the over-heavy atmosphere of the room; he opened the window; this awoke the chemist.

"Come, take a pinch of snuff," he said to him. "Take it; it will relieve you."

A continual barking was heard in the distance. "Do you hear that dog howling?" said the chemist.

"Dogs smell the dead," replied the priest. "So do bees; they always leave their hives on the decease of any one."

Homais made no remark upon these prejudices, for he had again dropped asleep. Monsieur Bournisien, stronger than he, went on moving his lips gently for some time, then insensibly his chin sank down, he let fall his big black book, and began to snore.

They sat opposite one another, with protruding stomachs, puffed-up faces, and frowning looks, after so much disagreement uniting at last in the same human weakness, and they moved no more than the corpse by their side, which seemed to be sleeping.

Charles coming in did not wake them. It was the last time; he came to bid her farewell.

The aromatic herbs were still smoking, and spirals of bluish vapour blended at the window-sash with the fog that was coming in. There were few stars, and the night was warm. The wax of the candles fell in great drops upon the sheets of the bed. Charles watched them burn, tiring his eyes against the glare of their yellow flame.

The moiré of the satin gown shimmered white as

moonlight. Emma was lost beneath it; and it seemed to him that, spreading beyond her own self, she blended confusedly with everything around her—the silence, the night, the passing wind, the damp odours rising from the ground.

Then suddenly he saw her in the garden at Tostes, on a bench against the thorn hedge, or else at Rouen in the streets, on the threshold of their house, in the yard at Bertaux. He heard again the laughter of the happy boys beneath the apple-trees; the room was filled with the perfume of her hair; and her dress rustled in his arms with a crackle like electricity. The gown was still the same.

A terrible curiosity seized him. Slowly, with the tips of his fingers, palpitating, he lifted her veil. But he uttered a cry of horror that awoke the other two.

They dragged him down into the sitting-room. Then Félicité came up to say that he wanted some of her hair.

"Cut some off," replied the chemist.

And as she did not dare, he himself stepped forward, scissors in hand. He trembled so that he pierced the skin of the temple in several places. At last, stiffening himself against emotion, Homais gave two or three great cuts at random that left white patches among that beautiful black hair.

The chemist and the priest plunged anew into their occupations, not without sleeping from time to time, of which they accused each other at each awakening. Then Monsieur Bournisien sprinkled the room with holy water and Homais threw a little chlorine water on the floor.

Félicité had taken care to put on the chest of drawers, for each of them, a bottle of brandy, some cheese, and a large roll; and the chemist, who could

not hold out any longer, about four in the morning sighed:

"I should like to take some sustenance."

The priest did not need any persuading; he went out to go and say mass, came back, and then they ate and chatted, laughing a little without knowing why, stimulated by that vague gaiety that comes upon us after times of sadness, and at the last glass the priest said to the chemist, as he slapped him on the shoulder:

"We shall end by understanding each other."

In the passage downstairs they met the undertaker's men, who were coming in. Then for two hours Charles had to suffer the torture of hearing the hammer resound against the wood. Next they lowered her into her oak coffin, which was fitted into the other two; but as the bier was too large, they had to fill up the gaps with the wool of a mattress. At last, when the three lids had been planed down, nailed, and soldered, it was placed outside the room in front of the door; the house was thrown open, and the people of Yonville began to crowd in.

Old Rouault arrived, and fainted in the square when he saw the black crape.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST FAREWELL

ROUAULT had only received the chemist's letter thirty-six hours after the death; and, from consideration for his feelings, Homais had so phrased it that it was impossible to understand what it meant.

First, the old fellow had fallen as if struck by apoplexy. Next, he understood that she was not dead, but that she might be. At last he had put on his blouse, taken his hat, fastened spurs to his boots, and set out at full speed; and the whole of the way old Rouault, panting, was torn by anguish. Once even he was obliged to dismount. He was dizzy; he heard voices round him; he felt himself going mad.

He said to himself that no doubt they would save her; the doctors would surely discover some remedy. He remembered all the miraculous cures he had been told about. Then she appeared to him dead. She was there, before his eyes, lying on her back in the middle of the road. He pulled up his horse, and the hallucination disappeared.

At Quincampoix, to give himself heart, he drank three cups of coffee one after the other. He fancied they had made a mistake in the name in writing. He looked for the letter in his pocket, felt it there, but did not dare to open it.

At last he began to think it was all a joke; some one's spite, the jest of some wag; and besides, if she were dead, one would have known it. But no! There was nothing extraordinary about the country; the sky was blue, the trees swayed; a flock of sheep passed. He saw the village; he was seen coming bending forward upon his horse, belabouring it with great blows, the girths dripping with blood.

When he had recovered consciousness, he fell weeping, into Bovary's arms: "My girl! Emma! my child! tell me——"

The other replied, sobbing, "I don't know! I don't know! It's a curse!"

The chemist separated them. "These horrible details are useless. I will tell this gentleman all about

it. Here are the people coming. Dignity! Come now! Philosophy!"

The poor fellow tried to show himself brave, and repeated several times, "Yes, courage!"

"Oh," cried the old man, "so I will have, by God! I'll go along with her to the end!"

The bell began tolling. All was ready; they had to set out. And seated in a stall of the choir, side by side, they saw pass and repass in front of them continually the three chanting choristers.

The serpent-player was blowing with all his might. Monsieur Bournisien, in full vestments, was singing in a shrill voice. He bowed before the tabernacle. raised his hands, stretched out his arms. Lestiboudois went about the church with his whalebone staff. The coffin stood near the lectern, between four rows of candles. Charles felt inclined to get up and extinguish them.

Yet he tried to stir himself to a feeling of devotion, to throw himself into the hope of a future life in which he should see her again. He imagined to himself she had gone on a long journey, far away, for a long time. But when he thought of her lying there, and that all was over, that they would lay her in the earth, he was seized with a fierce, gloomy, despairing rage. At times he thought he felt nothing more, and he enjoyed this lull in his pain, while at the same time he reproached himself for being a wretch.

The sharp noise of an iron-ferruled stick was heard on the stones, striking them at irregular intervals. It came from the end of the church, and stopped short in the lower aisles. A man in a coarse brown jacket knelt down painfully. It was Hippolyte, the stable-boy at the Lion d'Or. He had put on his new leg.

One of the choristers went round the nave making

a collection, and the coppers chinked one after the other on the silver plate.

"Oh, make haste! I am in agony!" cried Bovary, angrily throwing him a five-franc piece. The churchman thanked him with a low bow.

They sang, they knelt, they stood up; it was endless! He remembered that once, in the early times, he and Emma had attended mass together, and they had sat down on the other side, on the right, by the wall. The bell began again. There was a great moving of chairs; the bearers slipped their three staves under the coffin, and everyone left the church.

Then Justin appeared at the door of the shop. He suddenly went in again, pale, staggering.

People were at the windows to see the procession pass. Charles walked erect at the head. He affected a brave air, and saluted with a nod some who, coming out from the lanes or from their doors, stood among the crowd.

The six men, three on either side, walked slowly, panting a little. The priests, the choristers, and the two choir-boys recited the *De profundis*, and their voices echoed over the fields, rising and falling with their undulations. Sometimes they disappeared in the windings of the path; but the great silver cross rose always between the trees.

The women followed in black cloaks with turned-down hoods; each carried in her hands a large lighted candle, and Charles felt himself growing weaker at this continual repetition of prayers and torches, beneath this oppressive odour of wax and of cassocks.

They reached the cemetery. The men went to a place in the grass where a grave was dug. They ranged themselves all round; and while the priest

spoke, the red soil thrown up at the sides kept noiselessly slipping down at the corners.

When the four ropes were arranged the coffin was placed upon them. He watched it descend; it was descending forever. At last a thud was heard; the ropes creaked as they were drawn up. Then Bournisien took the spade handed to him by Lestiboudois; with his left hand all the time sprinkling water, with the right he vigorously threw in a large spadeful; and the wood of the coffin, struck by the pebbles, gave forth that dread sound that seems to us the reverberation of eternity.

The ecclesiastic passed the holy-water sprinkler to his neighbour. This was Homais. He swung it gravely, then handed it to Charles, who sank to his knees in the earth and threw in handfuls of it, crying, "Adieu!" He sent her kisses; he dragged himself toward the grave, to engulf himself with her. They led him away, and he soon grew calmer, feeling perhaps, like the others, a vague relief that it was all over.

Old Rouault on his way back began quietly smoking a pipe, which Homais in his innermost consciousness thought not quite the thing. He noticed also that Monsieur Binet had not been present, and that Tuvache had disappeared after mass, and that Théodore, the notary's servant, wore a blue coat, "as if he could not have got a black coat, since that is the custom, by Jove!" To share his observations with others, he went from group to group. They were deploring Emma's death, especially Lheureux, who had not failed to come to the funeral.

"Poor little woman! What a sorrow for her husband!"

The chemist continued, "Do you know that but for

me he would have committed some fatal attack upon himself?"

"Such a good woman! To think that I saw her only last Saturday in my shop."

"I haven't had leisure," said Homais, "to prepare a few words that I would have cast upon her tomb."

On reaching home Charles undressed, and old Rouault put on his blue blouse. It was a new one, and as he had often during the journey wiped his eyes on the sleeves, the dye had stained his face, and the traces of tears made lines in the layer of dust that covered it.

Madame Bovary was with them. All three were silent. At last the old fellow sighed:

"Do you remember, my friend, that I went to Tostes once when you had just lost your first deceased? I consoled you at that time. I thought of something to say then, but now——" Then, with a loud groan, that shook his whole chest, "Ah! this is the end for me, do you see! I saw my wife go, then my son, and now to-day my daughter."

He wanted to go back at once to Bertaux, saying that he could not sleep in this house. He even refused to see his grand-daughter.

"No, no! It would grieve me too much. Only you'll kiss her many times for me. Good-by! you're a good fellow! And I shall never forget that," he said, slapping his thigh. "Never fear, you shall always have your turkey."

When he reached the top of the hill he turned back, as he had turned once before on the road of Saint-Victor when he had parted from her. The windows of the village were all on fire beneath the slanting rays of the sun sinking behind the field. He put his hand over his eyes, and saw in the horizon an enclosure of walls, where trees here and there formed black clus-

ters between white stones; then he went on his way at a gentle trot, for his nag had gone lame.

Despite their fatigue, Charles and his mother stayed very long that evening talking together. They spoke of the days of the past and of the future. She would come to live at Yonville; she would keep house for him; they never would part again. She was ingenious and caressing, rejoicing in her heart at gaining once more an affection that had wandered from her for so many years. Midnight struck. The village as usual was silent, and Charles, awake, thought always of Emma.

Rodolphe, who, to distract himself, had been rambling about the wood all day, was sleeping quietly in his château, and Léon, down yonder, also slept.

There was another who at that hour was not asleep.

On the grave between the pine-trees a boy was on his knees weeping, and his heart, rent by sobs, was beating in the shadow beneath the load of an immense regret, sweeter than the moon and fathomless as the night. The gate suddenly grated. It was Lestiboudois; he came to get his spade, which he had forgotten. He recognised Justin climbing over the wall, and at last knew who was the culprit that stole his potatoes.

CHAPTER XI

"THE FAULT OF FATALITY"

CHARLES had the child brought home the next day. She asked for her mamma. They told her she had gone away; that she would bring her back some playthings. Berthe spoke of her again

several times, then at last thought no more of her. The child's gaiety broke Bovary's heart, and he had to endure besides the intolerable consolations of the chemist.

Pecuniary troubles soon began again, Monsieur Lheureux urging on anew his friend Vinçart; and Charles pledged himself for exorbitant sums; for he never would consent to let the smallest of the things that had belonged to *her* be sold. His mother was exasperated with him; he grew even more angry than she. He had altogether changed. She left the house.

Then everyone began taking advantage of him. Mademoiselle Lempereur presented a bill for six months' teaching, although Emma never had taken a lesson (despite the receipted bill she had shown Bovary); it was an arrangement between the two women. The man at the circulating library demanded three years' subscriptions; Mère Rollet claimed postage due for about twenty letters, and when Charles asked for an explanation, she had the delicacy to reply:

"Oh, I don't know. It was for her business affairs."

With every debt he paid Charles thought he had come to the end of them. But others followed ceaselessly. He sent in accounts for professional attendance. The patients showed him the letters his wife had written. Then he had to apologise.

Félicité now wore Madame Bovary's gowns; not all, for he had kept some of them, and he went to look at them in her dressing-room, locking himself up there; the girl was about her height, and often Charles, seeing her from behind, was seized with an illusion, and cried out:

"Oh, stay, stay!"

But at Whitsuntide she ran away from Yonville,

carried off by Theodore, and stealing all that was left of Emma's wardrobe.

About this time the Widow Dupuis had the honour to inform him of the "marriage of Monsieur Léon Dupuis her son, notary at Yvetot, to Mademoiselle Léocadie Lebœuf of Bondeville." Charles, among the other congratulations he sent him, wrote this sentence:

"How pleased my poor wife would have been!"

One day, when wandering aimlessly about the house, he went up to the attic, and he felt a pellet of fine paper under his slipper. He opened it and read: "Courage, Emma, courage. I would not bring misery into your life." It was Rodolphe's letter, fallen to the ground between the boxes, where it had remained, and the wind from the dormer-window had just blown it toward the door. Charles stood, motionless and staring, in the very same place where, long ago, Emma, in despair, and paler even than he, had thought of dying. At last he discovered a small R at the bottom of the second page. What did this mean? He remembered Rodolphe's attentions, his sudden disappearance, his constrained air when they had met two or three times since. But the respectful tone of the letter deceived him.

"Perhaps they loved one another platonically," he said to himself.

Besides, Charles was not of those who go to the bottom of things; he shrank from the proofs, and his vague jealousy was lost in the immensity of his woe.

Everyone, he thought, must have adored her; all men assuredly must have coveted her. She seemed but the more beautiful to him for this; he was seized with a lasting, furious desire for her, which inflamed his despair and was boundless because it was now unrealisable.

To please her, as if she were still living, he adopted her predilections, her ideas; he bought patent-leather boots and took to wearing white cravats. He put cosmetics on his moustache, and, like her, signed notes of hand. She corrupted him from beyond the grave.

He was compelled to sell his silver piece by piece; next he sold the drawing-room furniture. All the rooms were stripped; but the bedroom, her own room, remained as before. After his dinner Charles went up there. He pushed the round table in front of the fire, and drew up *Her* armchair. He sat down opposite it. A candle burned in one of the gilt candlesticks. Berthe by his side was painting prints.

He suffered, poor man, at seeing her so badly dressed, with laceless boots, and the armholes of her pinafore torn down to the hips; for the charwoman took no care of her. But she was so sweet, so pretty, and her little head bent forward so gracefully, letting the dear fair hair fall over her rosy cheeks, that an infinite joy came upon him, a happiness mingled with bitterness, like those ill-made wines that taste of resin. He mended her toys, made her puppets from cardboard, or sewed up half-torn dolls. Then, if his eyes fell upon the workbox, a ribbon lying about, or even a pin left in a crack of the table, he began to dream, and looked so sad that she became as sad as he.

No one now came to see them, for Justin had run away to Rouen, where he was a grocer's clerk, and the chemist's children saw less and less of the child, Monsieur Homais not caring, seeing the difference of their social position, to continue the intimacy.

The blind man, whom he had not been able to cure with his pomade, had gone back to the hill of Bois-Guillaume, where he told travellers of the vain attempt of the chemist to such an extent that Homais when

he went to town hid himself behind the curtains of the "Hirondelle" to avoid meeting him. He detested him, and wishing, in the interests of his own reputation, to get rid of him at all costs, he directed against him a secret battery, which betrayed the depth of his intellect and the baseness of his vanity. Thus, for six consecutive months, one could read in the *Fanal de Rouen editorials* such as these:

"All who approach the fertile plains of Picardy have no doubt remarked, by the Bois-Guillaume hill, a wretch suffering from a horrible facial wound. He importunes, persecutes one, and levies a regular tax on all travellers. Are we still living in the monstrous times of the Middle Ages, when vagabonds were permitted to display in our public places leprosy and scrofulas they brought back from the Crusades?"

Or:

"In spite of the laws against vagabondage, the approaches to our great towns continue to be infested by bands of beggars. Some are seen going about alone, and these are not, perhaps, the least dangerous. What are our ediles about?"

Then Homais invented anecdotes:

"Yesterday, by the Bois-Guillaume hill, a skittish horse——" And then followed the story of an accident caused by the presence of the blind man.

He managed all this so well that at last the fellow was locked up. But he was released. He began again, and Homais began again. It was a struggle. Homais won, for his foe was condemned to lifelong confinement in an asylum.

He by no means gave up his shop. On the contrary, he kept well abreast of new discoveries. He followed the great movement of chocolates; he was the first to introduce "cocoa" and "revalenta" into the Seine-

Inférieure. He was enthusiastic about the hydro-electric Pulvermacher chains; he wore one himself, and when at night he took off his flannel vest, Madame Homais stood quite dazzled before the golden spiral beneath which he was hidden, and felt her ardour re-double for this man more bandaged than a Scythian, and splendid as one of the Magi.

He had fine ideas about Emma's tomb. First he proposed a broken column with some drapery, next a pyramid, then a Temple of Vesta, a sort of rotunda, or else a "mass of ruins." And in all his plans he always stuck to the weeping willow, which he looked upon as the indispensable symbol of sorrow.

He and Charles made a journey to Rouen together to look at some tombstones at a funeral furnisher's, accompanied by an artist, one Vaufrylard, a friend of Bridoux's, who made puns all the time. At last, after examining several hundred designs, having ordered an estimate and made another journey to Rouen, Charles decided in favour of a mausoleum, which on the two principal sides was to have "a spirit bearing an extinguished torch."

As to the inscription, Homais could think of nothing so fine as *Sta viator*, and he got no further; he racked his brain, he constantly repeated *Sta viator*. At last he hit upon *Amabilem conjugem calcas*, which was adopted.

A strange thing was that Bovary, while continually thinking of Emma, was forgetting her. He grew desperate as he felt this image fading from his memory in spite of all efforts to retain it. But every night he dreamed of her; it was always the same dream. He drew near her, but when he was about to clasp her she fell into decay in his arms.

For a week he was seen going to church every even-

ing. Monsieur Bournisien even paid him two or three visits, then gave him up.

In spite of the economy with which Bovary lived, he was far from being able to pay off his old debts. Lheureux refused to renew any more bills. A distraint became imminent. Then he appealed to his mother, who consented to let him take a mortgage on her property, but with a great many recriminations against Emma; and in return for her sacrifice she asked for a shawl that had escaped the depredations of Félicité. Charles refused; they quarrelled.

She made the first overtures of reconciliation by offering to have the little girl, who could help her in the house, to live with her. Charles consented to this, but when the time for parting came his courage failed him. Then there was a final, complete rupture.

As his affections vanished, he clung more closely to the love of his child. She made him anxious, however, for she coughed sometimes, and had red spots on her cheeks.

Opposite his house, flourishing and merry, was the family of the chemist, with whom everything was prospering. Napoléon helped him in the laboratory, Athalie embroidered him a skull-cap, Irma cut out rounds of paper to cover the preserves, and Franklin recited Pythagoras' table in a breath. He seemed the happiest of fathers, the most fortunate of men.

But not so! A secret ambition devoured him. Homais hankered after the cross of the Legion of Honour. He set forth plenty of claims to it:

"First, having at the time of the cholera distinguished myself by a boundless devotion; second, by having published, at my expense, various works of public utility, such as" (and he recalled his pamphlet entitled, *Cider, its manufacture and effects,* besides

observations on the lanigerous plant-louse, sent to the Academy; his volume of statistics, and his pharmaceutical thesis); "without counting that I am a member of several learned societies" (he was a member of a single one).

"In short!" he cried, making a pirouette, "if it were only for distinguishing myself at fires!"

Then he inclined toward the Government. He secretly did the prefect great service during the elections. He sold himself—in a word, prostituted himself. He even addressed a petition to the Sovereign in which he implored his Majesty to do him justice; he called him "our good King," and compared him to Henri IV.

Every morning he rushed for the newspaper to see whether his nomination were in it. It never was there. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he had a grass-plot in his garden designed to represent the star of the cross of honour, with two little strips of grass running from the top to imitate the ribbon. He walked round it with folded arms, meditating on the folly of the Government and the ingratitude of men.

From respect, or from a sort of sensuous lingering over sorrow, which made him carry on his investigations slowly, Charles had not yet opened the secret drawer of a rosewood desk which Emma had generally used. One day, however, he sat down before it, turned the key, and pressed the spring. All Léon's letters were there. There could be no doubt this time. He devoured them to the very last, ransacked every corner, all the furniture, all the drawers, behind the walls, sobbing, crying aloud, distraught, mad. He found a box and broke it open with a kick. Rodolphe's portrait flew full in his face in the midst of the overturned love-letters.

People wondered at his despondency. He never went out, saw no one, refused even to visit his patients. Then they said "he shut himself up to drink."

Sometimes, however, some curious person climbed up on the garden hedge, and saw with amazement this long-bearded, shabbily clothed, wild man, who wept aloud as he walked to and fro.

In the evening in summer he took his little girl with him and led her to the cemetery. They came back at nightfall, when the only light left in the square was that in Binet's window.

The voluptuousness of his grief was incomplete, however, for he had no one near him to share it, and he paid visits to Madame Lefrançois to be able to speak of *her*. But the landlady listened with only half an ear, having troubles of her own. For Lheureux had at last established the *Favorites du Commerce*, and Hivert, who enjoyed the great reputation for doing errands, insisted on an increase of wages, and was threatening to go over to the opposition shop.

One day when he had gone to the market at Argueil to sell his horse—his last resource—he met Rodolphe.

Both men turned pale when they saw each other. Rodolphe, who had only sent his card, first stammered some apologies, then grew bolder, and even pushed his assurance (it was in the month of August and very hot) to the length of inviting Charles to have a bottle of beer at the public-house.

Leaning on the table opposite him, he chewed his cigar as he talked, and Charles was lost in reverie at this face that she had loved. He seemed to see again something of her in it. It was a marvel to him. He would have liked to be this man.

The other went on talking agriculture, cattle, pasturage, filling out with commonplace phrases all the

gaps where an allusion might slip in. Charles was not listening to him; Rodolphe noticed it, and he followed the succession of memories that crossed his face. This gradually grew redder; the nostrils throbbed fast, the lips quivered. There was at last a moment when Charles, full of sombre fury, fixed his eyes on Rodolphe, who, slightly alarmed, stopped talking. But soon the same look of lassitude returned to his face.

"I don't blame you," he said.

Rodolphe was dumb. And Charles, his head in his hands, went on in a broken voice, and with the resigned accent of infinite sorrow:

"No, I don't blame you now."

He even added a fine phrase, the only one he ever made:

"It is the fault of fatality!"

Rodolphe, who had managed the fatality, thought the remark very impertinent from a man in his position, comic even, and a little mean.

The next day Charles went to sit in the arbour. Rays of light were straying through the trellis, the vine leaves threw their shadows on the sand, the jasmines perfumed the air, the heavens were blue, Spanish flies buzzed round the lilies in bloom, and Charles was suffocating like a youth beneath the vague yearning for love that filled his aching heart.

At seven o'clock little Berthe, who had not seen him all the afternoon, went to bring him to dinner.

His head was thrown back against the wall, his eyes were closed, his mouth was open, and in his hand was a long tress of black hair.

"Come now, papa," said Berthe.

And thinking he wanted to play, she pushed him gently. He fell to the ground, dead.

Thirty-six hours later, at the chemist's request, Mon-

sieur Canivet arrived. He made a post-mortem examination and found nothing.

When everything had been sold, twelve francs seventy-five centimes remained, that served to pay for Mademoiselle Bovary's going to her grandmother. The good woman died that same year; old Rouault was paralysed, and an aunt took charge of her. She is poor, and sends her to a cotton-factory to earn a living.

Since Bovary's death three doctors have followed one another at Yonville without any success, so severely did Homais attack them. He has an enormous practice; the authorities treat him with consideration, and public opinion protects him.

He has just received the cross of the Legion of Honour.